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TO-DAY: A ROMANCE.

"But we—we are—to us the breathing hours."—Schiller.

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## PART I.

"As for the PRESENT, mark you, it but seems so!"—Adamus Ezul.

### CHAPTER I.

#### INTRODUCTORY.

NEW YORK, as yet the smallest of the three chief cities of the world, is, at the same time, in the largest sense, the most fascinating. It is also the most thoroughly cosmopolitan. It has none of the stately stiffness of London and none of its Cockneyism. Nor has it the never-changing pleasure *pose* of Paris, with its perpetual ennui.

London is preëminent for its stores of varied wealth, made up from the accumulations of ages. Its antiquities are guarded with affection. Its ancient landmarks are carefully preserved. The romance of the past is cherished by a people essentially romantic. To the student and the philosopher it presents more objects to interest than any other spot on the globe, if they sit down quietly to explore and study. But the world is not composed of students and philosophers. To the many, London is an overgrown, disagreeable city, angu-

lar, stiff, and unaccommodating. It partakes, in fact, of the nature of the islanders who built it, and who possess qualities which, till within the last twenty-five years, made England irresistible; namely, self-sufficiency and pretension, coupled with a solid, sturdy strength of nerve and brain, and a dogged persistence.

Paris is the opposite of London. There you encounter, on all sides, constant changes and improvements: old forms with new faces, even to the whitening of the sepulchres. What was ancient is regilded, that it may no longer appear so. Nothing remains of yesterday. There is a disregard of the past which makes you shudder. TO-DAY is the monarch whose image is stamped everywhere. To-morrow he will be deposed, and a new PRESENT reign in his stead. The materialism of the French, which causes them to excel in natural

philosophy, physiology, chemistry, and the exact sciences, has made Paris the most beautiful city of the earth. Yet you see in it little to inspire romance or sentiment. Its fine buildings are new, or appear new. So with its streets and boulevards. Its pleasures and its gayeties are never-ending, but there is nothing fresh or expansive in them. Its material supplies, whether of necessity or luxury, are unrivalled; its cook-room is unapproachable, its fêtes and spectacles defy competition. But after you have seen and enjoyed these for a season, you feel the terrible Parisian ennui creeping over you, and you exclaim, with a sigh, "Is there nothing else?"

New York has scarcely a feature in common with London or Paris. Its peculiarity is the absence of the peculiarities which mark any European city. It is not that things are unformed, but that forms do not govern. The rules which shackle the Old World are unknown or disregarded. There are no ruts or grooves wherein people are harnessed and where they must pull forever. Its romance is of the Future, where imagination may revel at will. The men who control its active pursuits are young men. No one can mistake the signs of the vigorous vitality which you encounter, which encompasses you and draws you irresistibly along, compelling you to enter into the spirit of the hour. Here men are not born to greatness, neither are they secure if they achieve it. They must keep on achieving. The varied fortunes of the people are ever shifting, totally changing: up to-day, down to-morrow, up again the

next day. Such is the scene. You are not specially honored when you are at the top, and not disgraced if you fall. Individuality is paramount—individuality of person, not of caste. You are judged by each separate performance. The act of yesterday is forgiven or forgotten by reason of what you do to-day. And so forward. This state of things presents, perhaps, no agreeable aspect to one assured of his position, whose rank is hedged in and guarded by custom and authority. But the many, born to no such gilded fortunes, welcome it with delight; for it constantly exhibits a cheerful, charitable, sympathizing humanity, wherein hopes abound and little room is left for despair. For if by possibility there comes a time when discouragement presses sorely, lo, there is the forest and the prairie, vast, illimitable, where you can go, the pioneer of civilization, with a new life before you!

As the representative of such conditions, we repeat, New York is the most fascinating city in the world, and the most essentially cosmopolitan.

All this for outside—surface presentation. *Within* goes on the same triple life which everywhere belongs to our common humanity [as in the days of Noah, so now]: the life of occupation, the life of home, the personal life; by which come our relations with others, with our family, and with ourselves. The last is the inner life which constitutes identity—the *me*; not alone in London, in Paris, in New York, but over the whole world. And herein lies the domain of the novelist.

## CHAPTER II.

INTRODUCING SEVERAL PERSONS IMPORTANT TO THIS STORY.

On a fine afternoon, in the early part of November, not ten years ago, two young men were walking in company up Broadway—the great thoroughfare of New York. They were well-made, good-looking fellows, of two or three and twenty, and strode rapidly along, as if on some pressing errand. They were really not in a hurry; but it was the habit of their class to appear always to be so. These two young men looked precisely alike. I do not mean that they resembled each other in person or complexion; on the contrary, one was rather above the medium height, the other a little below it. The former had brown hair and dark eyes; his companion had light hair and blue eyes; and they dressed accordingly. Thus Ellsworth wore a coat several shades darker than that worn by Graves. The same distinction applied to the hat and necktie. But for all that, I repeat, they looked precisely alike. The style, cut, and finish of their garments were the same, even to gloves and boots. The collar of the shirt was turned down with scrupulous care, and the wristbands displayed handsome studs of fine workmanship. The general appearance of their costume was of the travelling sort, but the material was too expensive and the fitting too elaborate for a voyager.

Nor was there any thing flashy, let me say, in the appearance of these youngsters. No blazing diamond-pin adorned the shirt-bosom; no immense gold chain swung jauntily down across the waistcoat. I have myself met, at Châumont or at the Baths of Reichenbach, just such looking young men, who were sprigs of English aristocracy. But in this country we do not judge from appearances. Where one person is "as good as another," he is very apt to look and appear as well.

Our new acquaintances continued their course, swinging, with dexterous rapidity, along the crowded sidewalks, separating and coming together again with singular exactness. The celerity of their movements would not seem favorable to conversation; they managed, however, to keep up a running discourse, which, while suspended by intervention of the wayfarers, was by no means interrupted. This discourse would not be intelligible to the general reader, and it is scarcely worth while to interpret it. It ran something in this way:

"The bottom will fall out of it in less than a week; recollect what I say."

"Nonsense! all the bears in New York can't—"

"I tell you there is a corner." Here Ellsworth lowered his voice mysteriously, as if suspicious that some one might betray the secret.

"Do you think they can trap an old rat like Enos Foote?" said the other.

"He is trapped, I tell you," and something else was added in a low tone.

"Well, it's nothing to me. I only hope it won't spoil his young wife's receptions," cried Graves, laughing.

"The first of which, by the by," returned Ellsworth, "comes off next Thursday."

The conversation of the two friends—for we may call them so—was interrupted by an unexpected occurrence. They had descried, a little in advance, a person who was evidently an acquaintance, but who, unlike them, was sauntering along apparently unobservant of every thing which was passing around him.

"What do you suppose he is thinking of?" said Graves.

"I am sure I don't know," replied Ellsworth; "the price of soap-fat, I dare say."

"Who would have dreamed of his turning up in New York," continued Graves.

The two had now come up with the subject of their remarks, and were brushing rapidly past.

"How are you, Cockee?" cried Graves, in a patronizing tone.

The person addressed started as if electrified. It was the work of an instant to place himself squarely before the young men, who were thus forced to come to a halt.

"Don't cockeye me, either of you!" he said, fiercely. "My name is William Holt."

The speaker was also a young man, possibly a couple of years older than those he addressed, though, from his countenance, it was difficult to judge. He was tall and gaunt. His shoulders were square and very high, so that his coat set much as if placed on cross-sticks. From these shoulders hung long arms; so long as to almost amount to a deformity. His hair was a rich brown, fine and silky as a woman's. His face was sunburnt, exceedingly thin, with high cheek-bones. His eye, which was a brilliant hazel, was fringed with long black lashes. I say his *eye*; for only one could be fully seen. The other turned in with so great a deflection, that more than half of it was completely out of sight. The young man was decently dressed; but his garments were of a cheap material, carelessly put on, and negligently worn. On his head was a black slouched hat, which was drawn down over his forehead. This was the person—William Holt, as he called himself—who now confronted our new acquaintances and literally compelled them to stand.

"He did not say, 'Cockeye,' Bill; you know that very well," observed Ellsworth, quietly.

"'Bill,' if you choose; but neither 'Cockeye' nor 'Cockee' will go down any longer." And William Holt continued to stand in their way, glaring on them savagely.

"Why, Bill," said Graves, "what is the matter with you? We have called

you 'Cockee' all your life, and so did every body in Fairmount. I never knew you objected to it."

"That is because I could not help myself. *He* gave me the name," pointing to Ellsworth, "the rest of you took it up. What could I do? You were top of the heap there. Here"—he looked around him as he spoke—"I am even with you. You count just one in this crowd; so do I. That's all I have to say."

He stepped aside, and Ellsworth and Graves resumed their rapid pace, laughing derisively at seeing, as they expressed it, "Cockee putting on airs."

It was time; for the singular rencontre had begun to attract attention, and spectators were gathering fast. The two young men were soon out of reach of the curious; and William Holt, striking abruptly across the street and pursuing his course on the other side, also evaded further observation.

It would seem that this little affair had changed the current of their thoughts, or that the atmosphere around them, as they emerged into the fashionable quarter, had qualified their ideas; for conversation between Ellsworth and Graves took a new turn. I am enabled to give it in full.

*Ellsworth.* They say Alf Du Barry is coming home.

*Graves.* Yes; in the next steamer, Tom Castleton tells me.

*Ellsworth.* Then Miss Clara, I take it, will have to decide between the two.

*Graves.* Which she had better do by rejecting both—don't you say so?

*Ellsworth.* Not a bad idea; but Tom will win her, in my opinion.

*Graves.* I'll go you ten on Alf.

*Ellsworth.* Done.

"Those two fellows have spoiled Clara, I think," continued Graves. "In fact, I never could see what there was about her to set people crazy."

"Not exactly that," replied Ellsworth; "but she is a devilish fine girl—has got magnificent points. But I must say, I never should think of selecting her for a wife."

"Nor I," echoed Graves. "Besides,



don't you think she is an awkward dancer?"

"Not awkward. Clara Digby could not be awkward if she tried; but she dances so little, that she is not what I call a comfortable partner," returned Ellsworth, with the tone of a connoisseur.

"Well, I confess I can see nothing about her very remarkable. At any rate, she is not my style."

"Nor mine; but she is a splendid girl in her way, if she is not to our liking."

At this point there was another interruption. A young lady stepped suddenly from one of the handsome stores which line Broadway, and turned down the street. As she approached Ellsworth and Graves, both those young gentlemen took their hats completely off, and, holding them in their hands, threw their heads forward, as if about to submit to decapitation. This was done with the utmost haste, quite in character with the rapidity of all their movements; but each had time to see and feel and become intoxicated by a smile which suddenly illumined her face, and which was so admirably directed, that neither of the gentlemen could reasonably claim it for his own, although I will be bound that each really did so.

As Miss Virginia Randall, if not precisely a favorite with me, is to figure in this history, I may as well describe her now, as she is taking a little shopping-excursion (quite that) for the purpose of purchasing a spool of pink sewing-silk. I recall her at this moment perfectly, just as she appeared, coming from that handsome shop, after making or attempting to make her interesting little purchase. For I myself met her on this very occasion, just as she had exchanged salutations with those two young gentlemen.

She was indeed an attractive, fascinating young creature. At this time, I suppose, she must have been nineteen. Girls do not manage to smile in the way she *could* smile much before that period. She was somewhat above the

average height, full and finely formed, with a clear, light complexion, which was fresh and rosy as the morn. Large gray eyes, with dark eyebrows and eyelashes, created an appetizing contrast with her rich yellow hair. Altogether a striking face, you perceive. When in repose, it was impassive and lacked expression. Perhaps you would be ready to call it unamiable. Her person, too, when she was unconscious and off guard, dropped out of line, and lost to appearance its fine proportions. In this respect she would remind you of a thorough-bred hunter: at rest, sleepy and ungainly-looking, and of but little promise to an inexperienced eye; but roused into action, every bound brings out a point of grace, beauty, and intelligence.

So with Virginia Randall. When not engaged, she was quite as I have said; but the least thing would awake the slumbering genius of the beautiful figure. Then her eyes would suddenly become charged with magnetism, her mouth ready, on the instant, to express humor or anger, sympathy or scorn. Her smiles—no eternal sameness or insipidity marked them. They were of infinite variety, not adapted to, so much as seemingly called out by, the occasion. Few, indeed, could smile as she smiled.

Such was Virginia Randall, as I recollect her not very long since—the favorite of all the young men, and, strange to say, not generally disliked by her own sex. While the unbounded admiration she compelled made her somewhat capricious and despotic, I must, in justice, add, that I think she was coquettish rather than a coquette; that she had a good deal of what the world calls heart—how much or little, the reader will discover by-and-by; and further, was neither malicious nor envious, nor inclined to backbite, nor fond of gossip,—a rather interesting character, you see, though not quite up to the mark of a first-class heroine.

On this occasion, I never shall forget the expression which was on her face just after the salutation to Ellsworth

and Graves. It was of such a character that I involuntarily asked myself, "Which is the one?" All trace of this, however, instantly disappeared, as she returned my bow, and went grandly on her victorious way.

The effect of this meeting on the two young men was striking; for both fell into a complete silence, which was not broken till they had reached the fine area opposite Madison Square, and where, it seems, they were to separate. Here they stopped.

"Harry," said Graves to Ellsworth, "have you got twenty dollars about you?"

"Harry" hesitated. He seemed to balance in his mind whether to say Yes or No. Rather reluctantly he drew a roll of bills from his pocket and counted twenty dollars in the hands of Graves.

The latter received the money with a careless nod of thanks, and thrust it in his vest.

The other was nettled by the manner his loan was taken.

"Charley," he said, "please don't forget this makes two hundred, and I really cannot well spare it."

"Nonsense, Harry," returned Graves, laughing. "You have lots of money, I know."

"My salary is precisely the same as yours," continued Ellsworth, very seriously.

"What has salary to do with it?" retorted Graves. "As if either of us could live on that. I don't know how it is," he continued, "but you have the knack of making money, and I haven't. Besides, your folks are in luck just now."

"You don't suppose I speculate on my own account?" said Ellsworth.

"Now don't, I beg of you," replied the other, "or I shall think you are taking for a pattern the head of your estimable house," and Charley Graves commenced, in a most solemn tone, to mimic that individual, talking through his nose with an unction which made Ellsworth laugh in spite of himself; and thereupon the young men separated, Graves going along Twenty-Third-street

toward Madison Avenue, while Ellsworth continued up Broadway—

That is, as each would have the other suppose. But Graves, after a few rapid strides, did not keep on his course. He stopped, and, leaning for a moment against the railing which surrounds the Square, he retraced his steps, and turned down Broadway, walking even faster than when coming up.

Ellsworth, meantime, in place of proceeding homeward, went into the Fifth-Avenue Hotel, where he took a seat near the window, in the loungers' room, and watched the people, as they passed, for about ten minutes. Then he rose, and stepped briskly into the street. He also took a direction down instead of up the magnificent thoroughfare.

To return to William Holt, whom we left pursuing his way on the opposite side of the street, his feelings embittered by the meeting with his old acquaintances. His hands were clenched, his body bent forward, while his slouched hat was drawn completely over his eyes, as if to hide his deformity.

"I would not care," he muttered to himself, "if mother was not cross-eyed. But when they call me names, I think of her, and I will be — (here he uttered a fierce imprecation) if I submit to it. Let them look out for themselves!"

He raised his person erect, threw back his hat, and glanced defiantly around. It happened at this moment that Virginia Randall, in her walk, had reached a point on the other side, nearly opposite, where she came precisely in the line of William Holt's observation. The effect was magical. It was indeed curious to see the sudden change of his countenance. All traces of the evil passions which lately disfigured it, vanished. His face lighted up, and looked positively handsome.

Miss Virginia saw him, of course. She had the faculty, peculiar to most girls, to always know when an admirer is near. So when William Holt raised his hat respectfully, it was met by a careless nod and a little smile of recognition; not much of a smile, be it un-

derstood, but nevertheless it carried a certain meaning along with it. It barely parted the lips, showing just the tips of the teeth, which were very white and regular. To William Holt it opened a vista in the past, through which he saw all the years of his life, back, back to the time when he had drawn that little girl on his sled, through the snow, over the ice, across the crusted fields; had pulled her up the steep hills, and taught her to slide down, while he ran to the bottom for the pleasure of drawing her up again. How he used to put both her little hands into one of his woollen mittens, and hold them till they were warm and she had stopped crying. How then and there wild thoughts took possession of him, and made him feel willing to be, all his life, Virginia Randall's slave, if it would serve to keep him near her. How, as they grew older, their conditions separated them, and familiarity ceased—after a while cordiality, but not recognition. Oh, no; Virginia was scarcely capable of that, especially as William Holt never presumed on their early acquaintance. Besides, she relished his admiration. She relished every body's admiration. Moreover, she had heart enough to be in a manner touched by it. So when they met, she would nod carelessly, and her lips would part with an expression which said, I have not, by any means, forgotten you. This was more than sufficient to keep the flame alive in William Holt's breast. Not only that; without his being aware of it, he was nerved to attempt what would seem unattainable, if not impossible, by the thought of that young girl.

So much I will disclose to the reader, as Holt stands enrapt, forgetting his late disagreeable encounter with Ellsworth and Graves, in fact, forgetful of all things mundane; just as thousands of poor fellows have before him been enrapt and moonstruck by just such angelic creatures, and as thousands in the future are sure to be, without the least regard to my warning voice or yours.

How long he would have remained under the spell, I cannot tell; for he

was recalled to his senses by a hand placed on his shoulder. Turning suddenly, his thin face became red as scarlet, as he met the kind but penetrating gaze of a man whom, once seen, it was not easy to forget.

Not yet five and twenty, Tom Castleton, as his friends called him, was admitted to be one of the most promising young lawyers in the State. He was about the ordinary height, though he looked tall, for he had, even at that age, a commanding presence. A high, intellectual forehead covered with a mass of chestnut hair, very dark eyes, though not precisely black, a finely-chiselled Roman nose, an eloquent mouth, a firm-set chin, made up a countenance in which, while the moral qualities predominated, betokened one familiar with the ways of the world, and not over-credulous therein.

"Not cured yet?"

It was spoken very kindly; but William Holt was in no mood to hear the question. It touched him to the quick.

"And never shall be!" he exclaimed, in a tone of decision, as if to prevent any criticism or further remark.

Castleton understood him.

"I know you are restless, Bill; but I shall not cease to probe this wound till it heals."

"I tell you, Mr. Castleton, it is of no use." This was while the two were walking along together. "I know what you are going to say," he continued; "I know the girl don't care a rap for me. But it makes me happy to think of her, and I mean to do it."

"All very well, Bill, if you can keep yourself just there."

"You don't suppose I am such a fool as to deceive myself about it?" retorted Holt.

"Well, there have been just such fools, Bill, long before you," and Castleton gazed with the same penetrating look into William Holt's face.

The latter neither blushed again nor turned away, but smiled good-naturedly.

"That will do," said Castleton. "You are all right now."

"You are going home early, are you not?" asked William Holt.

"Yes. The Asia is signalled below, and will be up to her dock in two hours. As I told you, the other day, Alf Du Barry is on board—"

"And you are going to—"

"Inform his uncle's family."

"Which means Miss Digby," remarked Holt, quietly.

It was Castleton's turn to blush, which he certainly did slightly. He laughed, though, and said,

"Perhaps you are right. Mr. Ferris told me he would send word; but I promised the young lady that I would let her know as soon as the ship was in."

"And this errand was too important to be trusted to any of your clerks or office-boys?"

"Altogether," replied Castleton, laughing.

Here they separated; Holt turning in the direction of the Sixth Avenue, and Castleton keeping in the Fifth, which they were just entering.

Meanwhile, Graves had not made very rapid progress in retracing his steps. For some reason, he peered inquisitively into almost every store and closely scrutinized the crowd which encumbered the sidewalk. His painstaking, it would seem, was at last rewarded; for he met a young lady walking up, whom he saluted with considerable formality, and who did not smile, as she bowed with equal formality, in return, but whom Graves nevertheless joined, and who proved to be none other than our acquaintance, Miss Virginia Randall. Both appeared to enjoy the walk; while, by degrees, their steps became shorter and slower, until they fell into what may be termed a lovers' saunter, or at least to a flirtation stroll—which some of my readers are no doubt daily practising.

What they talked of, I have no means of ascertaining; but I know, that in the midst of something very interesting, Virginia, like any quick-witted girl always on the look-out for surprises, saw Ellsworth advancing toward them.

Graves, selfish fellow, was too much occupied to see any body. Virginia had time to change the *mise en scène*, and to look quite careless and unconcerned and uninterested when Ellsworth met them. His hat came off rather stiffly. But his chagrin was dissipated by just one glance of Miss Virginia, accompanied by still another kind of smile, a smile of reciprocating intelligence, as if she would say, "You see how it is: *he* met me first, and joined me, of course; better luck for you another time."

Both young men, I must confess, looked a little sheepish at having caught each other; but it could not be helped. In the state of mind they were in, such accidents occur frequently. Not the slightest allusion was made to this little incident; and it is wonderful how quickly Miss Randall's attitudes changed again, very much as if she were acting a charade. In fact, she appeared to be more truly confidential and sentimental than before. And so the two pursued their course, Graves entirely oblivious of the crowd which jostled him, of the world that rolled along that great highway, of the business-mart he had just left and to which he must return; indeed, of every thing past and future, including the two hundred dollars borrowed from Ellsworth.

I dare say a certain class of readers, persons not broadly reflective, with a sombre cast of mind and body, who can see no virtue except in what is heavy, dull, and disagreeable, may take exception to these details as altogether too trifling and unimportant for them to spend their time over. Is it so? Now look you: these two young fellows, immortal souls, if it please you so to call them, but who are, for the present, fresh, honest, rosy-cheeked youths, having been well educated and carefully reared, are sent to the city, with no ideas but what are upright, straightforward, and above-board, and with no thought but of obtaining an honorable position in the world by honorable industry. I say, these youths are sent to the city, and placed at a vocation which is gradually

dissipating every correct impression and every conscientious notion, until they begin to think only in one line and to feel only in one way. They still attend church regularly on Sunday, but the preacher is impotent to change the current of their thoughts. There is not saving grace enough in what he says to do it. And on Monday they return to their pursuits, glad to be relieved from the ennui of the preceding day. Now,

what the clergyman fails to do, Virginia Randall, in a measure, can and does accomplish. That is, she withdraws Ellsworth and Graves from the pale of the sanctuary of the god of this world, and, for the time at least, both rise superior to his claims; and you—O grave and ponderous wise man—must not accuse me of trifling, if I give some account of the doings of this fascinating young priestess.

### CHAPTER III.

#### IN WHICH THE ASIA REACHES HER DOCK.

WILLIAM HOLT continued his dilatory pace homeward. First he stopped to listen to the music of a hand-organ, turned by one of the numerous vagabonds which overrun the city. He gave the man a few pence, and asked him to repeat the tune. It is probable the air reminded him of something he cherished. A little farther on he saw a wretched woman, sitting on the steps of a house, who appeared to be suffering severely from the weather. She looked up as Holt was nearly past, but his attention was attracted. He walked on, however, half the length of the block, when he turned suddenly, stepped briskly back, and placed twenty-five cents in her hand. Then he resumed his course. The woman on whom he bestowed the alms was cross-eyed.

After a further walk of a mile, he entered a large and tolerably good-looking building, and, mounting to the fourth story, opened the door on a pleasant room, where was a cheerful fire and a tea-table already set. From a side-room entered, immediately, an elderly lady, whose features wore a saddened look of long standing. She carried unmistakable marks of a refined and gentle nature. Her dress, though simple and inexpensive, displayed taste. On her head she still wore a widow's cap, which could not conceal a profusion of beautiful brown hair. Her eyes were hazel, full of expressive tender-

ness, as she said, "Why, my son, you are home early!" Then you discovered the "cast" in the eye, which, when she was a young lady in fashionable society, had been so much admired, as interesting and piquant; and you might guess at once where William Holt got his remarkably fine hair as well as the "turn," which in him was exaggerated to a bad squint.

"You are home early. Nothing has happened?" she asked, solicitously.

"Yes; a good deal has happened. Don't be alarmed," he hastened to add, seeing his mother turn pale. "I will tell you—it's nothing bad. Now I think of it, I believe Castleton knew all about it when we met."

"All about what? William, why do you keep me in suspense?" cried his mother.

"All about what has happened before I knew it myself. Mother," exclaimed Holt, coming close to her and putting a hand on each of her shoulders—"mother, my salary has been doubled since the first of the month. I was only told of it to-day. What do you think of that?" and he began to walk up and down the room in an excited manner.

Tears came in the widow's eyes. They were tears of joy.

"You know," continued Holt, "I asked for an increase the first of July, and Mr. Abbott answered, rather gruffly,

that he would think about it. I was afraid I had offended him. You see he *has* thought. And I have something else to tell you. Prepare to be surprised."

He resumed his position, keeping his mother quite fast and still, as he looked into her loving eyes. *She* saw no deformity in the gaze, nothing but beauty—the beauty of filial devotion.

"When Mr. Abbott told me this, in his blunt, offhand way, he said, 'Holt, *keep on* as you are *going on*, and you will have an interest in the concern before very long.'"

"It is not possible!" exclaimed the widow.

"It is, though. That is just what he said. You don't suppose I have forgotten it? Do you know," cried Holt, resuming his walk about the room, "what it is to have an interest in that business—even a very small interest?"

"I do not suppose I do," replied his mother, with a puzzled air.

"I will tell you what it means. It means that you will live in your own house, and have your own furniture, and go out when you like, and have plenty of servants to wait on you. That is just what it means."

"It does not seem possible, William."

"I know it does not. I can scarcely believe it myself; but that is just what he said, and he will keep his word. You may well believe it. And," he continued, still more excited, "if I can bring that about, if I can place you where you deserve to be placed, and where you belong, and where I can see you out of the reach of these canting, patronizing, stuck-up hypocrites, I would be willing to suffer everlasting torture."

William Holt did not exactly know what he was saying, he was so much excited. He really meant that, for the sake of his mother, he was willing to undergo any amount of toil, privation, and pain, and for any length of time. And he employed the strongest expressions which his heated imagination could supply.

His mother was dreadfully shocked.

"Oh, William, how can you speak in this dreadful manner! Do you know how wicked it is?"

"I mean just what I say, mother. If it is wicked, I shall bear the consequences, not you. Don't be angry at me," he said, in a subdued tone, at seeing the alarmed expression on her face, "I meant nothing wrong. Is not tea nearly ready? I have something else to tell you when we sit down."

The tea was served; and, while at the table, Holt told his mother that Alfred Du Barry had returned; and thereupon many topics were discussed, which would be entirely out of place at present to give to my readers.

Meanwhile, Castleton was walking, with uncertain steps, toward the residence of Mr. Ferris, the uncle of Alfred Du Barry, where, at this particular time, Miss Clara Digby was staying. She had, in fact, come in town expressly to welcome the aforesaid Alfred to his native shores after many years' absence.

Although educated to a profession which necessitates great self-control, Castleton felt that he was becoming nervous and unsettled. Now he would push on rapidly like one belated; then, relaxing, he would advance slow and irresolute, as if doubtful of his purpose. Whether walking fast or slow, he became more and more excited at every step.

"This will never answer," at last he said to himself. "It is absolutely unendurable. I shall be good for nothing. Besides, I am making myself supremely ridiculous. I will take the opportunity, before Clara leaves, to have my fate decided—once and forever. Whatever she declares, I will accept, and govern myself accordingly."

With teeth set and a rigid brow, Castleton sprang on the steps and rang the bell. The parlor-window was raised, and an eager voice asked,

"Has he come?"

"The ship is in," was the reply. "He is on board, no doubt." The door was opened, and Castleton was ushered



into the room and into the presence of Clara Digby.

It is not so easy for a person to describe this young lady as Virginia Randall. Virginia had so many showy, I may say fine qualities, on the surface, that even a tyro could readily lay hold of them. Clara gave you no such advantage. She was the last one of whom it could be said,

"She liked whate'er

She looked on, and her looks went everywhere."

On the contrary, it was difficult to make the depths of such a nature appear on the surface.

Imagine a young girl, petite, with a faultless figure; hair which is black indoors and golden in the sunshine; regular features, a clear, pale complexion, large eyes, dark and luminous; eyes which, if they did regard you, made you feel she had left a part of herself with you when they were turned away. Imagine, further, an honest nature, without practice or guile; a nature devoted and fearless; a nature which gave promise of being everlastingly loving and trustful, if love and trust were once inspired. Couple with this a fine intellect, thoroughly educated; a refined taste, a vivid imagination controlled by a vein of practical good sense; and you have before you Clara Digby, as drawn by one of her enthusiastic admirers about the period when this history commences, and which I declare I have copied verbatim.

As a faithful chronicler, I have endeavored to make myself familiar with the other side, but find not much to put down in a positive way. "A passionate temper," was hinted at by a female acquaintance. "Not sufficiently affable; too cold and distant," was the pithy observation of another. "I must say I prefer a lively, handsome, good-natured, every-day sort of girl, with no pretension," was the remark of a distinguished author, who possibly may have failed to elicit as much of Clara's admiration as he felt was merited. We know Ellsworth and Graves (and they are a fair sample of our fashionable young fellows) declared that Clara Digby was not

to their taste. So, reader, you are at liberty to adopt Clara for a favorite or not, as best pleases you. I don't pretend I am altogether at home with her myself, but my friend, Tom Castleton (and Tom I have always been much interested in) is deep, very deep in love with Clara; and for Tom's sake, I shall keep the run of her fortunes, and report to you with fidelity.

Whether or not she was generally liked, it is very evident those she did attach to her were devoted, not to say extravagant, in their loyalty. She liked Castleton much. He had the power to always deeply interest her. This was no trifle. He could call forth her best thoughts, her deepest feelings; he could rouse emotions which were slumbering and which would astonish herself. That was encouraging. But up to this time there still was lacking the one element, without which the occupation of the romancer would be *nil*. Yes, I am sorry to say, that up to this time, in the intercourse between Castleton and Clara, it was the play of *Hamlet* with the character of *Hamlet* omitted, so far as she was concerned. There was no *love* in the case; that is, no such love as you, my charming young lady, expect and desire to read about, in this narrative; no such love as you, my ancient philosopher, are really interested in—poh-poh it as you please.

No coy or maidenly reserve, no sweet reluctant delay in coming in his presence, no blush to the cheek when his name was mentioned, no sigh when he was absent, marked Clara's intercourse with our friend. But she liked to be with him, liked to hear him talk, liked his logic, his enthusiasm, his eloquence. So it was. And Du Barry? Du Barry was Castleton's rival, as he believed. Perhaps you will smile at this, for Clara had not seen Du Barry since she was thirteen, and that was seven years ago. Oh! there was the mischief. Had he been on the spot, Castleton would have had an equal chance. But he was absent—romantically absent. I am aware of what you are going to say, that absence conquers love; but there was no



love to conquer. I will tell you that before I go any further. It was only a *sentiment*, the hardest thing in the world to drive out of a girl's head, because it is of her own manufacture—in fact, a part of herself. Thus it was that Du Barry was throned in her imagination. Imagination! where distance lends every enchantment; which loves the far-off; which gives height and breadth and depth and infinite value! Du Barry was in the Old World—on the Rhine, across the Po, beyond the Danube, scaling the pyramids, exploring the sources of the Nile, pushing through Siberia, making acquaintance with the nomadic Tartar and Fin. Then he was inhabiting an apartment in an old ruined tower, buried in ancient lore; then at the old university, accumulating the scholastic wisdom of ages. Indeed, where was he not, to Clara's fancy? For wherever, in its exuberance, she herself would go, were she a man, there she sent Du Barry.

On the other side, Castleton was here on the spot, an every-day mortal, attending to every-day trifles, in contact with very common people, covered with the dust of daily life. Now all this must come to an end. "Alf" is actually, in bodily presence, on board an ordinary steamship. He must step on shore in our very sight. This, certainly, is in favor of Castleton. But I think he has calculated just the other way. I have no doubt he dreads the approach of his rival. Foolish fellow! He does not know what we know, what I have just been telling you; but reasons, that if Alf is formidable at such a distance, with no direct intercourse or influence, what will he be when he is here at hand, with the privilege of daily communion? Ah, what? That is the question to be solved. Yes, Castleton fears Du Barry's return; and this thoroughbred young lawyer is becoming anxious and nervous and chicken-hearted.

I perceive I am getting to be more confidential with the reader than at the outset I intended. It was my design to let affairs get considerably involved, and then gradually permit them to disen-

tangle as the story approaches its end. But plot and mystery are not my forte. I find myself unravelling a skein at the very beginning, which, in adroit hands, might have been tangled and knotted into meshes and intricacies sufficiently mysterious and extraordinary to make a first-class novel of To-Day.

"And do you propose to go to the ship?" asked Castleton, in some astonishment.

"Certainly," replied Clara; "don't you see I am ready?"

He had not noticed it, or perhaps he thought Clara had just come in from a walk.

"It will be quite dark," he said, "I fear, before the passengers can land, and—"

"Is it not perfectly ridiculous, Mr. Castleton," exclaimed a stylish-looking girl, very fashionably dressed, who had entered unperceived, and now advanced to greet him. "Is it not perfectly ridiculous, the fuss Clara is making about this steamship?"

"Then you are not going?" said Castleton, by no means displeased at her observation.

"I going!" exclaimed the young lady, in a tone of superb irony. "I should rather think not. Alf is coming home more than half-spoiled, I know; and I do not intend to help finish the work. Quite the contrary, I assure you."

"A little severe, are you not?" quoth Castleton.

"I don't think so. To tell the truth, I have always been disgusted with Alf for expatriating himself."

"Not that," interposed his friend. "He went abroad for his education."

"I don't care what he went for. Besides, I think we ought to be educated in our own country."

"You forget the circumstances," interrupted Castleton—"THE WILL."

"No, I don't forget it. On the contrary, it is that which disgusts me more than any thing else. That a young man should forsake his country to suit the whim of a disagreeable old maid."

"*De mortuis, nil nisi bonum,*" said Castleton, with affected gravity.

"That is a proverb, I believe," said Miss Emily; "and I detest proverbs as well as old maids."

"I declare, Emily, you talk shamefully," said Clara, speaking for the first time. Her eye quickened a little, but she laughed nevertheless.

"There is the carriage, Miss Digby," retorted Emily, with equal good-humor. "You should make haste, or our Magnifico may have to step on shore unattended. Warn him," she continued, as she accompanied Clara to the door, "that he must be on his good behavior if he compelled to be received with any thing more than bare civility by Young America."

This young lady has come so suddenly on the scene, and has been so demonstrative, that I have had no time to properly introduce her. While Castleton is attending Miss Digby to the carriage, I observe that the demonstrative young lady is Miss Emily Ferris, a daughter of Mr. Henry Ferris, at whose house, as I have before remarked, Miss Clara is for the present staying.

To vindicate the truth of history, I am compelled to add that, notwithstanding the tone of indifference employed when speaking of Du Barry, and although she was already dressed for dinner, Miss Ferris immediately retired, and devoted at least an hour to a completely new toilette, which was distinguished for its simplicity and good taste. She had acquired the knowledge, or else she possessed it by instinct, of the *ars celare artem*.

As the carriage drove along, Castleton and Miss Digby lapsed into a silence so unbroken that you would have fancied them spell-bound. Clara had, in her imagination, a scene already prepared, which she was enjoying without an alloy. Castleton had lost sight of his dreaded rival, and only remembered his classmate and friend. They had corresponded with great regularity. He was now to have Alf near him, an ally, aid, and co-worker in the various plans which he had formed—was all the time

forming—for the good of the country, to improve the condition of society; in short, for generally changing things for the better. For at this period Castleton was impressed with a belief that life was an earnest piece of business; no trifle or joke, nor yet a mere scrambling after supposed personal advantages; but a broad, comprehensive reality, having a reach into the Beyond, with which it was indissolubly connected.

It is the early dream of all true men, when they first come to oppose themselves to this world's jugglery, to undertake the work of overthrow and reform. The system by which our every-day matters are carried on and society exists must be changed to one of pure disinterestedness. They essay many plans and methods to bring this to pass. After a courageous struggle, in which they are exposed to the sneers of the unthinking, and the lofty pity of the wise, they acknowledge the utter futility of their hopes. They begin to realize, after thousands of years, in which the good have labored bravely, how idle it is to substitute one system for another, or to attempt to exorcise evil by the introduction of new machinery. Still they will try. Still let us honor the trial. And whether they retire in sad discouragement from the contest, or whether, like the sons of God of old, who saw the daughters of men that they were fair, they yield to the seductions which once appeared so unworthy, they are entitled to the sympathy of every honest soul.

The sudden stopping of the carriage at the ferry across the Hudson, at the foot of Cortlandt-street, awoke Clara from her day-dream and Castleton from his, and puts an end to any further moralizing on my part.

"Are we there?" asked the young lady.

"Not quite. We are at the ferry."

As the boat approached the centre of the river, both looked eagerly out for a glimpse of the steamer. They were disappointed. Among the numerous craft of every description which could be seen coming up the bay, it was impossible to designate the Asia if she

were really visible. At last the carriage reached the Cunard dock, where Castleton was told it would be still half an hour before the ship came up.

For a time the two remained in the carriage, exchanging only monosyllables. The sun had set, but in its place a gorgeous full moon lightened the clear blue sky, in a degree almost marvellous, casting shadows so thick that it seemed one might touch them sensibly.

At length they heard the exclamation that the Asia was near. Both got out impulsively to see the ship come in. A crowd were assembled outside the gate, composed of porters, hackmen, runners, and idlers. Within were a large number who had come to welcome friends or were connected with the ship's business. A short distance below, in the stream, the steamer could be seen, head toward shore. The sound of the paddle-wheels, revolving slowly, struck on the ear with distinctness.

Clara gazed on the leviathan till her heart beat audibly. It has come from the Old World, she thought. From its moorings there, how sagaciously it glides to its moorings here.

A sailboat at this moment was discovered in imminent danger of being run over.

"A craft dead ahead, sir," exclaimed one of the look-outs to the pilot.

It would seem the warning came too late, or else the pilot did not dare, so near in shore, to alter or impede his course. A volley, composed of profane criminations, greeted the unfortunate stranger—the sure accompaniment of a threatened collision. But at the instant when all were looking to see the little sail engulfed, she came up suddenly in the wind's eye, and shot off on the other tack.

"Give him a blizzard, Jones," belowered an old quartermaster across the deck to his mate.

A hot imprecation was fired at the shallop, which looked like a dancing shadow on the wave.

"You take care of your boat, and I will take care of mine," shouted the man who had the helm of the little craft. A loud laugh followed, which was echoed by those on the ship, and was caught up by the people on the dock; and in the midst of these mirthful demonstrations the steamer gradually worked herself alongside. It was some time, however, before she could be made fast so as to permit the gangway-plank to be laid. The upper deck was crowded with passengers, and Castleton and his companion strained their eyes to discover Du Barry in the multitude of heads which anxiously or eagerly or curiously were turned shoreward.

It is not any wonder that our friends cannot make him out. True, there he stands, in plain relief. Both have glanced at him repeatedly, and both have rejected him from their calculations. Yes, I see him myself, distinctly; but I shall not point him out. Let the search continue. For one, I much enjoy it.

The gangway was at last adjusted. The passengers began to pass along it. Castleton stood close by the end of the railing, while Clara was obliged to take fast hold of his arm, to prevent being jostled. Every face was submitted to the strictest scrutiny. Our friends began to fear he would slip by unrecognized, when a tall, distinguished-looking person, apparently a foreigner, walked slowly down. While on his way, Castleton caught his eye. There was something in its expression which made him hold his breath. The next moment he had seized the distinguished-looking foreigner by the hand, exclaiming, in a joyous tone,

"Alf, my boy, how are you?"

## AMONG THE TREES.

On ye who love to overhang the springs,  
And stand by running waters, ye whose boughs  
Make beautiful the rocks o'er which they play,  
Who pile with foliage the great hills, and rear  
A paradise upon the lonely plain,  
Trees of the forest and the open field !  
Have ye no sense of being ? Does the air,  
The pure air, which I breathe with gladness, pass  
In gushes o'er your delicate lungs, your leaves,  
All unenjoyed ? When on your Winter-sleep  
The sun shines warm, have ye no dreams of Spring ?  
And, when the glorious spring-time comes at last,  
Have ye no joy of all your bursting buds,  
And fragrant blooms, and melody of birds  
To which your young leaves shiver ? Do ye strive  
And wrestle with the wind, yet know it not ?  
Feel ye no glory in your strength when he,  
The exhausted Blusterer, flies beyond the hills,  
And leaves you stronger yet ? Or have ye not  
A sense of loss when he has stripped your leaves,  
Yet tender, and has splintered your fair boughs ?  
Does the loud bolt that smites you from the cloud  
And rends you, fall unfelt ? Do there not run  
Strange shudderings through your fibres when the axe  
Is raised against you, and the shining blade  
Deals blow on blow, until, with all their boughs,  
Your summits waver and ye fall to earth ?  
Know ye no sadness when the hurricane  
Has swept the wood and snapped its sturdy stems  
Asunder, or has wrenched, from out the soil,  
The mightiest with their circles of strong roots,  
And piled the ruin all along his path ?

Nay, doubt we not that under the rough rind,  
In the green veins of these fair growths of earth,  
There dwells a nature that receives delight  
From all the gentle processes of life,  
And shrinks from loss of being. Dim and faint  
May be the sense of pleasure and of pain,  
As in our dreams ; but, haply, real still.

Our sorrows touch you not. We watch beside  
The beds of those who languish or who die,  
And minister in sadness, while our hearts  
Offer perpetual prayer for life and ease  
And health to the beloved sufferers.  
But ye, while anxious fear and fainting hope

Are in our chambers, ye rejoice without.  
The funeral goes forth ; a silent train  
Moves slowly from the desolate home ; our hearts  
Are breaking as we lay away the loved,  
Whom we shall see no more, in their last rest,  
Their little cells within the burial-place.  
Ye have no part in this distress ; for still  
The February sunshine steeps your boughs  
And tints the buds and swells the leaves within ;  
While the song-sparrow, warbling from her perch,  
Tells you that Spring is near. The wind of May  
Is sweet with breath of orchards, in whose boughs  
The bees and every insect of the air  
Make a perpetual murmur of delight,  
And by whose flowers the humming-bird hangs poised  
In air, and draws their sweets and darts away.  
The linden, in the fervors of July,  
Hums with a louder concert. When the wind  
Sweeps the broad forest in its summer prime,  
As when some master-hand exulting sweeps  
The keys of some great organ, ye give forth  
The music of the woodland depths, a hymn  
Of gladness and of thanks. The hermit-thrush  
Pipes his sweet note to make your arches ring.  
The faithful robin, from the wayside elm,  
Carols all day to cheer his sitting mate.  
And when the Autumn comes, the kings of earth,  
In all their majesty, are not arrayed  
As ye are, clothing the broad mountain-side,  
And spotting the smooth vales with red and gold.  
While, swaying to the sudden breeze, ye fling  
Your nuts to earth, and the brisk squirrel comes  
To gather them, and barks with childish glee,  
And scampers with them to his hollow oak.

Thus, as the seasons pass, ye keep alive  
The cheerfulness of nature, till in time  
The constant misery which wrings the heart  
Relents, and we rejoice with you again,  
And glory in your beauty ; till once more  
We look with pleasure on your vanished leaves,  
That gayly glance in sunshine, and can hear,  
Delighted, the soft answer which your boughs  
Utter in whispers to the babbling brook.

Ye have no history. I cannot know  
Who, when the hillside trees were hewn away,  
Haply two centuries since, bade spare this oak,  
Leaning to shade, with his irregular arms,  
Low-bent and long, the fount that from his roots  
Slips through a bed of cresses toward the bay.  
I know not who, but thank him that he left  
The tree to flourish where the acorn fell,  
And join these later days to that far time

While yet the Indian hunter drew the bow  
In the dim woods, and the white woodman first  
Opened these fields to sunshine, turned the soil  
And strewed the wheat. An unremembered Past  
Broods, like a presence, 'mid the long gray boughs  
Of this old tree, which has outlived so long  
The flitting generations of mankind.

Ye have no history. I ask in vain  
Who planted on the slope this lofty group  
Of ancient pear-trees that with spring-time burst  
Into such breadth of bloom. One bears a scar  
Where the quick lightning scored its trunk, yet still  
It feels the breath of Spring, and every May  
Is white with blossoms. Who it was that laid  
Their infant roots in earth, and tenderly  
Cherished the delicate sprays, I ask in vain,  
Yet bless the unknown hand to which I owe  
This annual festival of bees, these songs  
Of birds within their leafy screen, these shouts  
Of joy from children gathering up the fruit  
Shaken in August from the willing boughs.

Ye that my hands have planted, or have spared,  
Beside the way, or in the orchard-ground,  
Or in the open meadow, ye whose boughs  
With every summer spread a wider shade,  
Whose herd in coming years shall lie at rest  
Beneath your noontide shelter? who shall pluck  
Your ripened fruit? who grave, as was the wont  
Of simple pastoral ages, on the rind  
Of my smooth beeches some beloved name?  
Idly I ask; yet may the eyes that look  
Upon you, in your later, nobler growth,  
Look also on a nobler age than ours;  
An age when, in the eternal strife between  
Evil and Good, the Power of Good shall win  
A grander mastery; when kings no more  
Shall summon millions from the plough to learn  
The trade of slaughter, and of populous realms  
Make camps of war; when in our younger land  
The hand of ruffian Violence, that now  
Is insolently raised to smite, shall fall  
Unnerved before the calm rebuke of law,  
And Fraud, his sly confederate, shrink, in shame,  
Back to his covert, and forego his prey.

## TENT-LIFE WITH THE WANDERING KORAKS.

## I.

*Corin.* And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

*Touchstone.* Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleases me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humor well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?—*As You Like It.*

FEW portions of the globe, and few races of men, in this age of adventurous travel and restless inquiry, are less known to science, to literature, and to the civilized world generally, than the vast steppes of Northeastern Asia, and the wild tribes of wandering Ishmaelites, who roam with countless herds of reindeer over their desolate expanse. All other parts of the world, from the glaciers and bergs of Northern Greenland to the tropical forests of Central Africa, have been repeatedly traversed by enterprising explorers, and their scenery and people are familiar, through the graphic sketches of Kanes and Livingstones, to all the reading world; but Kamchatka and Northeastern Asia still retain their primitive freshness, and offer to the modern traveller an as yet untrodden field. The remoteness and climatic severity of the region, as well as the comparatively unattractive nature of the country itself, have hitherto deterred all save a few hardy Cossacks and adventurous fur-hunters from attempting its exploration; so that, although nominally a portion of the great Russian empire, it has remained for ages in almost undisputed possession of the aboriginal tribes. Its boundless "tundras," barren, during most of the year, of all vegetation, stretch away, beyond the limits of vision, in long undulations of storm-drifted snow, without a single tree or bush to relieve the weary eye or cheer the heart with the semblance of life. Solitude and desolation reign supreme, and chill the spirit of the lonely traveller with their all-pervading influence. When the November sun sinks

at last below the horizon, and the long winter-night darkens over the silent land, it seems abandoned by God and man to the Arctic Spirit, who hangs out in the north his colored banners of auroral light, as tokens of his conquest and dominion. Yet even here man disputes with the polar god the sovereignty of his barren empire, and indicates, by successful resistance, his right to occupy and possess the land. On the most desolate steppes, and among the barest, bleakest mountains, the wandering tribes of Asia pitch their small black tents, and bid defiance to the hostile powers of storm, cold, and darkness, which their enemy arrays against them. Without any of the luxuries, and with but few of the absolute necessities, of civilized life, these nomadic tribes have sustained themselves for centuries, in a country whose very name is synonymous with every thing cold, barren, and inhospitable.

It was my fortune, or, more accurately, perhaps, my misfortune, in the course of explorations for the Russian-American Telegraph, to be brought into relations of close, though not always agreeable, intimacy with the wandering bands of Tchucktchis and Koraks who roam over the territory between the Okhotsk Sea and Behring's Straits; and as the information which I acquired relative to their life and habits is entirely new, I venture to bring it before the public, as an humble contribution to the world's knowledge of a hitherto undescribed people. Aside from its novelty, the subject has, I frankly confess, little intrinsic attractiveness to recommend it.



Life in a greasy tent, whose distinguishing features are smoke and vermin, and among people whose choicest luxuries are frozen entrails, half-digested moss, and clotted blood, is neither interesting in experience nor engaging in narrative; and I cannot conscientiously recommend its trial to the modern tourist. The ethnologist, who is desirous of verifying his theories by personal observation, and whose scientific enthusiasm is sufficiently strong to overcome the depressing influences of cold, smoke, filth, bad food, and solitude, may find life in a Korak tent endurable; but to the ordinary traveller, whose tastes are æsthetic rather than scientific, it is a living death. I no longer wonder that the Russian navigator, Billings, after several weeks' travel with the Tchucktchis, fell on his knees and thanked God for the sight of a Russian church-steeple. Two of our own party, who, for the purpose of exploration, spent sixty-four days in wandering with the same tribe over the steppes near Behring's Straits, expressed, upon their final escape, no less lively emotions of gratitude and joy.

The little party of four men, to whom was committed the exploration of North-eastern Asia, arrived at Petropavlovski, Kamchatka, in the latter part of August, 1865. We had undertaken the exploration of this forbidding region with a very vague and indefinite conception of the nature of the obstacles to be overcome; and our first duty, after our arrival in Kamchatka, was to learn from the Russians as much as possible concerning the country and its inhabitants, and the facilities which they afforded for summer and winter travel. Our own ideas upon the subject were chiefly obtained by a diligent perusal of "The Exiles of Siberia" and "Wrangell's Travels," and were hardly definite or accurate enough for our guidance through a wilderness of nearly three thousand miles. The information, however, which we could gather from the rambling, disconnected stories of the Russians, was as discouraging as it was meagre. If we were fortunate enough to escape the Scylla of barren steppes and lingering

starvation, we must inevitably fall upon the Charybdis of barbarous natives, whose uncompromising hostility to foreigners in general, and to poor telegraphers in particular, was notorious. The doctrine of total depravity, according to our voracious informants, derived its clearest illustration and its most incontestible proof from the conduct of these savages. Human sacrifice and cold-blooded murder of relatives were among their most amiable traits, and to our startled imaginations was left the conception of their sterner characteristics. Such questionable amiability as this certainly presupposed an almost inconceivable amount of original sin; but we fairly stood aghast when we were coolly informed, that immolation upon the altar of some Korak or Tchucktchi god was the very least which we could expect, if we persisted in our insane resolve to explore, with so small a party, the territory of the northern tribes. This was a contingency which had not occurred to us in the calculation of our chances, and it met us with all the force of a new and very disagreeable fact. We had prepared ourselves for all kinds of ordinary and extraordinary hardships; but we had never imagined that the exploration of this region would involve the unpleasant necessity of being offered up as a propitiatory sacrifice to the savage deities of native theology.

"You don't mean to say," we exclaimed, "that they offer up human beings to their confounded gods?"

"Certainly," responded our informant, cheerfully; "but," he added, as a consolatory reflection, "they permit their victims to choose their own mode of death, you know; and you can be shot, speared, or have your head knocked in with stones, just as you may prefer."

"A very generous concession to the tastes of the victim," we ventured to observe, as soon as we recovered from the effects of this astounding piece of intelligence. "But suppose a man is conscientiously opposed to all of these delightful alternatives, and is strongly

prejudiced in favor of a natural death; wouldn't he be exempt?"

Our friend shook his head dubiously, as if he were reluctant to shatter our last hope, and yet felt it his duty to stand firm in his adherence to truth.

"The exemption-laws of these barbarous tribes," he said, "do not recognize the validity of conscientious scruples, and as long as a man has a head to be stoned, he is not allowed to plead disability."

"Verily," we thought, "the way of the explorer is hard!"

Closer examination of our Kamchadale friends elicited the important fact, that no one of them had ever witnessed the ceremonies of human sacrifice, nor did they know of an instance which had occurred within the memory of the present generation; but that such *had* been the custom of the wandering tribes in years gone by, they still strongly affirmed.

The Tchucktchis and Koraks, of whom these startling facts were predicated, descended, probably, in some long-past pre-historic era, from the Tartars of Central Asia. At the time of Wrangell's explorations they still retained, in a slightly modified form, the wandering pastoral habits of their ancestors, living in tents, travelling in bands, and watching the vast herds of reindeer, which constituted their wealth, very much as did their Tartaric forefathers long before the days of Genghis Khan. Aside, however, from these most general and salient features of their nomadic life, little concerning them was known to the civilized world. No Russian Catlin had yet been found, willing, in the interests of science, to live in their dark, smoky tents, subsist upon a sometimes scanty diet of frozen entrails, and depict, with graphic pencil, the varying aspects of their social life. No wandering tourist, with indispensable "Murray," had ever "done" the Koraks. Alone and self-dependent, they wandered, for centuries, over their snowy steppes, herding their deer and sacrificing dogs to their heathen gods, in entire ignorance of any higher or better

life than that into which they had been born. Despite, however, the world's persistent ignorance of their existence, and their own lamentable ignorance of the world's existence, they managed in some way to get along, without ever being brought to a realization of their benighted condition. If they lacked the culture of a higher civilization, they avoided also its accompanying vices, and their own rude principles of civil and social polity were better adapted, probably, to their peculiar life, than all the generalizations of modern philosophy. The wants incident to the complex and artificial relations of civilized life, never suggested themselves to the simple Korak, who, by proportioning his desires to his necessities and his ambition to his capacity, attained the true end of all philosophy.

Notwithstanding the discouraging reports of the Russians and Kamchadales in Petropavlovski, preparations for our northern journey went steadily on; and with the falling leaves of early autumn, we rode out over the grassy hills which encircled the village, and turned our faces toward the land of the wandering Koraks. Our prospective immolation, strange as it may seem, cast no shadow of despondency over the brightness of our present life. Youth and health are proverbially hopeful, and our trust in Providence was sustained and justified by the shining barrels of the revolvers which hung at our belts, and which, we felt confident, would prove efficacious in turning the misguided Koraks from the error of their way.

The desolate steppe, known to the Kamchadales as the "Dole," over which the Korak tribes wander, lies more than six hundred miles to the northward of Petropavlovski, at the junction of the Kamchatkan peninsula with the main land. The rugged range of volcanic mountains, which divides the peninsula longitudinally into halves, breaks off abruptly, about the fifty-ninth parallel of latitude, into the Okhotsk Sea, leaving to the north a wide expanse of tableland, which stretches, in monotonous

uniformity, from the Okhotsk to the Pacific, and whose moss-covered surface affords abundant food for the reindeer of the wandering tribes. Long before we reached the southmost verge of this desolate steppe, the stern winter of northern latitudes overtook us, and we exchanged our canoes and horses for the dogs and sledges of the Kamchadales. The deep snows of early winter blocked up the mountain ravines, and day after day we toiled slowly and wearily on, breaking a road with snow-shoes for our heavily-loaded sledges, and camping at night among the pines or under the shelter of the mountain-cliffs.

Late one afternoon in November, as the long northern twilight was fading into the peculiar steely blue of an Arctic night, our dogs toiled slowly up the last summit of the Jamanca Mountains, and we looked down, from a height of more than two thousand feet, upon the dreary expanse of snow which stretched away from the base of the mountains at our feet to the far horizon. It was the land of the Wandering Koraks. A cold breeze from the sea swept across the mountain-top, sighing mournfully through the pines as it passed, and intensifying the loneliness and silence of the white wintry landscape. The faint pale light of the vanishing sun still lingered upon the higher peaks, but the gloomy ravines below us, shaggy with forests of larch and dense thickets of trailing pine, were already gathering the shadows and indistinctness of night. At the foot of the mountains stood the first encampment of Koraks. We had long since learned to distrust the statements of the Russians and Kamchadales as to the hostility of this tribe, and we looked forward with curiosity and pleasurable excitement, rather than with any emotion of fear, to our first meeting. Their wild, isolated life, peculiar and barbarous customs, and the strange stories which we had heard of their savage religious rites, had invested them in our imaginations with a mysterious interest, which a little spice of personal danger only deepened. As we rested our dogs a few moments upon the sum-

mit before commencing our descent, we tried to discern, through the gathering gloom, the black tents, which we knew stood at the foot of the mountain; but nothing save the dark patches of trailing pine broke the dead white of the level steppe. The encampment was hidden by a projecting shoulder of the mountain.

The rising moon was just throwing into dark, bold relief the shaggy outlines of the peaks on our right, as we roused up our dogs and plunged into the throat of a dark ravine which led downward to the steppe. The deceptive shadows of night, and the masses of rock which choked up the narrow defile, made the descent extremely dangerous, and it required all the skill of our practised drivers to avoid accident. Clouds of snow flew from the spiked poles with which they vainly tried to arrest our downward rush; cries and warning shouts from those in advance, multiplied by the mountain-echoes, excited our dogs to still greater speed, until we seemed, as the rocks and trees flew past, to be in the jaws of a falling avalanche, which was carrying us, with breathless rapidity, down the dark cañon to certain ruin. Gradually, however, our speed slackened, and we came out into the moonlight, on the hard, wind-packed snow of the open steppe. Half an hour's brisk travel brought us into the supposed vicinity of the Korak encampment; but we saw, as yet, no signs of either reindeer or tents. The disturbed, torn-up condition of the snow usually apprises the traveller of his approach to the yurts of the Koraks, as the reindeer belonging to the tribe range over all the country within a radius of two or three miles, and paw up the snow in search of the moss which constitutes their food. Failing to find any such indications, we were discussing the probability of our having been misdirected, when suddenly our leading-dogs pricked up their sharp ears, snuffed eagerly at the wind, and, with short, excited yelps, made off at a dashing gallop toward a low hill which lay almost at right-angles with

our previous course. The drivers endeavored in vain to check the speed of the excited dogs: their wolfish instincts were aroused, and all discipline was forgotten as the fresh scent came down upon the wind from the herd of reindeer beyond. A moment brought us to the brow of the hill, and before us, in the clear moonlight, stood the dark, conical tents of the Koraks, surrounded by a dense herd of at least four thousand deer, whose branching antlers appeared like a forest of dry limbs around the yourts. The dogs all gave voice simultaneously, like a pack of foxhounds in view of the game, and dashed tumultuously down the declivity, regardless of the shouts of their masters and the menacing cries of three or four dark forms, which rose suddenly up from the snow between them and the frightened deer. Above the tumult I could hear Dodd's voice, hurling imprecations in Russian at his yelping dogs, which, despite his most strenuous efforts, were dragging him and his cap-sized sledge across the steppe. The vast body of deer wavered a moment, and then broke into a wild stampede, with dogs, drivers, and Korak sentinels in full pursuit.

Not desirous of becoming involved in the *mêlée*, I sprang from my sledge, and watched the confused crowd as it swept, with shout, bark, and halloo, across the plain. The whole encampment, which had seemed, in its quiet loneliness, to be deserted, was now startled into instant activity. Dark forms issued suddenly from the tents, and, grasping the long spears which stood upright in the snow by the doorway, joined in the chase, shouting and hurling lassos of walrus-hide at the dogs, with the hope of stopping their pursuit. The clattering of thousands of antlers dashed together in the confusion of flight, the hurried beat of countless hoofs upon the hard snow, the deep hoarse barks of the startled deer, and the unintelligible cries of the Koraks as they tried to rally their panic-stricken herd, created a Pandemonium of discordant sounds, which could be heard far and wide through

the still, frosty atmosphere of night. It resembled more a midnight attack of Comanches upon a hostile camp than the peaceful arrival of three or four American travellers, and I listened with astonishment to the wild uproar of alarm which we had unintentionally aroused. The tumult grew fainter and fainter as it swept away into the distance, and the dogs, exhausting the unnatural strength which excitement had temporarily given them, yielded reluctantly to the control of their drivers, and turned toward the tents. Dodd's dogs, panting with the violence of their exertions, limped sullenly back, casting longing glances occasionally in the direction of the deer, as if they more than half repented the weakness which had led them to abandon the chase.

"Why didn't you stop them?" I inquired of Dodd, laughingly. "A driver of your experience ought to have better control of his team than that."

"Stop them!" he exclaimed, with an aggrieved air; "I'd like to see *you* stop them with a rawhide lasso round your neck, and a big Korak hauling like a steam windlass on the other end of it. It's all very well to jump from your 'nart,' and cry, 'Stop them;' but when the barbarians haul you off the rear-end of your sledge, as if you were a wild animal, what course would your sublime wisdom suggest? I believe I've got the mark of a lasso round my neck now;" and he felt cautiously about his ears for the impression of a seal-skin thong.

As soon as the deer had been gathered together and a guard placed over them, the Koraks crowded curiously around the visitors who had entered so unceremoniously their quiet camp, and inquired, through our interpreter, who we were and what we wanted. A wild, picturesque group they made, as the moonlight streamed white and clear into their swarthy faces, and glittered upon the metallic ornaments about their persons and the polished blades of their long spears. Their high cheek-bones, bold alert eyes, and straight coal-black hair, suggested an intimate relationship with our own Indians; but the resem-

blance went no further. Most of their faces were an expression of bold, frank honesty, which is not a characteristic of our western tribes, and which we instinctively accepted as a sufficient guarantee of their friendliness and good faith. Contrary to our preconceived ideas of northern savages, they were athletic, able-bodied men, fully up to the average height of Americans. Heavy "kuchlankas," or hunting-shirts of spotted deerskin, confined about the waist with a belt, and fringed round the bottom with the long black hair of the wolverine, covered their bodies from the neck to the knee, ornamented here and there with strings of small colored beads, tassels of scarlet leather, and bits of polished metal. Fur pantaloons, long boots of sealskin coming up to the thigh, and foxskin hoods, with the ears of the animal standing erect on each side of the head, completed the costume, which, notwithstanding its *bizarre* effect, had yet a certain picturesque adaptation to the equally strange features of the moonlight scene.

Leaving our Cossack Meronoff, seconded by the major, to explain our business and wants, Dodd and I strolled away, to make a critical inspection of the encampment. It consisted of four large conical tents, built apparently of a framework of poles, and covered with loose reindeer skins, confined in their places by long thongs of seal or walrus hide, which were stretched tightly over them from the apex of the cone to the ground. They seemed, at first sight, to be ill calculated to withstand the storms which in winter sweep down across this steppe from the Arctic Ocean, but subsequent experience proved that the severest gales cannot tear them from their fastenings. Neatly-constructed sledges of various shapes and sizes were scattered here and there upon the snow, and two or three hundred pack-saddles for the reindeer were piled up in a symmetrical wall near the largest tent. Finishing our examination, and feeling rather "bored" by the society of fifteen or twenty Koraks, who had constituted themselves a sort of supervisory com-

mittee to watch our motions, we returned to the spot where the representatives of civilization and barbarism were conducting their negotiations. They had apparently come to an amicable understanding; for, upon our approach, a tall native with shaven head stepped out from the throng, and, leading the way to the largest tent, lifted a curtain of skin, and exposed to view a dark hole about two feet and a half in diameter, which he motioned to us to enter.

Now, if there was any branch of V——'s Siberian education upon which he especially prided himself, it was his proficiency in crawling down chimneys and into small holes. Persevering practice had given him a flexibility of back and a peculiar sinuosity of movement which we might admire but could not imitate; and, although the distinction was not perhaps an altogether desirable one, he was invariably selected to explore all the dark holes and underground passages (miscalled doors) which came in our way. This seemed one of the most peculiar of the many different styles of entrance which we had observed; but V——, assuming as an axiom that no part of his body could be greater than the (w)hole, dropped into a horizontal position, and, requesting Dodd to give his feet an initial shove, crawled cautiously in. A few seconds of breathless silence succeeded his disappearance, when, supposing that all must be right, I insinuated my head into the aperture, and crawled warily after him. The darkness was profound; but guided by V——'s breathing, I was making very fair progress, when suddenly a savage snarl and a startling yell came out of the gloom in front, followed instantly by the most substantial part of V——'s body, which struck me, with the force of a battering-ram, on the top of the head, and caused me, with the liveliest apprehensions of ambushade and massacre, to back precipitately out. V——, with the awkward retrograde movements of a disabled crab, speedily followed.

"What in the name of Chort is the



matter?" demanded Dodd, as he extricated V——'s head from the folds of the skin-curtain in which it had become enveloped. "You back out as if Shaitan and all his imps were after you."

"You don't suppose," responded V——, with excited gestures, "that I'm going to stay in that hole and be eaten up by Korak dogs? If I was foolish enough to go in, I've got discretion enough to know when to come out.—I don't believe the hole leads anywhere, anyhow," he added, apologetically; "and it's all full of dogs."

With a quick perception of V——'s difficulties and a grin of amusement at his discomfiture, our Korak guide entered the hole, exorcised with a few cabalistic words the dog-fiends which haunted its gloomy recesses, and, throwing up an inner curtain, allowed the red light of the blazing fire to stream through.

Crawling slowly on hands and knees a distance of twelve or fifteen feet, through the low doorway, we entered the large, open circle in the interior of the tent. A crackling fire of resinous pine-boughs burned brightly upon the ground in the centre, illuminating redly the framework of black, glossy poles, and flickering fitfully over the dingy skins of the roof, and the swarthy, tattooed faces of the women who squatted around. A large copper kettle, filled with some mixture of questionable odor and appearance, hung over the blaze, and furnished occupation to a couple of skinny, bare-armed women, who with the same sticks were alternately stirring its contents, poking the fire, and knocking over the head two or three ill-conditioned but inquisitive dogs. The smoke, which rose lazily from the fire, hung in a blue, clearly-defined cloud about five feet from the ground, dividing the atmosphere of the tent into a lower stratum of comparatively clear air, and an upper cloud-region, where smoke, vapor, and ill odors contended for supremacy. The location of the little pure air which the yurt afforded made the boyish feat of standing upon one's head a very desirable accomplishment,

and, as the pungent smoke filled my eyes to the exclusion of every thing else except tears, I suggested to Dodd that he reverse the respective positions of his head and feet, and try it; he would escape the smoke and sparks from the fire, and at the same time obtain a new and curious optical effect. With the sneer of contempt which always met even my most valuable suggestions, he replied that I might try my own experiments; and, throwing himself down at full length upon the ground, he engaged in the interesting diversion of making faces at a Korak baby. V——'s time, as soon as his eyes recovered a little from the effects of the smoke, was about equally divided between preparations for our evening meal and revengeful blows at the stray dogs which ventured in his vicinity; while the major, who was probably the most usefully employed of the party, negotiated for the exclusive possession of a "polog."

The temperature of a Korak tent in winter seldom ranges above 20° or 25° Fahr., and as continuous exposure to such a degree of cold would be at least very disagreeable, the Koraks have constructed, around the inner circumference of the tent, small air-tight apartments, called pologs, which are separated one from another by skin-curtains, and which combine the advantages of exclusiveness with the desirable luxury of greater warmth. These pologs are about four feet in height and six or eight feet in width and length. They are made of the heaviest furs, sewn carefully together to exclude the air, and are warmed and lighted by a rude lamp of seal-oil and moss. The law of compensation, however, which pervades all nature, makes itself felt even in the pologs of a Korak yurt; and for the greater degree of warmth, is exacted the penalty of a closer, smokier atmosphere. The flaming wick of the lamp, which floats like a tiny burning ship in a miniature lake of rancid oil, absorbs the vital air of the polog, and returns it in the shape of carbonic acid gas, black, oily smoke, and sickening odors. In defiance, however, of all the known

principles of hygiene, this vitiated atmosphere seems to be healthy, or, to state the case negatively, there is no evidence to prove its *un*healthiness. The Korak women, who spend almost the whole of their time in these pologs, live generally to an advanced age, and, except a noticeable tendency to angular outlines and skinniness, there is nothing to distinguish them physically from the old women of other countries. It was not without what I supposed to be a well-founded apprehension of suffocation that I slept, for the first time, in a Korak yurt; but like the fear of freezing to death in an outdoor temperature of 53°, my uneasiness proved to be entirely groundless, and gradually wore away.

With a view to escape from the crowd of Koraks who squatted around us on the earthen floor, and whose watchful curiosity had become irksome, Dodd and I lifted up the fur-curtain of the polog which the major's diplomacy had secured, and crawled in to await the advent of supper. The inquisitive Koraks, unable to find room in the narrow polog for the whole of their bodies, lay down, to the number of nine, on the outside, and, poking their ugly half-shaven heads under the curtain, resumed their silent supervision. The appearance, in a row, of nine disembodied heads, whose staring eyes rolled with synchronous motion from side to side as we moved, was so ludicrous that we involuntarily burst into laughter. A responsive smile instantly appeared upon each of the nine swarthy faces, whose simultaneous concurrence in the expression of every emotion, suggested the idea of some huge monster with nine heads and but one consciousness. Acting upon Dodd's suggestion that we try and smoke them out, I took my briar-wood pipe from my pocket, and proceeded to light it, with one of those peculiar snapping lucifers which were among our most cherished relics of civilization. As the match, with a miniature fusilade of sharp reports, burst into flame, the nine startled heads instantly disappeared, and beyond the curtain

we could hear a chorus of long-drawn "ty-e-e-e's" from the astonished natives, followed by a perfect Babel of animated comments upon this diabolical method of producing fire. Fearful, however, of losing some other equally striking manifestation of the white men's supernatural power, the heads soon returned, reinforced by several others which the report of the wonderful occurrence had attracted. The fabled watchfulness of the hundred-eyed Argus was nothing compared with the scrutiny to which we were now subjected. Every wreath of curling smoke which rose from our pipes was watched by the staring eyes, as intently as if it were some deadly vapor from the bottomless pit, which would shortly burst into report and flame. A loud and vigorous sneeze from Dodd was the signal for a second panic-stricken withdrawal of the row of heads, and another comparison of respective experiences outside the curtain. It was laughable enough; but, tired of being stared at, and anxious for something to eat, we crawled out of our polog, and watched with unassumed interest the preparation of supper. Out of a little pine box, which contained our telegraphic instruments, V—— had improvised a sort of rude, legless mess-table, which he was employed in covering with cakes of hard bread, slices of raw bacon, and tumblers of steaming tea: these were the luxuries of civilization, and beside them, on the ground, in a long wooden trough and an exaggerated bowl of the same material, were the corresponding delicacies of barbarism. As to their nature and composition, we could of course give only a wild conjecture; but the appetites of weary travellers are not very discriminating, and we seated ourselves, like cross-legged Turks, on the ground between the trough and the instrument-box, determined to prove our appreciation of Korak hospitality by eating every thing which offered itself. The bowl, with its strange-looking contents, arrested, of course, the attention of the observant Dodd; and, poking it inquiringly with a long-handled spoon,



he turned to V—, who, as *chef de cuisine*, was supposed to know all about it, and demanded,

"What's this you've got?"

"That?" answered V—, promptly, "that's hasty pudding."

"Hasty nonsense! It looks more like the material out of which the Children of Israel made bricks.—They don't seem to have wanted for straw, either," he added, as he fished up several stems of long, dried grass. "What is it, anyhow?"

"That," said V—, learnedly, is the celebrated 'Iamuk chi la Poosterelsk,' the national dish of the Koraks, concocted from the original recipe of His Excellency Ootoot Ootkoo Minyegeel-kin, Grand Hereditary Tyon, and Vwe-sokee Prevoskodelstvyo of the Korak people, who—"

"Hold on!" exclaimed Dodd, with a deprecating gesture; "that's enough. I'll eat it; but if it isn't good, I'll make a summary example of the very next 'Grand Hereditary Tyon' whom I come across, just as a warning to the rest not to trifle with American stomachs."

Taking out a half-spoonful of the dark, viscid mass, with three or four pendant straws, he put it to his lips.

"Well," said we, expectantly, after a moment's pause, "what does it taste like?"

"Like the mud-pies of infancy," replied Dodd, sentimentously; "a little salt, pepper, and butter, and a good deal of meat and flour, with a few well-selected vegetables, would probably improve it; but it isn't particularly bad as it is."

Upon the strength of this rather equivocal recommendation, I tasted it. Aside from a peculiar earthy flavor, it had nothing about it which was either pleasant or disagreeable. Its qualities were all negative except its grassiness, which alone gave character and consistency to the mass.

This mixture, known among the Koraks as "manyalla," is eaten by all the Siberian tribes as a substitute for bread, and is the nearest approximation which native ingenuity can make to the

staff of life. It is valued, I am told, more for its medicinal virtues than for its own intrinsic excellence; and my limited experience has fully prepared me to believe the statement. Its original elements are clotted blood, grease, and half-digested moss, taken from the stomach of the reindeer, where it is supposed to have undergone some essential change which fits it for human consumption. These curious and heterogeneous ingredients are boiled up together, with a few handfuls of dried grass, to give the mixture consistency, and the dark mass is then moulded into small loaves, and frozen for future use.

Our host was evidently desirous of treating us with every civility, and as a mark of especial consideration, bit off several choice morsels from the large cube of venison in his grimy hand, and, taking them from his mouth, offered them to me. I waived graciously the implied compliment, and indicated Dodd as the proper recipient of such attentions; but the latter revenged himself by requesting an old woman to bring me some raw tallow, which, he soberly assured her, constituted my only food when at home. My indignant denials in English were not understood, and the woman, delighted to find an American whose tastes corresponded so closely with her own, brought the tallow. I was a helpless victim, and I could only add this last offence to the long list of grievances which stood to Dodd's credit, and which I hoped sometime to settle in full.

Supper, in the social economy of the Koraks, is emphatically *the* meal of the day. Around the kettle of "manyalla," or the trough of reindeer-meat, gather the men of the band, who, during the hours of daylight, have been absent, and who, between the mouthfuls of meat or moss, discuss the simple subjects of thought which their isolated life affords. We availed ourselves of this opportunity to learn something of the tribes who inhabited the country to the northward and the reception which we would probably meet.

The statement of the Kamchadales, that the Koraks murdered all their old people whom sickness or the infirmities of age unfitted for the hardships of a nomadic life, we found to be fully confirmed; but we were assured that, notwithstanding this terrible custom, the tribe generally was hospitable and kind-hearted, and that we might travel with entire safety through any part of the Korak territory. They urged, in extenuation of the crime, the consent of the victim to his own murder, and his uselessness and unhappiness if permitted to live, and seemed to consider it, very coolly, as rather a meritorious action to put an aged man out of his misery. As our host expatiated with cold-blooded minuteness upon the different methods of putting a man to death, I thought of De Quincey's celebrated essay upon "Murder Considered as one of the Fine

Arts," and of the field which a Korak encampment would afford to his "Society of Connoisseurs in Murder." One of our comrades, who subsequently witnessed the ceremonies of execution, gave me a fuller account of the custom. It is a mournful illustration of the fallibility of conscience as a guide, when it is left to discover, by its own unaided efforts, what is right.

Our host, who was the "Tyon," or chief of the band, promised to transport us with his reindeer to the next encampment, on the following morning; and we crawled once more into our polog to sleep. A voice in another part of the yurt was singing a low, melancholy air in a minor key as I closed my eyes, and the sad, oft-repeated refrain, so different from ordinary music, invested with peculiar loneliness and strangeness my first night in a Korak tent.

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## TREASURE.

### A CHRISTMAS STORY OF THE HUDSON HIGHLANDS.

IN the very depth of the terrible winter of 1779-80, and in "the dead waste and middle of the night," Tobias Peudy first saw the light of earth. His father, a private in the Connecticut line, had been wounded in one of the earlier battles of the Revolutionary War, and, through unskillfulness of treatment and subsequent exposure, the hurt had resulted in a very stiff leg, thus disqualifying him for further military service. He was, accordingly, discharged—as it happened, in the Highlands of the Hudson. Having no very close ties at home, he remained in the neighborhood, supporting himself as best he might, by wood-chopping and the like. He soon married a girl in the vicinity, who was of New England descent. Indeed, that district of the Highlands which has been, at various times, styled the South

Precinct of Dutchess County, Fredericksburgh Precinct, and finally (as it still remains) Putnam County, was originally settled from the Puritan hive. The Dutchmen, sailing up the river, eschewed the rough mountain-lands; but into the fat valleys of the Croton tributaries the errant children of the East came trooping with eager eye and watering mouth. From that quarter they pushed their settlements across the county, until they reached the river. The character of the people, therefore, has, up to the present day, in a measure retained the impress of this type, though modified by the more liberal tone of New York sentiment.

The whole of what is now Putnam County was at first included in a single patent; and the land, up to the Revolution, almost as a matter of course, was

held in tenancy. The river-region, with the exception of a few farms opposite West Point, was an almost unbroken wilderness; the roads being few, and scarcely more than the old Indian trails widened and smoothed a little. While the contest was pending, the patriot forces cantoned along the river had stripped the hill-sides of wood; but this was about all of improvement (if such it can be called) that could be described from the water.

During the war, seeing that the owners of this great estate had espoused the British side of the quarrel, and were exiles with the British army, the lands, as one may say, belonged to nobody. And so Peudy, senior, set himself down as a squatter, with never a soul to interfere.

What determined his choice it is impossible to guess; but his selection of a homestead was at least singular. A characteristic feature of the Hudson-Highlands is a high-lying valley between two ridges, dipping gradually for a mile or so toward the river, and then pitching into it with a rapid and almost precipitous descent. In one of these long and narrow troughs, between the peaks of Bull Hill and Breakneck, well-lifted on the northern slope of the former, Peudy set up his tent, or, to speak more by the letter, built a log-hut. Here he cut away the woods and made a rude farm for himself, kept a long-legged heifer or two (by what mysterious means obtained tradition saith not), raised a little buckwheat, did chopping for hire (being much addicted to the axe, notwithstanding his lameness), and lived from hand to mouth.

It was a strange position. To the southwest rose the rounded backbone of Bull Hill; to the northwest stood out, grim and almost haggard against the sky, the jagged outline of well-named Breakneck; to the east, the view was closed in with hills and woods: only to the west, through a gap between the mountains on the opposite shores of the river, was a single vista into the great world. Take it by and large, it was in those days a savage scene.

Here was born the only child of Amzi and Ruth Peudy, who, after the biblical custom of his progenitors for sundry generations, was named Tobias. The old woman who assisted him into the world was moved to say, "Now, this'll be a queer one." Whether she had any gift of prophecy is questionable enough; but, certainly, there were influences about the child to make him odd. There is a subtle alchemy in Nature, which works ingredients of blood and brain to multiform requirement: and she plants seeds of character which cannot easily be choked, and which are sure to germinate and grow luxuriantly under favorable circumstances.

Immediately after the close of the war, society was much disorganized, and full of legendary and superstitious lore. The little white-haired youngster heard more or less of these things; and, as he played about, uncared-for and unwatched, the surroundings of his home sunk deep into his soul. He learned to mark and love the hourly-changing aspects of the scene—the shadowed valley-dawn; the roseate peaks of morn; the great gushes of glory from the westering sun behind the hills; the tinsel touches of the winter moon; the exquisite gradation of the spring-tide tints; the sharper contrasts of the autumn coloring, of which (and ne'ertheless) the curious haze makes harmony withal; the weird shadows of lazy summer clouds upon the mountain-sides, like stranded monsters of the sea clutching an hundred acres in their arms at once.

There was no company for him in that secluded gorge—no schooling; and all that was taught to him, in his childhood, was during one winter which he spent with an aunt in the Fishkill valley—enough to spell rudely, not exceeding one syllable. When he was about ten years old, his father, finding there were now claimants to the property on which he lived, by arrangement with those owners moved to a small farm on what was, till lately, known as the Iron Mountain road. Here, in the course of five or six years, the boy so far

extended his education, at a school-house about two miles off, as to enable himself to read print, and even "running-hand" after a fashion: nay, he actually advanced to that point that he could make a hieroglyphic which passed for his signature. This was about all. Yet here his mind expanded, in a measure, under the solicitation of a more open prospect. Indeed, the outlook from his home, at this period, was sunny and cheerful enough to have obliterated any, the harsher, impressions of his earlier days.

The scene was on so grand a scale, that a foreground of dense woodland, falling rapidly from the eye, did not in any way break up its completeness. This forest-covered slope declined into a middle distance of cultivated ground interspersed with groves; with headlands jutting into the river at one side, and bounded in that direction by lofty hills: while, on the other wing, there was an interior country hemmed in again by eminences, which balanced the landscape sufficiently, without suggesting the idea of repetition. Central to all, the eye was led at last over a broad reach of the river, boldly defined by the massive altitude of Breakneck and Butter Hill, that framed it upon each side, and thence up into a rich and ever-rising scope, mile upon mile, lengthwise on either hand, of open region,

"While still beyond, half hazy to the eye,  
The far-off Katskills kissed the farthest sky,  
Mingled with that their waving line of blue,  
And shut the world beyond from mortal view."

As time wore on, 'Bias (as he was familiarly called, or, for short, 'Bi) took to helping his father with the axe, for which he had a natural genius; and soon he became, for a young man, quite a hero in that line. One morning, the name, Iron Mountain, struck him, suddenly. Why, iron? And, by and by, he learned from charcoal-burners and teamsters what iron ore was, and what worth. Thus, first, his destiny began to wind itself about him.

One winter he was engaged on a "coaling job," and, being now interested in metals, made much inquiry of his

comrades, who, almost all, knew something of these matters in a far-off way. They told him many wonderful things, the percentage of truth being small. Unluckily, one night, while watching "the pit," stories of silver-mines were started, the which, though he thought little of them at the time, sunk deeply into his fanciful mind, and made another link in the chain that was to bind him firm and fast.

A year or so after this, his mother died; and, within six months thereafter, his father also, leaving him master of the little farm, which, however, was under mortgage to the original owners. Thus bereaved, he soon bethought himself that it would be a good move—economical, and in every respect fitting—that he should take to himself a wife, to look after things indoors. And he did so. The character and appearance of the man were, at this time, to a certain extent, formed. He was now about twenty-two or three; small, rather light, but well proportioned, with sandy-yellow hair, and snapping, china-blue eyes. From his noticeably high and at the same time narrow forehead, one might guess that he was not wanting in intellectual faculty, but likely to be a man of one idea; which was, in fact, his character. Very persistent he was, too, about a notion, when once in his head. Blood combining with the influences of his childhood, he had grown up into a good example of one form of New England development—shut in upon one side by a shrewd, hard, money-getting lust of advancement in life; expanded, on the other, into that spiritual mysticism which is equally characteristic of the class, and which leads them into so many wayward epidemics of excitement.

Children—two, a boy and a girl—came with time. 'Bias was a faithful husband and kind father. If he had a fault, it was the greed of accumulation. Unluckily, the wife was cursed with the same ambition; so that they stunted themselves and family. To be sure, they had the excuse that the farm was mortgaged, and nothing was safe

till that was clear. To this object, then, of discharging the indebtedness, they devoted themselves; and, for a while, all promised well. One payment of principal had been made on account and a good start made on the next accumulation, when, one windy day in March, as 'Bias was coming home across the hills from a distant wood-lot where he had been at work, he struck his toe against a bit of stone in the way, and, turning to look at what he had stumbled over, saw a little projecting knob of shining mineral. Kicking it out of the ground with his heavy boot, he thought to himself:—'I'll take it home to amuse the children.

When he produced his prize, the wife naturally asked him what it was.

"Treasure," answered 'Bias, half inadvertently.

"What do you mean?" said she.

"Silver ore, to be sure," was the laughing reply.

When the children had tired of the plaything and had been put to bed, 'Bias picked up the stone, and, setting it on the narrow shelf over the fireplace, said, jokingly,

"There, old woman; that's for a sign we're goin' to be rich."

Next morning it caught his attention again, and he laughed once more about the thing. And so, more than once, day after day. Then he called it his "prophecy." Look now, how cobwebs grow around a man, till they are cables that he cannot break! The stone on the shelf, by slow yet sure degrees, achieved a fascination over the human soul, so that he would lie awake o' nights, and fancy he could see it shining there. He gradually became serious over his idle talk; and the thought struck him,—Why not silver, then? He took fire on the imaginative side. Away from the haunts of men, people brood over ideas. He put questions, but with caution, and found legends enough to feed his fantasy. He began to neglect his work and ramble hither and thither, looking at old openings of mines, and such places. By and by he made a confidant of his wife, announc-

ing that there *was* silver to be found in the Highlands—if one only had the luck.

To do the poor woman justice, she battled all she could against his incipient madness. A great future of misery rose before her, which she vainly strove to avert. 'Bias did nothing steadily any more. One day the notion occurred to him to search for the place where he had chanced upon the stone. He could not fix it exactly; but, hunting about in the vicinity, came upon an old excavation, in a ledge of rock, with a heap of refuse fragments close at hand. Taking one of these pieces, he visited a man in the neighborhood, who was known to be familiar with iron ores.

"Any iron in this, 'Bias? About as much as there is silver."

"And how much is that?" asked 'Bias, with affected unconcern.

"Not enough to pay for the working," was the indifferent reply.

So 'Bias left, disappointed at first; but presently began, with perverse acuteness, to argue:—"He said there was not enough iern to pay for workin'; but he didn't say so of the silver." Ashamed of consulting any body else of his acquaintance, for fear of being laughed at, he managed to ascertain the name and address of a respectable mineralogist in New York, and determined to go to him.

Making an excuse to his wife, about buying some tools for the farm, he sought this gentleman; and, bringing out his specimens, one by one, had the mortification to hear them pronounced worthless. The man of science refused to analyze them. But, asking whence they came, 'Bias grew suspicious, and had much ado with himself finally to trust the great stone, which he had brought with him, to the inspection of the expert.

"What do you think there is in this, my friend?" said he.

"Silver," answered 'Bias, with hesitation.

An amused smile flitted over the mineralogist's face; and then, looking with sad interest at 'Bias, he said, kindly, as he handed back the stone,

"My poor fellow, go and buy lottery-tickets, if you do not know what else to do with your money; but take my advice, and avoid mines."

It was impossible to doubt the sincerity of the man; and 'Bias went forth, fully determined honestly to do what he had pretended it was his intention to do in the city. But on his way to Fulton Market, near which he expected to find what he really wanted, he strayed into Frankfort-street. There, in a leering, tumble-down wooden building, he came across one of those nondescript establishments to be found only in great cities, kept by men who live in some underhand way, always suspected of the police, but never getting within the meshes of the law. In the dirty window hung a retort or two, with a few crestfallen instruments; and the picture was finished out with a cracked crucible on the shelf below, and certain vague indications, here and there, of an apothecary's business.

These things caught the eye of 'Bias, and here was he tempted of Satan to enter. Forthwith, from a back den, darted out a human spider, with just such spindly legs, just such a deformed body, just such ferocious eyes. It was an elderly, hump-backed German Jew, with broken nose, bushy brows, and searching glance, who took the measure of 'Bias in an instant. What chance was there for him?

Ascertaining that his visitor had a little money and the prospect of earning more, this horrible familiar instantly constituted himself the evil genius of the wretched man. Whatever he was henceforth to make was to become his, and he would suck the very life-springs of his being dry, giving him in return magnificent promises and grand assurance of fortune.

"Silver in dish? Gott in Himmel! Tish mosht poor silver. Fere you findt him, den, hey? Hish—don't shbeag doo loudt."

The heart of 'Bias was in his throat. His specimen, then, was the very harbinger of wealth. But where the mine itself?

It were unprofitable to go into details. He was lured on, told to bring more, promised an assay, and sent home moneyless—worse, a man with a ruined character. The Jew was too cautious to write, but when 'Bias went down again (as he soon went), with more specimens, he was shown a solid drop of glittering metal, the product of that first lump of ore—as he was told.

From this day forth his nature put on a phase so entirely different from what it had exhibited before, that he neglected wife and children entirely. She grew thinner and thinner, the tow-headed boy and girl ragged and white-faced. They were almost starving. First, the fund for the next payment was drawn upon. Then the interest was neglected. The wife, not strong at best, sunk under this trial, wearing herself out in the endeavor to keep the family together and the children decent.

There was little religious consolation available in the neighborhood at the time, except for St. Philip's Chapel, and this couple had the old Puritan distaste for Episcopacy. So she faded away like a dumb creature, dying at last of no disease but the American one of overwork, or, rather, over-fretting over work. In her last hours she was delirious, and kept continually repeating, in a monotone, a text she had picked up somewhere: "'Lay not up for yourselves treasures—Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth—Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt.'" Her whispered final words, as she turned her fading eyes upon the husband of her once fresh but now broken youth, were still: "'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: But—'" She never finished the sentence.

But? What was this awful—But? For a while it made a great impression upon 'Bias, and he pondered it, almost in terror. But he never asked an explanation; and, with lapsing weeks, as these things will, the memory of it grew sluggish.



By this time the folly and family neglect of 'Bias had become matter of notoriety; and, on his wife's death, it was proposed, among the neighbors, to dispose of the children as paupers. The pride of the father revolted at the thought: there was a chance for him. But Fortune snatched it away. A cousin of his wife, childless, and poor as a bare board herself, came forward with the declaration that none of her "belongin'" should ever go upon the county, as long as she had a pound of flour in the barrel, or a pair of hands that could be worked to skin and bone. So they were committed to her, and he was left to his own devices.

Of course, the farm soon went, under foreclosure: there was no use of being lenient with him. Establishing himself then in a deserted log-hut, in an unfrequented nook, he dwelt apart, seldom appearing among men, but spending all his time in hunting for mines, or, as he ever styled them, "minds." Absorbed in this vain pursuit, the only other idea that would occasionally intrude itself was the recurring half of the sentence, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: But—" And this not often. In course of time the charitable cousin died, and the children were sold to the lowest bidder. It was too late, now. He no longer was capable of an energetic shame even at that. Nor was it needed long. A summer epidemic swept them both away. And he was now alone—quite alone on earth. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures" there.

This text came up when first he knew his loss; then died away. And for many succeeding years it never spoke to him. For now his whole soul was enmeshed in his portentous monomania. It is needless to go through the stages of such an hallucination. Whatever ought to have disheartened him only animated his spirit the more; and, when he had proved himself an idiot, he claimed to be a seer.

At this time, the flaxen-locked child

was grown to be a rather worn though still youngish man, with a mop of faded hair, speaking in a thin tenor voice, almost always in a slightly-hesitating way, and in a subdued and somewhat mysterious key. For he had caught, from the wicked and ignorant Jew and from a stray volume which had fallen in his way, some snatches of terms in mineralogy; and would talk by the hour (when he talked at all) a melancholy jargon of muriates, oxides, nitrates, sulphurets, and sulphates; of hydrates, limonites, and silicates; of sulphites and phosphates; of cubes, octahedrons, and six-sided tables; of conchoidal fractures, and rhomboidal prisms; of chrome ore, bog ore, magnetic ore; of native silver, silver glance, black silver, red silver, horn silver; of arborescent, dentiform, and capillary shapes, and a whole cartload of the like, in the enunciation of which (to be sure) he made wild work;—of crucibles, and cupellation, and the very Old Boy only knows what; of metallic globules; of reverberating furnaces; of volatilization, of reduction, of sublimation, of eliquation: interspersing many original phrases of his own; such as, what he styled "the antimonial indication," and "the mother lead," and "salts of silver," and a hundred others.

He would prate of the dry way and the wet way of treating silver ores, and of smelting and amalgamation, processes at which the poor wretch had never been permitted to assist, but in which he firmly believed that his worthless stones had proved themselves silver-bearing indeed. He derived a real pleasure from the repetition of these grand phrases; and it was as good as a play to hear with what a fine fat twist of the tongue he would roll off the sounding word, "ar-gent-if-er-ous."

He would hold forth, to weariness, about this, that, and the other locality of mining fame in the county; of the Pine Pond Silver Mine, and of the purlieus of Simewog Hill, where the great Simewog vein of magnetic oxide of iron crops out, and of a hundred lodes of one metal or other—not standing at tin, lead,



copper, and antimony—only he never got so far as gold.

Then, of course, he had at his fingertips all the everlasting stereotyped legends of such things: how, by the banks of a certain nameless lake, in a meadow, between four trees—namely, a swamp-maple, a hickory, a tulip, and a hackmatack—one had only to dig, and there certainly something would be found; how, in an unknown valley, there flowed upon the left a living spring, and fast by rose a dead old pine, and forty paces to the West treasure might be looked for; how, high on a cliff of Anthony's Nose hung a silver-spotted stone, and, if one could only see that stone with the moon in the first quarter, sixteen degrees in the sky, as it rose or set (but better as it set, if that could be), shining at a specified angle upon it, he would discern a nick or cut, pointing out just where the mine was to be found; and how, at the foot of a black ledge—he knew precisely how it looked, though he had never seen it, but expected to chance upon the spot before long—the virgin ore was laid up in bulk for the fortunate finder. O, the splendors of Alnaschar—O, the glories of the beggar's dream!

In addition, he was up to the mysteries of the mineral-rod, and of the magic glass (as old at least as the time of Saul, this last)—where was the end to his appliances, his prospects, and his hopes?

It was pitiable to see the poor man standing on some ragged peak, on some dreary day of chilling fog, surveying far and wide the harsh and sterile ranges, rough with rocks and sheer with precipices, and yet with a smouldering enthusiasm in his fixed eyes, as he mused of the treasure, hid, somewhere, from his view.

Somewhere! somewhere! Ah, is it not ever so with all of us, who fix our eyes on earth, and dream, dream, dream evermore of finding riches there—forgetting the while that the only riches worth a thought are those within ourselves? But, in another point of view, are there not treasures to be found by

each of us that has the sight to see, the gift to know, what real treasures are? And is there on earth a spot so barren as not to afford them? No.

Thus would he exhibit, in his vulgar way, that yearning for the unattainable which has sometimes beset the greatest spirits, and which gives a sort of dignity even to the least. Sometimes, again, in winter, those glittering fields of frozen snow, which, struck by the sunlight in some peculiar way, assume the look of silver, to his besotted mind seemed almost such, and he would seek them out when summer came, in some vague and unacknowledged hope of wealth to come he knew not how, he knew not whence. Also, the old superstition, of the rainbow, and of the pot of gold that ever lurks where the intangible spectrum meets the earth, crept into his bewildered brain, and he would watch, and strive to fix and find the half-celestial board.

So it went on, till he grew prematurely old, careworn, miserable—month by month, year by year, more so. Deep lines beleaguered his mouth and nostrils; his eager eyes took on a wistful, wandering cast; haggard, ragged, unkempt, wretched altogether, was his appearance. His costume in itself was a compendium of misery. His horrible greed had taken utter possession of him, and he cared for nought but its suggestions.

Yet was not he a bad man, nor any thing worse than a useless citizen. He never did any harm to living soul. Once, accused of the theft of some trifle supposed to be missing after he had been seen in the neighborhood of a lonely house (but which afterward turned up), and brought before a justice of the peace on the charge, his lofty contempt had persuaded every body and cleared him without even the formality of a commitment. He was not by any means a fool, either; indeed, more than commonly shrewd in most matters, when he could interest himself sufficiently to bring his mind to bear upon them.

How he lived all these years was a

mystery. He neither begged, borrowed, nor stole, except it be called stealing that he used for fuel the windfalls of the forest about him. To be sure, he was always very free with his offers of partnership in the "mind" business, to any body he supposed to be a capitalist, and had, in perfect good faith, diddled more than one credulous farmer out of his hard-earned surplus. But that melted in Frankfort-street. He would occasionally trap a few quails or "partridges," catch a mess of trout, or shoot a rabbit or a gray squirrel. More rarely—indeed, only once in a long while, and that when hard driven by want, for he disliked any thing that involved association with men—he would take a turn, for a few days, in the harvest-field. Through nine months of the year these were his only ostensible means of supporting life. It seemed, really, as if he fed upon his great hope.

Stay: there was another branch of industry he sometimes took to—digging wells. That seemed to have a smack of the mine about it; and, at all events, there was the same relish of uncertainty in the pursuit of what was looked for.

But his grand resource was in winter. An axeman by inheritance, celebrated all the county round for his skill, he could always earn money, chopping by the cord; and, by spring, he would accumulate quite a little nest-egg, which all went to the swindler again, as a matter of course.

For, all this while he was paying tribute to the Jew, who held out like Methuselah; and still the old man's imagination was filled with visions of more than Oriental wealth. What he was to do with these vast means, when acquired, he never intimated; perhaps he never thought. It was the terrible excitement of the chase that drew him on.

Older and older. At times, from mere lack of proper sustenance, he would grow so feeble that it was a wonder how he clung to life. Indeed, except supported by this awful lust of gold, it is doubtful whether he could have kept

about, a week. But there was a great fund of vitality in the man, and he would rally, to all appearance as strong as ever.

Sixty, and more. Let us picture him again. What a terrible old chap he was! A well had caved in on him, once. Most men would have been maimed or crippled for life: in a month he was at his "mind"-hunting again. A premature blast, on one occasion, had driven the palms of his hands full of powder and grit: yet his fingers worked as nimbly as ever. He was known, far and wide, as "Uncle 'Bias." The boys had caught the slang-phrase, and would make mock of him:—"There goes rich 'Bi, with 'a pocketful of rocks." This was literally true, for he was always provided with specimens, some of which he valued so highly as even to be jealous of any one handling them when exhibited, as in the pride of his heart they sometimes were.

His roving, disappointed, yet expectant eyes were now, forever, like those of "the least erected spirit," bent upon the ground, as studying earth, not heaven; his whole figure got a forward stoop; and his gait became dishuman among men—wolfish, heavy-headed, shambling. When it is added, that his fine hair had now become sparse and white as the driven snow, and that he wore a full beard and moustache (then uncommon out of cities) to correspond, all is said that need be said.

So he stumbled on towards his death, the moral wreck of a man.

The autumn of 184— came in, sour and savage: and continued so. It was before the sudden glare of the golden ores of California had crazed all the unsettled intellects and excitable spirits of America. The trees were stripped, the swamps were full, the gay visitants of summer had taken their flight to happier climes; and winter was ready to bear down upon the earth in stern array.

In the early dusk of a day late in November, 'Bias was trudging along the post-road, on his way to see a man who had hired the cutting of a large

tract of woodland (lying to the east, and between the Carmel turnpike and a county-road next north of it), and had intimated a desire to secure his services. It so came about that he fell in with Thirza Winsey, the belle of the neighborhood, a fresh, cheery girl, and (as far as high animal spirits, health, and a ruddy complexion can assure beauty) handsome. Then she had a pair of bright, black, wicked eyes, which Tuffer, the blacksmith at the Highland Church, pronounced "raal p'inters."

'Bias had always liked Thirza, partly because he had known her from a child, partly from the natural leaning that age should have toward uncorrupted youth, but mainly, it may be supposed, because she had always been pleasant with him and called him "Uncle 'Bi." Accordingly, he gave her the good-e'en, and they walked along a piece together.

They had some brief and simple chat, when, of a sudden and unaccountably, the very spirit of wanton mischief took possession of the girl: so that, without preface, she entered at once on the subject of her unexpected thought.

"Uncle 'Bi," said she, "I seen suthin' the other day."

"Yes?" returned he, indifferently.

"What do you think it was?" pursued she.

Old 'Bi's eyes twinkled, a little maliciously.

"Wal, I shouldn't wonder ef it wus a feller about five feet eleyen in his boots, with a slick suit of black broadcloth, and a tall, stovepipe hat, with a paper in the crown on it, marked 'S. G.'"

Thirza's naturally high complexion turned two shades deeper in the dubious light. If she had hesitated before, she determined to avenge herself now. Well she knew that it was the talk of the country round that she was "keepin' company" with Sam Galkins, erewhile a neighbor's boy and now the smart clerk from a Hudson-street store. But it seems he had been up not long before this, and she had (or thought she had) reason to suspect that the affair was about to languish somewhat.

"Uncle 'Bi," said she, rather solemn-

ly, "I ha' ben lookin' into that hat: and what do you suppose I seen there?"

"Wal," returned he, "it wouldn't be very surprisin' ef some o' that are grease he lays on as thick as a tire had left its mark somewheres."

The wicked eyes snapped angrily; but she went on, in a sufficiently amiable tone:

"Uncle 'Bi, you rec'lect that cousin o' mine, Eliphalet Smith, that run away an' took to th' sea?"

"Kind er," replied 'Bias.

"Well," resumed she, "afore he come back he had ben to the Red Sea, and he fetched me to hum an agate-stone from Egypt."

"Wus it from Egypt?" cried 'Bias, with awakening interest.

"It is a rounded agate-stone, smooth and polished as a looking-glass," she continued. "I put that in the crown o' the hat; I put my face to the opening: now do you begin to suspicion?"

"Tell me, gal, what you saw," said he, fiercely; "tell me quick!"

Hitherto sundry motives had operated on Thirza—mischief, anger, pique. She had begun now, half in mere fun, to exercise her inventive faculty, but went on, partly from a good-natured young woman's desire to please every body, and partly in apprehension, on noting (what she could not avoid observing) the terrible earnestness of 'Bias; so that, at last, led on from one thing to another by his excited questioning, she had made, in effect, the following statement:

That, peering into Sam Galkins' hat, she had in the mystic stone beheld a place, she knew not where, in the woods; but it looked like this:

There was a large, oblong boulder, at least twenty feet about, covered with oak-moss and three other sorts mixed together, with squawberry and winter-green running through; and this boulder was overhung by a tall, twisted, slanting basswood tree, with surface roots and gnarled branches, which had grown up in strict embrace with a hemlock, and had a squirrel-hole four feet up on the trunk, and another just at

the ground; opposite to which grew an oak with a monstrous wart. Moreover, along its base stole softly by the waste of a perennial spring.

Then she averred that, as she gazed, there came an old man—"He looked suthin' like you, Uncle 'Bi," said she, in her confusion)—and cut the roots, and down fell that tree; "and then, Uncle 'Bi—"

"What, then?" said 'Bias, huskily.

"Then I saw steps," continued she; "and, in a kind of cellar, at the foot of them, suthin' shining white, like a dollar, Uncle 'Bi."

Oh, what possessed the poor girl to lie so!

"Silver," said Bias, in an awe-stricken voice. "Thirza Winsey, when I find it, you shall be rich." And he left her to her regrets, for she dared not disabuse him. Yes, now she would have given the world (for she was neither a bad nor a heartless girl) to retract, but actually she dared not.

As for 'Bias, he went on, in a sort of daze, to the place he had started for; and made his bargain: and so home. Once there, his rude cabin seemed to him to glow, all silver; and he sat pondering the matter, and mechanically rubbing the while the face of his axe with a bit of Turkey-stone, as was ever his wont when engaged in chopping, till the edge was like a razor's and all as smooth as the knob of a stick that has long been carried in the naked hand. And this far into the night; also night after night, until the job began.

This was not many days after. 'Bias was even more than commonly taciturn; going to and from, and doing, his work with scarce a word. When he spoke at all to his comrades, it was sure to be something on his favorite subject. But he talked little even about this; for, only the second day, he had been cruelly taken up by one George Cangas, who aspired to be the champion chopper of the district, and perhaps was jealous of the old man's reputation in the use of the axe. This Cangas, when 'Bias dropped some intimations of a possible deposit

of silver ore in the neighborhood of their cutting, had sneeringly remarked to the effect that, though he, 'Bias, had been *in* the search a good many years, he had certainly been, all the time, *out* of his "mind."

There was quite a gang of men employed on the job—fifteen or twenty. Of course, they would gather at noonings, or occasionally of an evening in the tavern, at the nearest corners, talking of their business, or, rather, occupation; and there was much discussion of mince and the kerf; of helves, and polls, and eyes, and bits, and hilts; of the hang, and of grinding; and of other technical points and daintinesses of the profession. But the topics of greatest interest, as ever, were human: and the conversation always gravitated at last to the exploits of certain giants of the brotherhood.

As the Norse warriors had their legends of "Ghiseler and Folker, Dankwart and Ghernot good," so there were some traditional names that figured largely in these confabulations. One would tell of old Bailey, famous for his care in keeping the edge of his axe free of fur, and of whom the story ran that he once cut seventeen New-York cart-loads between sunrise and sunset, others splitting and ranking for him—two cords cut and piled being a good day's work for an ordinary man. Then another would come out with his contribution to this woodland brag:

"The greatest man ever I see for cuttin' wood, was Cornell's Rind. He wus a tall man with long arms, big, but poor, nothin', as I may say, but bone, blood, and gristle. He wus up at some doin's onest, a choppin' frolic or suthin' like that, an' he made, as he could cut an' pile two cord of wood in an hour, oak-timber. Some on 'em laughed right smart at him, but he took out a pocket-book, an' says he, 'I've got fifty dollars, all I own, an' I'll lay any man I'll cut an' pile two cord o' wood, eight foot long by four high, an' each stick cut four foot long, in an hour, choosung my trees.' Wal, after a time, some on 'em took him up. He wus to do it next

day; an' says he, 'You may go out with me.' An' they went. Waal, he picked two black oaks—he wus a good jedge of what a tree would cut, he wus. I've seen him often, myself, when I wus a bye, an' indeed, he on'y died three or four year ago)—an' at it he went. The fust tree wus down and cut up in twenty-five minits, by the watch, timed by one who stood by; the other, in suthin' less; an' it wus all piled in fifty-seven minits, twenty-seven seconds. An' that's the tallest cuttin' ever I heerd on. I've heern good choppers say they've tried to keep up with him a spell, but it wus no go. My! didn't he make the chips fly! It wus ridikerlus to see him."

So the stories passed about, until, one evening, a difference of opinion as to the relative merits of living axemen arose, which resulted in a proposition to make a match between George Cangs and 'Bias. Cangs, a man of thirty or so, and ambitious of fame, was quite ready; indeed, he had been eager to propose himself for the championship. Not so 'Bias. He cared nothing for a reputation of the sort, and it is doubtful whether he could have been persuaded, had it not been for the affront before alluded to. It must be confessed that the old Adam in him yearned to give the impertinent objector a lesson in this matter, by way of punishment for his scurvy jest. So, finally, the trial was agreed upon.

The terms were these: a five-dollar bill was put up on 'Bias, who did not bet, himself; and Cangs covered it. Each party was to select an umpire, and the two a third, if necessary, to decide any disputed point. These umpires were to stake out two adjoining lots, to be cut over by the parties. Stakes were to be set up for cording, in two places in each lot, where the rivals should direct, each for himself. Logs of more than six inches through, to be halved; of more than nine, quartered. Trees to be cut as they came; and each man to cord his own wood, close and fair. Work to begin at sunrise and end at sunset; and each man to labor and rest as he pleased.

Cangs selected David Sprag for his arbitrator; 'Bias, old Joe Moberly. The ground was forthwith chosen, and the cording-points were fixed. But the delay of some days occurred, on account of a snow-storm followed by a thaw, which left the mountains still white, though the lower grounds were bare again. So it was on the second day before Christmas that the trial began.

When the men got upon the ground, a tyro would have said at once that there was no chance for 'Bias. What! that little, flimsy, withered man, set himself up against yonder Goliath!—for Cangs almost amounted to such. He was a man in the prime of his strength; tall, muscular, and rather heavy; chunky about the chest and neck, and strongly limbed; altogether, and in every way, a formidable antagonist. He carried a large and heavy axe, with a helve much longer than that of his opponent, whose axe weighed not more than perhaps four pounds and a half. The discrepancy at all points looked very great. But 'Bias did not appear to be in the least dismayed. He was cool, collected, seemingly almost indifferent; and this bearing had its effect on Cangs, who was quite nervous.

The day dawned bright and clear, and just cold enough for steady exertion. There was a rime on every shrub and on portions of the trunks and branches of the trees; but nothing was frozen very hard. With the first gleam of the sun was heard the ringing "aha!" of the mighty axe, as it glanced, and it flashed, and it played at its work. Crash! crash! went down the pensive trees before the thoughtless men. It was mournful, and almost appalling, to see the growth and glory of ages in an hour brought to dust and shame. Precursor of the rustling maize, precursor of the bearded wheat, precursor of "the pleasant sound of the Scythe cutting through the thick Grasse"—there never was such a weapon as the American axe. Bladed chariot, or sling, the Macedonian spear, the Roman sword, the crooked Moorish scimeter, the lance of chivalry, the Spanish pike, long-bow or

cross-bow, matchlock, or what other more deadly modern ingenuity has devised, what have they done—what any one, what all, compared to this? It has traversed a dominion wider than Alexander ever ranged, richer than was dreamed of by any Cæsar of them all; and the country it has conquered and has held would have made the ambition of the great Napoleon in his palmist days catch breath.

The other men of the gang, with the exception of the umpires, had cut for a while on their own lots, around and about; but, by and by, and one by one, all were changed into mere spectators of the contest. Practised choppers as they were, they were astonished. For indeed it seemed as if a demoniac fury possessed one of the champions, while the other worked with a neat celerity that was amazing. Perhaps Richard of the Lion-Heart was animated with no more royal desire to beat Saladin than was George to get the better of 'Bias. Certainly the lists of Acre never attracted a more intent mass of spectators. Does this sound rather fanciful? Well, let it be affirmed, to a man that can see beyond the husk of things, here was a more notable conflict. He that has ever fairly observed the powers of that wonder-working implement which has disforested millions of acres on this continent must have felt that that peculiar and indescribable sound of the strokeful axe recorded, in substance, the march of an empire, and led on an army stronger and more effectual than all the crusaders that ever fought and fell.

Both men plied their weapons handsomely. Every few minutes the silent woods shivered and shook with that laboring, lumbering, sweeping, downward rush of trunk and branch, which is so impressive amid the solitudes of nature. Cang's struck deeper, perhaps, but sometimes struck too deep, so that there was a hitch, momentary, indeed, but involving waste of strength and time; for there was another stroke to be made before the chip would fly. Besides, George watched his adversary too much. 'Bias, on the contrary, paid

no more heed to him than as if no such being existed. He lost not a hand's turn of work. Instinctively he measured every tree that he attacked, and calculated every branch, and every angle in its trunk, so that it never failed to drop where it was most convenient for cutting up. At every second stroke, out leaped a chip six feet away, often flying into two as it hummed through the air, leaving a wound as smooth as if made by a chisel, and the rounding kerf unbroken and clean, as though dressed with a drawing-knife.

Yet it was nip and tuck, all along. If Cang's gained in the actual piling, which is rather a matter of mere strength than of knack, 'Bias had chosen his cording stations more sagaciously, and had shorter distances of carriage. As it neared twelve o'clock, 'Bias, if any thing, had the advantage. The opponents had accomplished an about equal amount of work; but, while the younger man was in quite a lather, the elder had scarcely turned a hair. The knowing ones would have given odds on him. As they each closed up a tree at pretty much the same moment, old Moberly said,

"Come, byes, knock off now for a snack."

George Cang's was well-inclined to fall in with the suggestion; but 'Bias, looking at a huge trunk, which had towered so high above the rest of the forest as to have thrown abroad mighty branches over the heads of the common run of trees, replied,

"Suit yourselves, byes. I'm bound to settle this old feller afore I eat. I calc'late" (casting an eye upward) "to go back on this chap. Too many twistical branches to please me."

He paused a moment, estimating the weight and inclination of the trunk, and then looked at some great exposed roots that grasped the shallow soil like claws.

"Hold on," quoth old Joe. "Me and David Sprag, when we sot out the lots, allowed that this 'ere tree warn't fair to go inter a match."

"Waal," said 'Bias, "that bein' the case, I do feel a leetle kind o' peckish.



So I'll on'y set my mark on him for another time, and then—"

He raised his arms to strike. Before the stroke fell—Wonder of wonders! There it was, all before him, to the minutest particular—boulder, slanting basswood with its surface roots, strangled hemlock, squirrel-holes, warty oak, mosses, and vine, and wintergreen—every thing in detail, and the entire picture in the gross.

He staggered back. His first thought, perhaps, was this: Suppose, in my hasty inadvertence, I had destroyed the evidence whereby at last fortune was to be assured! He felt faint and sick: so pale he was, the lookers-on gathered around, in dismay.

"What's the matter, 'Bi'?"

"Byes," said the old man, with difficulty, "I gine up the trial." He jerked a roll of tattered bills from his pantaloons' pocket, and flung it into Moberly's hand. "Go, and treat yourselves." He turned, rather feebly, to move away. "No—don't any of yer come with me. I don't keer for company, jess now." He made a step or two, when a horrible apprehension beset him: What if some one should sever those roots, and drop that tree, and so find all! Mustering what he could of strength and resolution, he struggled back to the foot of the forest-king, and, with two blows cutting a broad and deep blaze, three inches into the sap-wood below the bark, he said, "There. That's my tree." And then he tottered slowly off.

The rest of the men at first stood in amaze. But a sharp appetite soon put speculation to flight, and, with a coarse remark or two—"Old man don't like th' idee o' growin' old, George, and bein' licked; allers was a queer cuss;" and the like—they betook themselves to their mid-day refreshment. Only, when Moberly examined the roll of bills and found twenty dollars, old Joe said,

"Wal, I guess 'Bi must ha' found his mine, this time." Which passed for a great joke. Then the whole subject was, for the time, forgotten. All turned to on the afternoon's work, as the sky threatened bad weather for the morrow,

notwithstanding the promise of the morning.

The next day opened according to expectation; with snow and sleet on the lowlands, and more snow on the mountain-sides and tops—a dripping, slippery day, all unfit for chopping; and so, most of those who had been at the bout of the yesternorn concluded to go down to the nearest tavern, and see what the five dollars would produce in the way of drink. There was, by the way, an additional inducement, as will presently appear.

Some two or three miles south of what was formerly known as the Highland Church, at the intersection of the New-York post-road and the Carmel turnpike, the attention of the traveller was, for many years, solicited by a sort of gallows-frame, in which hung the pictured representation of the Marquis Lafayette, which, by this time, had become as fady and washed-out as the reputation of the once-renowned Frenchman himself. This was sufficient indication that in the house opposite to which it stood was to be found entertainment for man and beast. In the days of stage-coaches and droving, it no doubt did a thriving business.

It was an old-fashioned, low, rambling house, rather more comfortable than imposing in appearance. The gable-end was directly on the post-road, with a narrow piazza and a well in front. But this simple story is rather concerned with the interior disposition: nor with much of that. The bar-room opened on the piazza, but convenient to the thirsty wayfarer, and was contrived in the usual style of forty years ago, with a little barricaded bar in one corner and a multiplicity of doors opening into divers apartments and passages. Of these last, one on the south side of the house was narrow, and gave access to several chambers on the north side of the ground-floor, and at its end opened into a long, whitewashed room, which was, on special occasions, used for a dining-room, or, oftener, for country frolics in the winter, or any other occasion of public gathering. It had

also an outer door from the piazza before mentioned.

On the day of which something is now to be said, namely, the day before Christmas, this room had been engaged by some of the more serious residents of the vicinity for a Methodist meeting, to be presided over by an itinerant preacher, who was to hold forth there at one o'clock. The Highland Church was undergoing repair, and not available. In consequence of this arrangement, and of sundry notices in very crabbed handwriting and irregular spelling tacked up on country stores, school-houses, and cross-corners, men and women, old and young, came dropping in, from time to time, till they formed a respectable congregation. Meanwhile the preacher had taken his mid-day meal at the house of a regular member.

Quite a crowd of men were collected in the bar-room, picking their teeth with jack-knives or what else came handiest, and discussing the advent of the preacher, and who he might be, with other matter of unsophisticated country gossip. Among them were Tuffer, the blacksmith, who had stolen an afternoon from his shop, and most of the party of the day before, including Moberly, Zedekiah Kirken and his brother Thomas, Caleb Chatoren, David Sprag, John Forgason, Pete Jiffers, Solomon Treehill, and Asa Jacks. Cangs, of course, was there. He was to treat the rest of them, and was, to be sure, for the nonce a great character, talking loudly, and swaggering not a little.

"Hallo!" exclaimed he, as he happened to glance down the road out of one of the two windows in the room, "ef here don't come Uncle 'Bi! I'll call him in."

It was never known what brought 'Bias along, out of his usual course, just at that time—whether he was passing through pure accident, or whether he was in search of Thirza Winsey. He was led by something. Shall we say—Destiny? or, Providence?

"O, he won't come in," said Moberly.

"We'll try him, any how," replied

Cangs; and accordingly hailed the old man.

To the surprise of all—for 'Bias seldom visited a place of the like resort—he promptly entered.

As he came in, he was heartily greeted by George Cangs, his crewhile adversary.

"Why, 'Bias, that's a good old feller, now. Step up an' take a nip.—Jerusalem!" he added, aside to Pete Jiffers, as a girl passed the window on her way to the meeting-room, "there goes Thirza Winsey. Ain't she sweeter'n clover!"

Still more to the astonishment of the crowd—for it was well known that he never drank any thing but water—'Bias accepted the invitation.

"Wal," said he, "that's a thing I don't offen du;" and, pouring out the half of one of the small tumblers used in such places clear Apple Jack, "Here's to the opening of the new mind," said he, in a measured, self-assertive voice, and tossed it off at a gulp.

They winked at each other, and drank in silence. 'Bias was annoyed at the expression of amusement on their countenances. The fiery draught had not yet had time to affect him, but an unusual fever of excitement was in his veins.

"Yer don't b'lieve in minds—none of yer, I s'pose?" resumed he.

There was a dead silence. 'Bias went on, more vehemently,

"Yer don't b'lieve in minds, I say!"

"Iern, I do," ventured Tuffer.

"Silver, I mean," said 'Bias, sternly.

Another awkward silence, and then Caleb Chatoren, one of those unlucky children of Malapropos to be found in every human company, thought to better the situation by a clumsy joke.

"Why," said he, picking up the glass set down by 'Bias, "old man, you seem so dry, I guess you must ha' found a mine o' dry silver."

Here was a horse-laugh all around, as often happens in such a gathering, about nothing at all.

'Bias cast his eyes disdainfully from one to another, and answered,

"You may laugh, byes; but, I s'pose

you've heern tell of an old sayin'—'Let them laugh that win.'

He scarcely intended to say more. Of late years he had discoursed little on his only topic. But now, urged either by his irritable condition of mind, or by the sharp and sudden working of the liquor he had drunk, or by the look of incredulity he saw on every face, he broke out,

"S'pose yer don't b'lieve in any silver mind? S'pose yer think that's all general say an' nothin' else, about Townsend's holes, and the silver on the top of Anthony's Nose—"

("Specs?" interjected Pete Jiffers, but took care not to be heard.)

—"and the old silver mind at its foot. (It's there yit, an' yer may go look at it if yer like.) Now yer see, byes, it's as sartin as gospil, where there's arseeneal iern-pie-rie-tees, there *must* be silver. 'Cause it's allers so."

"But how do you know that, 'Bias?" quoth old Moberly.

"Science," responded 'Bias, curtly, and in a tone that admitted of no rejoinder. He went on: "Do yer s'pose that every body that lived afore just us wus fools? Ef yer don't, how yer goin' to 'count for it, that when that old gov'nor, 'most eighty year afore the old war, gin by patten to Adolph Philipse the hull o' this county an' more too, with every thing yer kin think of in it an' over it an' under it, he put in—I've seen a copy of the artikils—these here words, 'Silver an' Gold Minds Excepted,' ef there warn't no silver nor gold minds there? Where'd a' ben the sense o' that? Now, I don't say nothin' 'bout the gold, 'cause I don't b'lieve in it myself; but the silver, byes"—his eyes opened wide with a mysterious triumph—"I've seen."

"An' how, ag'in, about Baron Horsenclever? Didn't Baron Horsenclever send out, all the way from beyond sea, hundreds o' men to find them minds? Long afore the Revolution? D'yer think he'd send so fur for iern? That's likely, ain't it, now? Warn't there places, mubbe, enough for him to dig in all them lands t'other side the airth, but he must come

here an' set hundreds o' men ter do it, ef he hadn't a' know'd that this was the place to *pay*?"

His earnest manner began to make an impression on his hearers. But, as he paused here, an indistinct shadow fell across the floor, and then was gone again. "The preacher!" mumbled Asa Jacks, in a subdued and awe-stricken tone. The auditors of 'Bias grew uneasy. They (most of them, at least) had heard his talk before; but the new preacher was indeed an attraction. One after another slipped away, but some remained, as he took up his theme once more.

"An' now, as to what we've known in our own time, or in our fathers' afore us. Didn't Hank Jubar mind out silver in the Sunk, and warn't he by the same token hanged by the king's folks for it? That's so. An' I s'pose yer never heern tell of Eleazer Gray? Guess he know'd he'd chanced on a treasure there, or Beverly Robinson had got a civiller answer from him in his time, when he was lord of all the country round. Mubbe, yer don't know the neighbors burned out Gray, kith an' kin, house an' home, jist out of envy like? They did. A silversmith he wus, and coined money."

"Did y'e'ver, Uncle 'Bias," interrupted Thomas Kirken, "see the silver shilling my gran't'her got out of a mine in Westchester?"

"No!" said 'Bias, all intent.

"He *hed* one," pursued Thomas, drily; "but then the say was in them days that it had cost him two hundred an' forty pound, British money."

A general guffaw followed this statement. 'Bias looked savage; but he was now in the full tide of his enthusiasm, and went on, without comment:

"I've telled yer 'bout them Grays. Then there wus Joe's Hill, an' The Devil's Den, an' Jehu Miner, an' Nathan Hall. I've seen 'em all—an' talked to Nathan. Close, Nathan wus. He know'd suthin'. But he's dead."

"Yes, I've heern tell of them fellers," said John Forgason, "an' I've heern tell they wus called Pigeon men, too."

'Bias gave the speaker a look of contemptuous wrath, but vouchsafed no answer; continuing, in reply to a muttered observation of Zedekiah Kirken:

"'They don't pay to work,' them minds? That's so; but they're jist on'y the out-come. When yer strike the body, then yer'll see riches."

The old man's frame expanded with his vast conception, as he went on: "Now, I, byes—there's a gal" (he jerked his thumb toward the long room), "she's in there, now; an' she telled me she seen in a smooth stone in the top of Sam Galkins' high-crown hat (he's down in a store in York, yer know), when he wus up here last, *the very place that I kin lay my finger on*. There's silver there—oceans. She seen it. Thirteen feet four inches from the suffice, yer strike it. Now, when yer see these arms o' mine" (holding them up defiantly), "deep in silver as a woman's in a wash-tub, you'll b'lieve me, mubbe." He gathered himself for a final statement: "I tell yer, byes, you'll live to see me a comin' down out er the mountains with a team-load o' solid silver, one o' these days; and that, afore six months is out."

He seemed so absolutely confident, and the notion looked so large to them, that some were almost staggered into half-belief. At last,

"Where is it, Uncle 'Bias?" said Solomon Treehill, 'twixt jest and eager earnest.

It had been a sad sight for the physician or the Christian philosopher, to see the look of fatuous cunning and perverted shrewdness that crept into the old man's face.

"D'yer think I'm goin' to tell yer, byes?"

"Wal," said Solomon, "ef he won't gin us no share in it, byes, s'pose we go hear the preachin'." And, at the suggestion, all rose and clattered out of the room. And, in leaving, the last forgot to shut the door behind him.

There sat 'Bias still, unconscious of their departure; for he was now altogether filled and swollen, as it were, with his immense persuasion of illimitable wealth. It was as though he lived

in a world of silver, treading on it, steeped in it, breathing it.

Turn we now to the other room, not so far away. Here were widely-differing influences. Here all the interest was concentrated on a man who had another sort of message to mankind. A true messenger. An angel, as the word went of old.

In verity, the preacher was a remarkable man to look upon. It needed but a single glance, to be assured that he possessed that, having which the least of men is a power in the moral world, and lacking which the greatest man is as nothing—that he possessed, or rather was possessed with, faith. There is no power upon earth *but* faith.

Not that there was any thing so very imposing in his figure; rather the contrary—a man that, had he lived a life of ease and luxury or even ordinary labor, would have weighed two hundred pounds or more—a large-framed man, though not well-made; six feet in height, but too narrow for his height; long-limbed and heavily, with disproportionate coarse hands horrible in a ball-room—and yet worth, before God, ten thousand dancing-men. Black, bristly hair stood up on his forehead; he had deep-sunken eyes, deep-sunken cheeks, and all over his cheeks and chin a blue unearthly look, because of the heavy beard which he did not allow to grow from day to day. Vanity and vanity—who is without his vanity?

Yet a stamp of rude dignity about him withal, uncourtly, almost uncouth as he was. One feature was tremendous—the great cavities that held his eyes. And what eyes they were! Like lanterns swung in his head. They seemed to be rather the windows of his soul than corporeal organs. Pathetic. Full of yearning, and yet of fire. Capable of insanity.

If even the careless observer were impressed by his look, how much more when he spoke! A natural, impassioned, direct force of oratory swelled and broke bound at times, and cleared itself to something not far from the sublime.

This man first made a prayer. It

might have been ludicrous, had it not been saved by intense sincerity. And it at least affected his hearers. Then broke forth a sort of discourse, or, rather, appeal, in his reverberating and yet plaintive voice. Now full and deep, now feminine, and clear as a woman's, sometimes it sunk into a groan, and anon rose almost to a shriek. But there was a grand, rushing diapason of enthusiasm running through it all, that would have moved the most vigorous and cultivated mind, let alone such as he had to deal with; while there grew a mesmeric influence out of his excitement, which planted contagion in the steadiest nerves.

So much for him, at the present. As for 'Bias, it might have been fifteen minutes, it might have been an hour for aught he knew, that he had sat plunged in his day-dream, absorbed in his preposterous visions. He did not awake gradually. On a sudden something caught his ear, arrested his attention—a sort of hum or groan from the end of the passage; and then, listening with an indolent curiosity, in a muffled and smothered tone, but quite distinctly, he heard the words, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth:" and, in an instant more, far more clearly, as if a door had been suddenly opened (which, indeed, was the fact), in the voice, as it seemed, of a woman, the rest of the proposition came to him, "where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal."

Then, judging from the sound, the door was closed, and he heard, for the moment, no more.

His dying wife lay before him, as if yesterday; and, somehow, the days of his courtship came back into his heart. His flesh crept; a shudder passed through his frame; and he rose suddenly, as if lifted by the hair of his head, which indeed almost stood up in mystic horror. Was this, then, really the voice of his dead wife speaking back from the grave of long ago to him?

As if drawn by an iron chain, he blundered in the direction of the sound

he had heard, and, traversing the narrow passage, opened the further door. This movement disclosed to him a long, low room, rudely whitewashed, and filled, for the most part, with rough benches, knocked up, for the occasion, from hemlock boards. A small, red-hot, cast-iron stove diffused a pleasant flavor of fried tobacco-juice. The moisture from so many bodies and lungs as were contained in the room had condensed, and was running down upon the window-panes; and the atmosphere was almost fetid. But nought of this did 'Bias see or feel; for every thing was redeemed by the grand presence within. By a species of magnetism, his gaze was drawn and fixed at once upon the man that stood on a plank laid across two barrels at the other end of the room, his head almost in contact with the ceiling.

'Bias hesitated.

"Come in," said the preacher, with an air of simple authority. He was a man to be obeyed, for there was a spiritual power in his look and in his voice—the power over men. 'Bias went in, and carefully and quietly closed the door behind him without being told. The preacher resumed his theme: "'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but—'" He paused a moment, and, with a sudden start, the heart of 'Bias leaped into his throat. He listened with eager expectation. He was now to hear the rest, perhaps. The preacher finished the sentence—"lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

Scales fell from the eyes of 'Bias; and then, into his old, weary ears and wasted soul sunk the deep-toned and melting voice of the itinerant, expanding on his theme:

"Treasures! not of earth. Lands, houses, cattle, bonds, mortgages, silver and gold, and the jewels of the mine, what are they all but dross? 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth.'

"Where, then, shall ye lay them up? In heaven. Where, and what, is that place? It is wherever the love of Jesus dwells.

"How to gain entrance there? My brethren, my sisters, my children, there is but one way—lay hold on Jesus, Son of God."

The man's face seemed actually aflame.

"*How* or in what sense Son of God, we know not. *Why*, He has himself told us: made manifest in human form, that thereby He may save—MEN."

His eyes slowly circled the room, and to each individual it seemed that this apostle of good tidings looked into his soul. Even 'Bias Peudy was questioning himself. The preacher appeared to labor with some overpowering idea that he could not frame to speech; and, as his countenance worked, all watched with a rapt and even painful solicitude. At length the words fell, so to speak, from his lips, with the weight of massive stones—"EVERY MAN."

"Yes," he continued, "all that will. There is none that does not need saving; there is none that may not be saved. My brethren, in that great and terrible city yonder, I have fought with Apollyon; and I could tell you things—but who is there here to cast a stone? Dream not that ye are safe. Wherever there is a human soul there also is Sin; and wherever Sin, Eternal Death"—he paused, for what seemed the quarter of a minute—"except ye repent, and lay hold on Jesus."

This last with the despairing gesture of a drowning man. Then his eyes rolled solemnly over and around the gathering again. "If ye have not Jesus, ye have nothing. How many here *have* Jesus?"

He addressed a child, a boy, till child and mother, "and she was a widow," were dissolved in tears. He pitched upon one and another, and shook their very souls till they were as rags under his manipulation. He caught the uneasy eye of a bright girl whose dress and conscious air showed her the beauty of the country-side. It was Thirza

Winsey. "You," he cried, "the flower of the valley, you, the lily of the field, are you rooted in Christ? Full of life, health, and the desire of the foolish man, have you bloomed yet to salvation? Ere long, perhaps, to be a mother, are you prepared to assume your duties and lead a soul to Heaven?—or will you dare deny your duties, and damn a soul to Hell?" Thus he went on. Thirza, when first singled out, grew painfully red, then gradually paled to a dreadful white, until it seemed that she would faint or go into convulsions. But the preacher was not of the vulgar sort that delights in physical manifestations:—"Be of good cheer, my daughter, and hold fast to the faith that stirs within thee now." So he dismissed her.

Already 'Bias was quaking. Already the wild, untrained power of the man's bearing, and the essential conviction of his speech, had thrilled the marrow of his bones. His imagination was enchained, his conscience awakened. All his sins of commission and omission thronged about him, accusing. The preacher began again. "'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.' And what is this treasure laid up in heaven, friends? It is the love of Jesus."

He slowly raised his right arm, with an extended finger pointing uncertainly in the air. (Each one trembled, lest the needle should turn to him. Slowly, but piercingly, his eyes passed to and fro.) At length, suddenly, and with a jerk that made every one wince, he flung it, as it were, directly at 'Bias Peudy. Soul to soul they stood. It seemed as if the spirit of Mammon were confronted with the spirit of God. "And, you?"—

'Bias was appalled. The eyes of the entire assembly had followed the gesture, and it was to him as if all the world had him in view. The preacher



said no more. But, responding to the mute appeal, men and women cried, "O, hear him, 'Bias!"

The old man stood, hesitating, as if doubtful whether to rush toward the questioner or to escape from the room. A certain whispered rumor had already got abroad concerning his strange conduct on the yesterday; and this had reached Thirza Winsey's ears. Full now of her remorse, she started up:

"O, hear him, Uncle 'Bi! hear him! Treasure in heaven, Uncle Bi—treasure in heaven! What I told you about the mine was nothing but a lie."

'Bias stood, gaping at her; and presently, appearing partially to take in the idea, he began and continued in a sort of low wail to repeat vacantly ever the one word, lie—lie—lie.

The preacher took it up in his sonorous tones. "'Bias, this world is all a lie. Only beyond, there in the heaven, shines the treasure, truth. Jesus will take you by the hand, and lead you there. Give him your hand."

"Give him your hand, 'Bias!" shouted the sympathetic congregation.

'Bias lifted a tremulous hand to his forehead; passed the withered fingers lightly and confusedly once or twice across his wrinkled brows; turned languidly; and left the room without a word.

Some would have rushed to force him back. "No, my brethren," said the preacher; "there are times when it is best for a soul to be alone."

It had, even now, partially cleared, and the indications were decidedly in favor of a fine afternoon. The sun peeped now and then between the watery clouds, and in the upper sky there was a general movement toward the southeast. 'Bias plodded stolidly up the road. At first there went with him only the shadow of a vast despair: but anon there rose in his distracted soul the glory of a shining hope. The treasures of heaven—the treasures of heaven—what better search for him, now? Treasures of heaven—the idea loomed larger and grander in his spirit: Treasures of heaven—it fired the mys-

tical side of his character, and, before long, he blazed into a wild enthusiasm. His step grew light, his bowed form straightened, his eyes once more looked up.

Up! up! Yes, that was it. As nigh the material heaven as possible. Ho, for the South Beacon, full in view, clear-cut against the northwestern sky! The treasures of heaven will be nearly within reach from there, if anywhere on earth.

So, up the great peak he toiled, through drifted snow in some places, and through brush and stones in others, till—it was just the sunset hour—he stood upon the top, a bald and blasted hunch of solid rock. Seas of mountains were below—hundreds of square miles of country opened suddenly out to view—the horizon unbroken all around—nothing but the sky above.

Was he nearer to heaven, yet? Perhaps. It had been more or less grim and cloudy during the afternoon, but towards sundown cleared rapidly away. When the great disc itself was already lost to sight, a flash darted from behind the southernmost spur of Cro' Nest, glinting for a moment on the western window of his old cabin on the Iron Mountain road, long left and now in other hands, and brought back to him with startling distinctness the faded forms of wife and children of the by-gone time. Then, for a few minutes, there was a violet-red upon the summits of the eastern hills; and then a saffron light in the western sky. It was rather mild for a winter's afternoon; indeed scarcely freezing, even at that elevation. But it was growing colder, and a pale pea-green streak low on the horizon to the north indicated a fall of temperature.

Violet-red, and saffron, and pea-green soon passed away. Then the swift twilight of the winter fled suddenly, and it was night—one of those winter nights which are so indescribably clear, calm, and, one might almost say, supernatural. The stars wore a new glory, the air was edged with a raciness, so to speak, a novel purity and freshness,

as if breathed direct from another sphere.

A crescent moon, swung lightly in the sky, unsullied, serene, majestic, soon sunk behind Cro' Nest. A single star, bright, liquid, lambent, followed her. Through some abnormal condition of the atmosphere, the radiance of this star, as she approached the visible horizon, elongated itself—how could it be so? yet it was—into the semblance of a flaming silver cross. Was this, treasure in heaven? Was it the silver? Was it the cross? How it struck him shall never be told on earth: but, as she disappeared behind the mountain-line, there shot up in his ignorant mind an unwonted germ of thought—whence deriving life or by what power urged may not be known of men, but it expanded to a dream of the star that rose so many hundred years ago and beckoned to the greatest birth of time.

The sky took on, if one may thus describe it, a look as of transparent steel, the sheeted mountains looming vague and ghost-like. Then the infinite and everlasting procession of the stars passed before his eyes. Star after star disappeared beyond the western horizon; star after star was lifted in the east: and still, another and another, and myriads of others, in interminable sequence. And, gradually, there dawned upon his benighted spirit a dim perception of the grandeur of this created universe.

"Were then,"—argued the almost wandering mind—"these sparkling jewels of the night those treasures in heaven which it behooved, above all things, a soul to secure?" Whether he heard that melodious cadence of their march,

"Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim," who knows? Certainly a musical sense of peace descended into his soul and calmed the troubled passions there.

Whether he heard, repeated on this anniversary of a wondrous night, that more potent hymn before whose mighty intoning "Peor and Baalim" "and sullen Moloch," "horrid king," and "Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis," fled in

confusion, what time the souls of watching shepherds were taken captive,

"When such musick sweet  
Their hearts and ears did greet,  
As never was by mortal finger strook;"—

who knows? Certainly a religious and yet joyful awe was shed over and into the perturbed spirit, nestling softly there, and a new-born persuasion of sustaining power wrapped him tenderly.

But, though the soul was given strength, the body sunk; and he grew chilled, chilled, chilled—his mind wandering again, with cold, hunger, agitation. And he had to walk ever to and fro on that contracted summit, to keep the blood from clogging in his veins. What strange and mysterious conceits came into his head 'tis hard to say. All his feeble snatches of scriptural memory uprose to him;—the story of the Kings, and he puzzled his poor brains as to how the Star of Peace looked in that auspicious night, whether like this or that he saw, himself. Then, anon again, he thought he recognized his wife and children, up yon: were they his treasures in heaven? Then did he behold full-ordered choirs of angels, of seraphim and cherubim, and all the potentates and powers; and in the midst a shadowed Presence that even the greatest painters have failed, most ignominiously, to conceive. And into his ringing ears there came a peal: "Glory! Glory! Hosanna to the Highest!"

And thus and there all night he prayed, and he saw visions, and he paced; and paced, saw visions, prayed—if such dumb utterances as his might be called prayers. And why not? 'Tis not the frame of words, it is the instinctive aspiration of the soul, that makes a prayer.

An hour before sunrise, and with the first suggestion of dawn, there rose a keen northeastern wind; and, as it swept over that bleak height, it soon devoured the little vitality remaining in his frame. He held out, with difficulty, till the coming of the sovereign of day.

The first beams of the great luminary,

shooting through a barred and blazing sky, cast a sort of holy and celestial halo over and through his thin and whitened hair, even before they tinged the mountain-tops with an ineffable and rosy glow. So looked he. But what did he behold, in turn?

In the fierce brilliancy of the rising sun, dimmed as was his vision, perhaps because his human vision *was* dimmed, something he certainly saw—whether a form bowed and suffering, and stained with gout of its own sacred blood, or a form more glorified and transfigured than any eyes can see but those whose outlook is already beyond the grave, no mortal man may say. But, from his wan and fast setting lips flickered forth a single exclamation—"Jesus!"

He fell upon his knees. He stretched forth his arms, and seemed to gather something to his breast. He fell from his kneeling position slowly forward on his face; and thus and there, huddled in a strange distorted attitude, he stiffened—died.

In an instant, the gathering of the

treasures of this earth was forever impossible, and it was for the Eternal Judge alone to say whether the treasures of heaven were for him.

Meanwhile, some had been startled by his manner when he left the meeting, and had gone up to his cabin, in the evening. Not finding him nor any trace of him, they had organized among the neighbors a searching-party, that the quest might be taken up at dawn. They sought the missing all that day, and found no clue to his whereabouts. No man had seen him: nothing had been heard of him in any quarter.

But, during the day, the snow came down before the wind, which gradually declined into a mere drift of air, and then into a calm. Then over that wasted and ragged figure gathered the kindly flakes, and robed it all in perfect purity.

And there that day, the first after Christmas, on the top of the South Beacon, one of the searching parties found it, shrouded in snow, and more still falling fast.

#### CHRISTMAS-EVE CHANT OF THE BRETON PEASANTS.

It was a dim, delicious night;  
The earth, close wrapt in ermined white,  
Lay languid, in the misty light.  
The circling spheres were all in tune,  
And, in their midst, the Empress Moon  
Was brightening to her highest noon.  
It was the night when Bethlehem's star  
Guided the sages from afar.  
It was the night when shepherds heard  
The reverent air by music stirred.  
It was the night of old renown,  
When wondering, angel-eyes, looked down,  
To see Christ's head, bare of its crown,  
Within the manger laid!

There is a sound of thronging feet—  
What youthful crowds are in the street!  
They go out from the stifling town,  
They seek the white and lonely down,  
They walk in silence, till they find  
A spot where four roads straitly wind.  
Where four roads meet, about a place  
Made sacred by the Cross's grace.  
There, men and maids, in separate file,  
Do range themselves, nor speak the while,

Nor break the charm, by gest' or smile,  
Till,—sudden breaks upon the air  
A sound of singing, strong and clear—  
Thus chant the hardy Breton youths :

- I. What is new upon the earth ?  
What fresh wonder goeth forth,  
That its ways are full of pilgrims  
And its dwellings full of mirth ?
- II. Sounds of gladness on the air !  
Happy faces everywhere !  
Tell us, oh ! ye silent virgins !  
Wherefore is the night so fair ?  
Then, silver-soft, the girlish voices rise,  
And with the sweetness of their meek replies,  
Upon the frosty air breed melodies :
- III. Lo ! the sacred hour is near !  
What was darkened, now is clear.  
Christ is coming ! Raise your voices—  
Say, Farewell, to Doubt and Fear !  
Resounding through the darkness, then,  
Peal the deep voices of the men,  
Who raise the solemn song again :
- IV. Why is all the world abroad,  
Raising midnight prayers to God,  
Till the censer'd air is heavy  
With its supplicating load ?  
Then clearer, purer, richer, rise  
The hidden maidens' sweet replies,  
Like wonders out of mysteries :
- V. Lo ! the Prince of Peace is born !  
Lo ! on high the star of morn !  
And it shall not fade forever,  
Nor its brilliancy be shorn.  
Then, in concord perfect, sweet,  
Tones of youths and maidens meet ;  
And they gladly sing together,  
This auspicious hour to greet :
- VI. Sing, to-night—for Christ is born !  
Lo ! on high the star of morn !  
And it shall not fade forever,  
Nor its brilliancy be shorn.
- VII. Sing ! deliverance from our woes,  
By the blood that overflows  
And renews the Son of Adam—  
He no longer burdened goes.
- VIII. Sing ! because it is His feast ;  
Join the Princes of the East,  
Bring Him gifts amid rejoicings—  
He will smile upon the least !
- IX. Sing ! while Christmas crowns ye weave ;  
On the Cross a garland leave.  
Lo ! the World's one Virgin-Mother  
Heals the hurt that came of Eve !

## THE BATTLE OF PLATTSBURGH BAY.

AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT OF J. FENIMORE COOPER.\*

EVERY portion of this globe has districts that may be termed its battle-grounds. In Europe, it will be found, if the inquiry be limited to modern times, that more blood has been spilt on the fertile fields of Flanders and on the broad plains of Saxony, than in all the rest of that quarter of the globe; while, in this country, we must turn to the shores of Champlain and the Niagara, in quest of the scenes of the principal conflicts with the stranger. The battles of the Revolution are exceptions to this rule, having been fought in a domestic quarrel; but, whenever this people, whether as colonists or as an independent nation, have been called on to take up arms, their battalions have repaired to these two points, near, or on our own immediate territory, as regularly as the gladiator was once seen to enter the arena.

Natural causes have aided those that are political to bring about these results. A single glance at the map will explain the reasons why the two points mentioned should have become the battle-fields of America, since they have, hitherto, been the only two great avenues by which hostile armies could approach each other, in the wars that have arrayed the Canadas against the Colonies, or the States, and necessity has conspired with convenience to give them the painful notoriety of having been the scenes of human slaughter. We, of New York, have more than a national interest in tracing events so intimately connected with a part of our own territory; and I now ask your pa-

tience, gentlemen, while we examine a little, in detail, one of the brightest incidents, in the long train of victories and defeats, that have illustrated one of these sections of the State.

It was a matter of course, that the original colonists should establish themselves on the borders of navigable streams communicating with the ocean. These were the paths that were still open towards the lands of their birth, and were necessary alike to their safety and their happiness. Thus, while the French spread themselves along the banks of the St. Lawrence, the Dutch, and, subsequently, their successors, the English, did the same on the shore of the Hudson, until time extended the cultivated possessions of the one to the shores of the great lakes, and of the other over the whole surface of the goodly region that has been transmitted to us from our fathers. A broad belt of forest separated these contiguous communities, until a period subsequent to the Revolution, nor was the country fairly opened between them at the close of the last struggle between England and America. But, for all the purposes of war, Nature had constructed a highway that the keen eye of the soldier could not overlook. The Champlain and the Lac du Saint Sacrement stretched athwart the belt of intermediate forest, opening its mysteries to the knowledge of the adventurous, and causing its echoes to repeat the soldier's shout and the din of arms.

Our annals tell us of formidable armies meeting in the shades of these woods, and along the shores of their lakes and water-courses. Montcalm is said to have led 9,000 men to the siege of Fort William Henry, in 1757; the garrison of which fortress amounted to more than 2,000, while a reserve of between 4,000

\* Mr. Cooper prepared his account of the Battle of Lake Champlain for a lecture, to be delivered before the "New York Historical Society." It was also read in the Court-House, at Cooperstown, before the "Young Men's Association" of the village. It has never yet been printed.—*Editor.*

and 5,000 lay at Fort Edward, to support the latter. Abercrombie is said to have advanced against Ticonderoga, in 1758, at the head of 16,000 combatants, of whom near 2,000 were slain or wounded in his abortive attempt on the place. At a later day, Burgoyne passed along these wilds with an army of 10,000 men, better appointed, it was thought at the time, than any similar force that had then left the island of Great Britain. To these important movements must be added the interest which belongs to the exploits of Sir William Johnson, Dieskau, his captive Rogers, Putnam, Allen, Arnold, and others, all of whom distinguished themselves, by deeds of war, enacted in this portion of our territory.

Singular delusions have long existed in England on the subject of the character, policy, and feelings of the people of this country. These have arisen from mistaken reasoning, ignorance of our history, and the application of principles that belong to the state of society which exists in Europe, but which, when brought to bear on that of America, find little in their support, with much that is antagonistic. To one of these singular delusions has been owing two of the greatest military enterprises that Great Britain ever entered into on this continent. That both should fail, was a natural consequence of the error in which they originated.

In Europe, with few and trifling exceptions, men are mere agents of the state, whereas the state is the agent of the people among ourselves. There, the Government is the principal and the population the accessories; here, the population is the principal, and the Government the accessory. Let us not be deceived by high-sounding antitheses. Each of these conditions of society has advantages peculiar to itself, and each its own marked disadvantages. Among the latter, it entails weakness in the attack on the popular form of government, while it renders it nearly invincible when thrown on the defensive.

As a consequence of this relation of the people to the state, history has shown

us how often the destinies of nations have been decided, in the other hemisphere, with little or no reference to the feelings, or interest, of the bulk of their population. The conqueror of the capital was, half the time, the conqueror of the nation, and the power that could seize upon the machinery of the state, has generally been able to wield the authority of the state itself. In the very last battle that was fought on British ground, a handful of German mercenaries contended with a half-disciplined band of Highlanders for the crown of that vast empire, while England and Scotland may be said to have been merely lookers-on; and, even in our own day, a Duke of Orleans has been placed on the throne of the head of his own family, by a small body of deputies, who had the fortitude to remain at their posts in the hour of revolution. In neither of these great events was the nation more in the game than the stake played for, though dictated rejoicings and congratulations followed, as if the achievement were its own.

In the wars of Europe, it has been the aim of the commander to intercept communications, to seize on military positions, to invest capitals, and to conquer the country by conquering its political sources of power. To cut off the military communications between two provinces has had the effect of severing the wings of an army, their people usually remaining passive and submissive to events. It has been owing to the success of this system, this facility of the governed in following the fortunes of the governors, that England has twice attempted to pursue the same policy on our own territory, by forcing armies through, along that bloody highway, that connects the Canadas with the mouth of the Hudson. Most of those who are old enough to remember the theories of the War of 1776, as they were discussed in the quarter of a century that succeeded the peace, must remember that one of the favorite projects of the British arms was to sever New England from the Middle and Southern States, by a line of posts that should ex-



tend along the Hudson to Albany, thence across the country to the two northern lakes, and then to the Isle aux Noix. It was owing to this policy that Burgoyne attempted his unfortunate expedition in 1777. Its failure was the consequence of the institutions of this country and of the character of the people, as it had been fashioned by those institutions. Instead of quietly waiting for a result that should follow the efforts of the two states, the population flew to arms, and, while its efforts were attended by many of the defects of purely popular impulses, it succeeded in sweeping away its invaders as captives, giving a practical exemplification of that theory which tells us that, to conquer the state among ourselves, it is necessary to conquer the people. Had a different fate awaited this well-appointed force, and the line of posts been established, the last would probably have been carried in detail, by that same population, taking the mockery of a military array under the name of militia, as was done by Greene, and Lee, and Sumter, and Marion, at a later day, in Carolina. The project itself argued an ignorance of the people it was intended to subdue. In a nation like this, the invader's authority is necessarily limited to the portion of country actually covered by his armies, freemen arising in the rear of his marches, like healthful plants rearing their heads after the passage of the tempest.—These brief reflections on the unconquerable moral force of a community, knit together by equal rights, and accustomed to depend on their own exertions, suggest the propriety of a few glances at the other side of the picture. Had the armies of England that were scattered along our coast, or were employed in a renewed attempt, in 1814, to sever at least a portion of New England from the Middle States, been collected at the mouth of the Hudson, then, indeed, might we have been made to feel how unpreparedly we plunged into the conflict, and how formidable a great maritime state can ever render itself to American interests and American trade, though virtually impotent in its assaults

on American liberty. New York might have been carried by a well-directed *coup-de-main*, at any period of the war,—its last six months, perhaps, excepted; and a disciplined force of fifteen or twenty thousand English troops, once in possession of the island, and supported by a powerful fleet, would have proved difficult, indeed, to dislodge. That some such calamity did not befall us, was owing to ignorance on the part of the enemy of our real condition, and to the fact that no soldier of a high order of genius was employed against us. At a late period of the war, one of these great enterprises was attempted at New Orleans; and it failed, under the providence of God, solely through the rare promptitude and decision of the man who directed the motley bands of citizens that had been hurriedly assembled for the defence of the place. At no moment, in the War of 1812—its last six months possibly excepted—was New York in as complete a state of defence as it was when Washington was obliged to abandon it to the enemy in 1776. We all know how much the possession of this town, by the English, embarrassed the country during the struggle of the Revolution, and it ought ever to be borne in mind, that without a complete system of harbor and land defence, no port of its magnitude is so easily invaded from the side of the ocean, while few are more easily defended, when once possessed and garrisoned by those who can command the water, against attempts at recapture on the side of the land.

Before quitting this branch of our subject, permit me to allude to a singular historical fact, that has often excited smiles among the observant and well-informed. It would seem to be a truth beyond dispute, that the English nation, or that portion of them that professed to have any knowledge of this country, in 1812, imagined that their own friends were to be found in the new States of the West, while the hostility of the Seaboard was ascribed to commercial rivalry. These facts are betrayed in a variety of ways. They are seen in the

proclamations of the period, in the speculations of the journals at home, and few can have been associated intimately with English statesmen without discovering it in their conversation. To us no circumstance appears more absurd. Commercial intercourse and mutual interests had raised up many friends to England along the American seaboard, friends who were bitterly opposed to that war, while it may be questioned if she had any but foes over the whole of the vast expanse that stretched from the great lakes to New Orleans. How far these mistaken notions may have induced the expedition against the latter place, it may be difficult to say; but it is almost morally certain that the conquerors of the Mouth of the Mississippi could not have resisted the masses from the West that would certainly have been poured down upon them, had Packenham succeeded.

To what extent England meditated conquest by the march of the army under Sir George Prevost it is difficult to determine. A forward movement in that direction, and with a sufficient force, might have insured the safety or the fall of Montreal, as the Americans employed their own resources. Nothing would have been easier than to have turned the advancing troops, by means of either Champlain or the St. Lawrence, and thus to have got between them and their town, though such a movement would have required a concentration of mind and action that is not often found in the affairs of democracies. Perhaps the enemy was wise, if he acted on the supposition of this great moral defect. It is known, however, that the English commissioners, at Ghent, set up pretensions to drive us back from the inland waters, with the idea of securing their own colonies from future invasions, and it seems reasonable to suppose that the forward movement of Prevost might have had this end in view, coupled with others of a more strictly military character. It is not generally known that the idea of re-colonization, as respects this whole country, was not altogether abandoned among English statesmen,

until after the peace of 1815. Facts like these startle the American who has lived altogether in the retirement of his provincial home. Accustomed to the flattery of a venial and adulatory press, that is only bold in personal calumnies, but which shrinks from giving unpalatable truths to the mass, he fancies that others estimate himself and his nation as he has long seen both estimated in the columns of newspapers, Fourth-of-July orations, and the oratory of Congress. To this unfortunate view of the community, must be added the more healthful feeling of that innate security, which is a consequence of the unconquerable defensive power of vast democracies. Thus taught, and feeling thus, he will not believe that any power of earth could have had the audacity to think of reducing the republic to the dependent condition from which it emerged in 1776. Nevertheless, gentlemen, there is much reason for thinking that projects of the nature I have mentioned were canvassed among our enemies, and hopes were long entertained by the mother-country, that internal dissensions and the vicissitudes of troubled times would throw a part of this Union back into her arms, leaving the remainder to follow as the fruits of conquest. The policy of nations is not to be estimated by the narrower views of home-bred reasoning and provincial pride. The map is now in existence which partitioned France, as lately as this century; and if that great and warlike country could be menaced with such an evil, we are not to be surprised that those who suffered America to slip from their grasp, in 1783, should think the country, unsupported by a single ally, recoverable, in its exhausted state of 1814. The men who imagined commercial rivalry produced the hostilities of the year '12, and that they must go into the vicinity of the tomahawk and the scalping-knife in quest of friends, might easily make a blunder as great as this.

Whatever may have been the motive of the expedition of Sir George Prevost, it is certain that, in a military sense, it

was formidable and guarded. The left flank of the English was protected by the lake, and the army itself occupied all the accessible roads by which its right could possibly be turned. By advancing to the head of Champlain, leaving posts in its rear, and keeping open the communications by means of its fleet, the British force, in the absence of the enterprise that should aim a blow direct upon Montreal, was as secure from all assaults that did not come directly in its front, and with timely notice. In this respect, then, the advance of the twelve or fourteen thousand veteran British troops, who appeared on the territory of New York in the autumn of 1814, was menacing and skilful.

The most casual examination of the state of the northern frontier of New York will let the inquirer after historical facts understand the importance of commanding Lake Champlain, equally to the enemy and to ourselves. It was as necessary to a repulse as it was to an advance; to the defence, as to the attack. This important issue was decided by the result of the Battle of Plattsburgh Bay; to a few of the leading facts, as well as to some of the more interesting details, of which, gentlemen, I now propose to invite your particular attention.

When the views of the Government of this country were seriously called to the importance of securing the command of Lake Champlain, it looked about for an officer suited to so grave a trust. Its choice fell on Thomas M'Donough, then an old lieutenant, but one who stood on the eve of promotion. He was a native of Delaware, and one of two gallant brothers who had joined the navy soon after its establishment, or at the close of the last century. James, the elder of the two, lost a leg in the bloody engagement between the *Constellation* and *La Vengeance*, and was compelled to retire; but Thomas, the younger, was retained as a midshipman under the peace-establishment law of 1801, and lived to connect his name indissolubly with the history of his country.

Young M'Donough had early acquired a reputation in his profession. He was under Decatur, during his Mediterranean service, and had ever been found worthy of his dauntless commander. Belonging to the *Enterprise*, the vessel that furnished all the men and most of the officers for the celebrated attack on the Philadelphia, in the harbor of Tripoli, he accompanied the party, and was distinguished among the boarders. M'Donough believed himself to have been the first man on board the frigate, and it is certain he was among the first, but he rarely alluded to the circumstance, and then only in the confidence of friendly discourse. No one ever heard of any troublesome claims to this distinction on his part—modesty, and a disposition not to obtrude himself in any manner on the public, forming conspicuous features in his character.

In the terrible hand-to-hand conflict between the American and Tripolitan gunboats that occurred under Preble, M'Donough fought at Decatur's side, his commander appreciating his intrepidity, and uniformly keeping him near his own person. The young man was in most, if not in all of the active service before the town of Tripoli, receiving his promotion on that station.

An incident, which occurred soon after the peace with Tripoli, illustrates the character of M'Donough and procured him more reputation in the navy, perhaps, than any part of his previous conduct. The brig *Siren*, of which M'Donough was now the first-lieutenant, was lying at Gibraltar, in 1806. An American merchant-brig was at anchor near her. The officer of the deck, on board the *Siren*, saw a ten-oared, double-banked boat, from an English line-of-battle-ship, pull alongside this American merchantman; and he closely watched the whole proceeding. This officer of the deck was Bernard Henry, Esq., of Philadelphia, then a lieutenant in the navy, and since, for many years, consul of the United States at Gibraltar. This incident has been related in a variety of ways, but the

account now given is taken from this gentleman's statements, who was an eyewitness of all that passed. Mr. Henry saw the officer of the English boat go up the merchant-brig's side, followed by several of his men, saw the crew mustered, and saw the boat about to depart, carrying with her one of the brig's people, evidently an impressed man. The commanding-officer of the Siren being on shore, these facts were promptly reported to M'Donough, as her first-lieutenant. The last issued an order to the officer of the deck to man and arm a boat, to follow the ten-oared cutter, and to rescue the impressed seaman. While preparations were making for the execution of this order, M'Donough appeared on deck. Struck with the seriousness of the duty on which he was about to send a subordinate, the first-lieutenant took the arms which the latter was about to use, said he would go himself, jumped into the boat, and shoved off. The English boat was soon overtaken, and as that of the Siren approached, M'Donough called out to the English officer, "I'll thank you to stop rowing." The request was complied with, and the next instant the boats lay side by side. M'Donough had placed his own boat in a favorable position for his purpose, and he now called out to the impressed man to jump aboard him. This was immediately done, when M'Donough bowed to the English officer, and pulled back to the Siren, where the man was kept for protection.

The following day an English captain, in full uniform, came on board the Siren. The English officer inquired for Captain John Smith, who commanded the Siren. This gentleman being still ashore, M'Donough was sent for to receive the visitor. As soon as the two met, the English captain commenced the discourse by saying that an outrage had been committed on one of his boats by a boat from the Siren. M'Donough now invited his guest into the cabin, whither he conducted the latter, accompanied by Mr. Henry. Here the English officer began to comment on the serious character and on the impropriety of what

had been done, when he was mildly but firmly interrupted by M'Donough. The latter remarked he could not consent to hear his acts censured by one to whom he was not responsible; he was responsible to his own superior only, and to him the matter had better be referred. He would cheerfully convey any message to Captain Smith that the other might choose to send. After a little hesitation, the English captain remarked, "Suppose, sir, my officer had used force to repel you?" "Under the circumstances, sir," answered M'Donough, "it is better as it is. I do not doubt the disposition of your officer to do his duty, but as I conceive I was doing mine, any disposition on his part would have brought about a collision between us. I trust no blame will be imputed to the gentleman."

The English officer departed, seemingly astonished at the quiet firmness he had encountered. It is understood he subsequently had an interview with Captain Smith, who sustained M'Donough's course, as being worthy of the service to which he belonged. In the end, the man was sent back to his own vessel, and remained unmolested.

Gentlemen, this was in 1806—a period in the history of this country when it required ten times the moral courage to perform such an act as would be required to-day.

Such was the character of the officer who was selected to command on Lake Champlain, in 1814. He had been often in battle, and a follower of Decatur, in two hand-to-hand conflicts, that partook more of the desperate personal encounters of the Middle Ages, than of the struggles of modern warfare. His reputation as a seaman and an officer was good, while his mind and conduct had been chastened, in late years, by the graces of a Christian. So little was this upright and simple-minded man influenced by selfishness or a grasping ambition, in any thing he did, and so completely was he governed by just sentiments, that he thought only of duty, and scarcely at all of his own advancement or reputation. When near the

close of his life, a brother-officer once mentioned to him that his victory, certainly the first in American naval annals, as respects disparity of force, the character of his enemy, and the importance of its results, had never been duly appreciated by the country, while that of Lake Erie, a glorious exploit beyond a question, but in every sense inferior to his own, was constantly kept before the public mind, and would finally usurp its place in the pages of history. When this brother-officer said to him, "You have been too passive in this matter, and are letting pictures and imaginative written legends overshadow your own substantial deeds,"—"If I can die with the consciousness of having acted as an honest man, my friend, it is all I care for," was M'Donough's quiet and truthful answer. His whole life was a just commentary on the sincerity of his words.

While owing this justice to one really unassuming and meritorious man, I am happy in having an opportunity of paying a like tribute to another of very similar qualities. During the winter of 1813-14, the American force, as it then existed, was laid up in Otter Creek. Mr. Stephen Cassin, then a lieutenant, and now the commodore of that name, was in command at this point, when the enemy approached the mouth of the Otter, in force, prepared to sink two sloops in the channel, under circumstances that would probably have secured to them the command of the lake, if successful. Cassin had not a gun mounted, nor a charge of powder at hand, when he discovered the English vessels. By means of great exertions a few guns were placed in battery, ammunition was obtained from a distance, and when the enemy drew near, he was received by so smart a cannonade as to be completely deceived, and, after a distant fire of half an hour's continuance, he hauled off, abandoning the enterprise. I shall have occasion, presently, to speak of this gallant officer again, under still more trying circumstances. This is one of those incidents of Champlain, that seems to have been

hid behind the veil which has so long concealed the warfare of that water.

Both belligerents appear to have foreseen that the season of 1814 must produce great events on the borders of Lake Champlain, if not on the lake itself, and both parties employed themselves in preparing for the conflict. As a matter of course, armaments on such a water, and hurried to meet the emergency of an important campaign by land, were not altogether composed of such vessels as would be used in a regular marine, in ordinary service at sea. On the part of the Americans, one or two of lake-craft were altered into temporary cruisers, and the bottom of even a small steamer was raised upon, and converted into the United States schooner *Ticonderoga*. A stout corvette and a brig of force, however, were constructed regularly, from the keels upwards, and were got into the water in time to meet the crisis; though the latter was launched only about a month before there was occasion to use her in battle.

The British were still more tardy in their equipments. Profiting by a knowledge of the force likely to be used against them, they laid the keel of a ship that had the gun-deck battery of a frigate like the famous *Ironsides*, a force of itself nearly sufficient to compete with the whole of the American squadron.

In consequence of these exertions, M'Donough was enabled to assemble in Plattsburgh Bay, by the end of August, a force, including his galleys, of 86 guns. He had a ship, a brig, a schooner, a sloop, and ten galleys. All these vessels carried heavy metal, with the exception of the sloop, a craft too light to bear more than seven long nines. Among the 63 pieces of the three largest vessels, however, 34 were carronades; a species of gun that will not admit of being double-shotted unless at very close quarters, besides being very liable to get dismounted by its own recoil. The enemy, in addition to having 95 guns, and a very heavy vessel in the *Confiance*, their commanding ship, were much better provided in this respect. His two principal vessels had but 6 car-



ronades among the 53 guns they carried. In addition to this essential advantage of the 37 guns of the *Confiance*, no less than 31 were long 24s, a formidable battery to oppose to the ordinary sloops-of-war of that day.

As the English historian, James, has unhesitatingly derided the idea of the superiority of the English, and Alison has followed him, in some measure, as authority, it may be well to be a little more precise on this branch of my subject. In the first place, James gives an armament to the *Confiance* differing from that just stated. He says that she mounted but 26 guns, in regular broadside, on her main deck; 4 carronades, which were placed in her bridle and stern-ports, making up the 30 guns mentioned in the American accounts. I have ascertained that this statement is incorrect. The present captain, Lavalette, one of the most respectable and efficient officers in the American marine, took possession of the *Confiance* after she struck, and continued in charge of her until the ship was finally laid up—a period of several weeks. Mr. Lavalette commanded the *Confiance* six or eight times longer than any other man after her armament was in her. He commanded her, too, after the battle, and when her precise force would be apt to be the subject of inquiry and speculation. From this officer I have written authority for saying that the main-deck battery of the *Confiance* consisted of 30 long 24s, mounted in regular broadside. I have also written authority from the present Commodore Reid, a careful officer, and a highly honorable man, who examined both squadrons before the vessels were broken up, for saying that the *Confiance* was *pierced* for 30 guns on her main deck, in regular broadside, and that he thinks she had no proper bridle-ports at all. Mr. James gives no authorities for what he says, and, as his whole book is written in a spirit of peculiar hostility to this country, it is just to conclude that he is not to be put in opposition to the witnesses I have mentioned.

James also affects to prove that the

size of the *Confiance* was only 831 tons, while he maintains that of the *Saratoga* to have been but a trifle less. On this point, also, Captain Lavalette has testified. "I believe," says that gentleman, in a letter written for publication, "the tonnage of the *Confiance* was 1,120 tons, and that of the *Saratoga* 630." Commodore Reid, in a published letter, says on this head, "The two ships (the *Confiance* and *Saratoga* are meant) lay alongside of each other at the time I saw them, and the English vessel was so obviously superior in tonnage and force, as to leave little doubt in my mind of her ability, I might almost say, to defeat the whole of M'Donough's squadron." Here, then, we have the testimony of two competent witnesses, in opposition to the unsupported declaration of Mr. James—of two experienced seamen, one of whom had actually belonged to both the *Confiance* and the *Saratoga*, and the other of whom had examined the two vessels as they lay side by side, as opposed to the intemperate assertions of a man who never saw either, and he, too, actually a horse-doctor; a profession that is doubtless useful in its sphere, but which can qualify no man to speak very authoritatively of ships. Before quitting this point, it may be well to add that Mr. James seems, in his text, to give the official report of Captain Pring, in justification of his own account of the armaments of the English vessels, referring to the page of the Appendix, where the evidence was to be found, though in the Appendix itself he admits that this report was not forwarded with the despatches, and does not give it on any visible authority but his own naked statements.

Gentlemen, the most important vessels of both squadrons were left in the quiet possession of the conquerors, and if any person were qualified to decide as to the relative force of the two squadrons, it was those conquerors; and all the testimony I can discover goes to confirm their account. I have never conversed with any American officer who was in the Battle of Lake Erie, who did not frankly admit the superiority of our



squadron on that occasion, though the battle was fought under adverse circumstances, while, on the other hand, I can find no evidence whatever, of an American origin, which does not distinctly affirm the great superiority of the enemy in the affair of Plattsburgh Bay.

The great struggle in the naval conflict, that was distinctly foreseen by the commencement of the month of September, was for the command of the lake. M'Donough had also in view the defence of the water-flank of the works ashore, while the enemy anticipated being able to turn it, after crushing the force afloat. With these double objects before him, M'Donough discovered great wisdom in the anchorage he occupied. His squadron was drawn up in two lines, the four largest vessels being moored in a north and south line, sufficiently within the bay to compel the enemy to enter it to the westward of Cumberland Head, and thus to bring him within the effective range of the American short guns. The rear, or southern end of this line, was in a measure protected by a small island and an extensive shoal. On the part of the enemy, it was pretended that the American squadron was sustained by the batteries ashore, and some commentators have ascribed the result to this circumstance.

It is a fact, beyond controversy, that the batteries of Plattsburgh rendered no assistance to the American shipping on this occasion, nor could they render any, on account of the distance. To have thrown shot *over* the American vessels would have been physically impossible, with the artillery of that day, and it is unnecessary to say that no sane man would attempt to hit the English fleet by firing through the American. The circumstance that Captain Pring, in his official account, says nothing of any such aid having been rendered to his enemy, is, of itself, conclusive. Captain Downie, the officer who had been sent by Sir James Yeo to command the English force on this lake, had collected four vessels to contend with the Americans, exclusively of thirteen galleys.

The force of the four principal craft, however, was very unequally distributed. That of the *Confiance* has already been mentioned, in general terms. She was a huge corvette, with a poop and top-gallant forecastle, both of the latter being armed. Her lighted gun threw a 24-pound shot, and, as has been mentioned, of the 37 which composed her armament, 31 were long pieces of this calibre. The brig *Linnæ* was a warm little craft, armed with 16 long 12s, a species of armament which, under the circumstances, made her more than equal to a vessel carrying the same number of 32 carronades. The two others of the larger craft were sloops or cutters, each carrying 11 guns of mixed calibres. One of these cutters might have been about equal to the American sloop, while the other was certainly essentially lighter than the *Ticonderoga*, the schooner she was to assail. In this latter duty, however, she was to be assisted by some of the English galleys.

The number of the enemy's galleys has been disputed. M'Donough puts it at thirteen; Captain Pring is silent on the point; Sir George Prevost says twelve; and James, in his usual confident manner, without giving any authority, however, affirms there were but ten. The truth unquestionably lies between the statements of Sir George Prevost and M'Donough. My own information originally told me that the English cleared Cumberland Head with eighteen sail, viz., a ship, a brig, three sloops, and thirteen galleys; one of the sloops being a merchant-vessel that had accompanied the squadron merely to convey spectators. A letter from the officer who was in charge of the American guard-boat, and who first made the English squadron, and brought in the report of their approach, informs me that the enemy cleared Cumberland Head with *nineteen* sail, *two* of which were filled with spectators, the remainder being armed. As this gentleman was a member of the family of Platt, of Plattsburgh, and must have had many subsequent opportunities for ob-

taining local information, it is highly probable his statement is accurate. This would make the number of the galleys thirteen. Eight of these English galleys mounted two guns each, and the remaining five only one. In men, the number is supposed to have been somewhat in favor of the English. One thing is certain: having a large army in their immediate vicinity, and confessedly troops on board, it is not to be supposed that Captain Downie would enter on an enterprise of such importance without a sufficiency of men. The same reasoning will apply to the vessels, as the invading party would not be likely to attack an enemy who, in 1814, must have commanded his enforced respect, without a force that he imagined would insure success. To suppose the contrary, would infer the height of presumption and folly.

[We omit the details of the engagement, which Mr. Cooper relates with great minuteness.—*Editor.*]

The victory gained, and a very simple report forwarded to Government, the world heard but little more from M'Donough on the subject. Gentlemen, I have been familiar with the naval events of the world, from early youth—have long contemplated the work on the maritime events of this country which has since appeared; but down almost to the day of writing the account of the Battle of Plattsburgh Bay, I was unable to ascertain even the leading facts of that great event. There had been a victory, and the main result was known; but the rest was so completely veiled behind the modesty of the conqueror, that it entirely eluded my search, in any thing like a documentary form. If there was ever an engraving of this action, I never saw it; no one but the actors, themselves, seemed acquainted with the details. So little was said on the subject, that I was surprised to find how many of my personal acquaintances had been in the battle without my knowing it. In a word, the most glorious action of the navy of this country was likely to be lost in vague generalities, unsatisfactory and loose statements, and erroneous le-

gends. One anecdote has been mentioned, in illustration of M'Donough's simplicity.

No accurate and conscientious historian would think of ascribing the retreat of Sir George Prevost to any thing but the capture of the English squadron. The handful of soldiers opposed to him showed spirit and firmness, but their efforts could have availed but little, in a general attack, against the overwhelming force that could have been brought against them. The loss of his auxiliary on the lake induced the English governor-general to begin a retreat, that may not have been conducted on strict military principles, and which was not very creditable, perhaps, to the British arms, but which would soon have been necessary, or he would have been left to meet the gathered population of the whole northern frontier in arms. To M'Donough's success were all these great results owing, rather than to any achievement on the land. Yet, at a dinner, given at the time and on the spot, in honor of the triumph of the American arms, M'Donough sat as a subordinate, bearing his hard-earned honors so meekly, that most around him seemed to think that he was really the secondary agent in the recently-acquired glory, for which he was content to pass.

Gentlemen, high as were M'Donough's claims, and lasting as must be his renown, he was not alone on that eventful day. All voices united in proclaiming the singular gallantry displayed by the younger Cassin, in command of the *Ticonderoga*. Left, by the retreat of the *Preble*, opposed to the whole weight of the assaults of the English galleys, he fought his schooner with the coolness and judgment of a highly-trained officer, and with the courage of a lion. Finding himself pressed upon by so many enemies, and fearful some might get too near in the smoke, he sprang upon the taffrail, and on that elevated and exposed position he remained, calmly directing the fire of his batteries throughout the hottest of the engagement. The ensign, that was suspended

but a few feet above his head, was literally in rags from the effect of grape and canister; nothing but an almighty Providence carried him safely through the arduous duties of that momentous hour. No man who wears the American uniform, ever displayed greater personal gallantry than did Stephen Cassin throughout this trying scene.

Others on board that schooner were distinguished for their coolness. The manner in which young Paulding, then a midshipman and now a commander, sighted his guns, with the enemy almost at their muzzles, is spoken of with admiration even to the present hour. On board the *Saratoga* all behaved well, suffering from, and marked as she was by, her powerful adversary. As for M'Donough himself, quiet, unmoved, cheerful, simple, and yet attentive, he was the same in that arduous struggle as on all other occasions. Twice was he knocked down, and each time it was thought with mortal hurts, but he regained his feet, and continued at his post to the close of the day. Lavalette, also, was conspicuous for his usefulness. He, too, was twice on the deck, once under circumstances that resembled those of his commander, though neither was reported among the hurt.

As regards M'Donough himself, he is beyond our praise or gratitude. He died, as he wished to die, leaving be-

hind him the merited reputation of an honest man. No American who has done so much for his country, has received so little of its attention or its praise. While the deeds of others have been extolled beyond their just claims, his have been eulogized less than they merit. This has been owing, in part, to the real, inherent modesty of the man. With M'Donough there were no affectations on such a subject. His victory achieved, he was willing to let it be forgotten, in all things, but its benefits, and his own deep gratitude to God.

Gentlemen, it is peculiarly your province to see that history does its duty; not in senseless eulogiums, or narrow claims to provincial excellence; not to pretend that the glory of this great achievement belongs exclusively to ourselves, because the battle was fought in our own waters; but because, living so near the scene, facts are more easily obtained by you than by others, because your own immediate community derived the greatest benefit from the defeat of the enemy, and because justice requires it at your hands.

Let it, then, be one of your grateful duties so to place this great achievement on the records you control, that the future historian and posterity may estimate it with a due regard to its difficulties, and to the benefits it conferred on the nation.

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## THREE PICTURES AND ONE PORTRAIT.

THE picture-gallery of the Baron von P—, at Stuttgart, though small, is one of the choicest and most valuable of those private collections which, by the generosity and public spirit of their owners, are thrown open to the general public in that charming little capital. Twice a-week, namely, on Mondays and Thursdays, from the hour of ten in the morning till six in the evening, visitors are admitted to feast their eyes upon its treasures, which include a "Triumph of Venus" by Rubens, one of Paul Potter's marvellous groups of cattle, several fine Rembrandts, and two or three portraits by Vandyke. One of the latter, a small but charming specimen of the great portrait-painter's skill, is considered the gem of the collection, and has been frequently copied and engraved. It is a half-length portrait, considerably less than life, and represents a young and beautiful girl. By some whim of the sitter, or some fancy of the artist, she is portrayed with the customary attributes of the goddess Diana. A crescent-moon sparkles among her loosened chestnut curls, she holds a bow in her right hand, and her graceful form is simply attired in a flowing pale-green robe. But the slender girlish figure, the blooming countenance, and the mirthful curve of the rosy lips, seem scarcely fitted for the representative of the cold celestial huntress. And in the brown eyes there lurks an expression, strange, attractive, and indescribable, at once cold and fascinating, alluring and unsympathetic. The fair face is that of Hebe, but the wondrous eyes are those of Circe. Few have paused before that singular yet lovely portrait without asking, "Who was she? What was her history?" But on that point tradition and history are alike silent; the name and the destiny of the beautiful original are unknown, and the picture is desig-

nated only by the title of the "Vandyke Diana."

One stormy afternoon in March, two persons were stationed before the painting we have just described. One was an old man, with bent form, silvered locks, and eyes dimmed by years and sorrows, who stood with folded hands, gazing upon the pictured face with an expression of yearning and sorrowful tenderness. The other, a young artist, sat at his easel, before the Diana, and was employed in copying it. Handsome, but pale and ethereal-looking, with large, melancholy blue eyes, and masses of dark hair pushed back from his broad white brow, he resembled nothing so much as the portraits of the youthful Schiller. His countenance wore the same pensive sweetness, the same impress of inspiration and genius, and, alas! the same look, too, of fragile health, with which we are familiar in the likenesses of Germany's greatest and noblest poet. He was working at his copy with earnest diligence, but it differed greatly from the original. Beneath his pencil, the bright youthful face had been transformed to that of a woman more than thirty years of age. The large eyes wore a look of melancholy, the beautifully-curved mouth, so smiling in the original, told of uneasiness and suffering in its every line, and a waxen pallor, indicative of failing health, replaced the roseate bloom that tinted the cheek of the Diana. It was the same face, but the brightness of youth had departed, and the shadow of pain and sorrow brooded there instead. It was as if the painter, in depicting some fair landscape, glowing with the golden sunlight and rich hues of summer, had chosen to represent it with the gray clouded skies, the withering foliage, and the faded flowers of

autumn. He had altered, too, the costume. For the bow and crescent and woodland robe of the original, his pencil had substituted a cloud-like drapery of black lace, enveloping both head and figure, and whose semi-transparent folds formed a background for the pale, pensive countenance. One slender hand, on which sparkled a diamond, held the floating drapery over the bust; not the rosy, dimpled hand of the Vandyke huntress, but the fragile fingers of a suffering invalid.

It was, as I have before said, a stormy day. No intruders had as yet disturbed the fixed and sorrowful gaze of the old man, or the busy pencil of the artist. But suddenly the great door at the other extremity of the gallery was thrown open, a step resounded on the floor, and a tall, dark, handsome man came towards the spot where hung the Diana.

"Good heavens! what a likeness," he exclaimed, as his eyes fell upon the picture.

The old man started, the artist looked up from his work.

The new-comer gazed long and in silence on the Vandyke. At length, drawing a long sigh, he turned, and seemed about to depart; but pausing before the young painter's easel instead, he examined the nearly-completed copy with great interest.

"May I ask, sir," he said, "why, in copying this picture, you have so altered the expression and hues of the countenance and the fashion of the dress?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the artist, courteously. "I have copied this picture, not on account of its great intrinsic merits, but because it bears a strong accidental likeness to a person I once loved, and who is no longer living. I never knew her in her days of youth and health; when first we met she was a delicate, suffering invalid, already sinking under the ravages of the malady which was destined soon to deprive her of life. It was *her* face that I wished to reproduce, not the blooming beauty of Vandyke's lovely huntress."

"Strange! the original picture is also marvellously like a lady who was once very dear to me."

The old man turned eagerly towards the speaker.

"Oh, sir," he cried, with clasped hands and kindling eyes, "this picture is like Roschen, my lost Roschen. Did she whom you knew bear that name? Was she a young village-girl, with large brown eyes and dark hair? Oh, tell me, sir, in heaven's name, where is she? where can I find her?"

In his excitement the old man grasped the stranger's hand convulsively.

"Did you, indeed, know the Countess Orlanoff?" asked the young artist.

The new-comer looked from one to the other in astonishment.

"The person of whom I spoke," he answered, "was neither a village-maiden nor a noble countess. Years ago, I knew and loved Ida Rosen, a ballet-dancer at the Imperial House at Prague; and when I look upon that picture, I behold her again."

The old man extended his trembling hand towards the portrait.

"So looked my Roschen when last she stood before me."

"And so looked Madame Orlanoff the night I last beheld her," said the young painter, pointing to the canvas on his easel as he spoke.

A short silence ensued. Each of the three men was absorbed in the sorrowful memories of the past. The wind howled more wildly without, and a fine sharp rain dashed noisily against the windows.

The last-comer was the first to speak.

"Gentlemen," he said, "our adventure is a curious one. By a strange coincidence we have all three met at this spot, led by a common purpose, and united, it may be, by a common sorrow. I confess I am curious to learn the histories you both doubtless have to relate; and, in return for your confidence, if you will gratify me so far, I will give you my own. I will tell you how I first met Ida Rosen, how I wooed her, and how I lost her. What say you to adjourning to my rooms at the Hotel

Marquardt? There, over a glass of fine old Marcobrunner, we can converse sociably and at our ease; and, perchance, the very act of telling our troubles may cause them to seem somewhat lighter. But, ere you answer, let me introduce myself. My name is Theodore Halm, and I am the leading tenor of the Royal Opera-House at Dresden."

"And I am Franz Meissner, artist, at your service," said the young painter, rising, and shaking Halm's proffered hand with cordiality.

"I am Johann Keller, organist," said the old man, bowing as he spoke.

"Well, friends, what say you? Will you accept my offer and become my guests?"

"With great pleasure," said Meissner, preparing to put aside his palette and brushes.

"Certainly, sir, if you wish it," sighed old Keller.

Half an hour later, the three companions sat around a small table in one of the pleasantest rooms in the Hotel Marquardt. The stove glowed with a genial heat, the Marcobrunner sparkled like molten topaz in flask and glasses; and, under the cheering influences of the wine and warmth and pleasant companionship, old Johann Keller visibly revived. A faint red tinged his withered cheek, his sunken blue eyes gained something of animation and sparkle, and, without hesitation, though in a faltering voice, he commenced his narrative.

#### THE ORGANIST'S STORY.

I was born, gentlemen, in the little town of Heldensfeld, in Saxony. My father was the organist of the Marien Kirche, and, at his death, I succeeded him in his post. I inherited from him, too, a small house near the church, where we had always lived; and after his death I continued to reside there. I led but a lonely life; my only companion was an old woman who lived with me, and who took charge of all household matters. But my church-duties kept me constantly occupied;

and so my days passed away peacefully enough.

Nearly thirty years ago, however, an incident occurred which disturbed the tranquillity of my life. I was coming home, late at night, from a lonely evening's practice with the choir. We had been trying to get up Leopold Hillberg's Grand Mass in B Minor for an approaching church-festival; and, as it is very difficult, we were forced to have a great many rehearsals and very long ones. So it chanced that, on this particular night, I was coming home very late, which was far from being my usual habit. Just before I reached my own door, I stumbled over something lying in the pathway, which looked like a large bundle. Judge of my astonishment, when, on stooping to remove the obstruction, a faint cry was heard, and I discovered that the seeming bundle was a little child, about eighteen months old, wrapped in a dirty blanket, and nearly lifeless. To pick it up, to carry it into the house, and to call Dame Bertha, was but the work of a moment. The poor little creature was almost dead, but a warm bath, some bread and milk, and the tender cares of old Bertha soon restored life and animation to her limbs. Ah! how pretty she was, the little brown-eyed creature, when Dame Bertha brought her to me, wrapped in an old shawl, and sitting erect and saucily upon her arm, that I might see how strong and lively she looked.

I have always thought that she had been left behind by a party of wandering Bohemians, who, the day before, had passed through our town, on their way to one of the great annual fairs, where they go to sell trumpery bits of garnet jewelry and glassware, and to pick up what money they can by dancing and singing. Certain it is, that no one ever claimed my little foundling, and she bore no mark by which her parentage could be traced. I called her Roschen, she was so fresh and rosy and sweet, and she speedily became the idol of both Dame Bertha and myself. Many persons advised me to send her to some charitable institution for the



care of orphans or foundlings; but I could not bear to part with her. My means were small, it is true; but I knew that, by care and increased economy, I could contrive to meet the extra expense.

The years went on, and the pretty baby changed to a merry child, and then to a wild, romping girl, and at last a fair maiden of sixteen stood before me. I had taught her reading and writing and music, and old Bertha had instructed her in all housewifely art; and all who knew her, praised her beauty and intelligence. But as she outgrew her childhood, she seemed to leave content behind. The calm monotony of our life appeared to fret and fever her; she wearied of all occupations, and passed long hours in walking up and down our little strip of garden, with clenched hands and hurried steps. And I, too, had lost the calm contentment which had filled my life with peace. I realized that, old as I was, I loved—loved for the first time, and madly—the fair young creature who had been to me as a daughter. And though I strove to stifle this insane passion, I felt that all my efforts were in vain. I loved Roschen, and I even hoped (how wildly and vainly I now realize) that she might return my love.

One day, our quiet little town was startled by the announcement that a travelling dramatic troupe of great excellence was about to give a representation at our public hall. Roschen at once expressed a strong desire to witness the performances; and I, always anxious to call up one of her rare and fitful smiles, at once consented. Never shall I forget that evening. The entertainment consisted of the usual medley of songs, dances, and detached scenes from plays; but it was the first performance of the kind which Roschen had ever witnessed, and she was nearly wild with excitement and delight. The soft rose-hue of her cheek deepened to a vivid scarlet, her eyes flashed and sparkled like living gems, and under the influence of the hour, her beauty

seemed to have acquired a more dazzling radiance.

That evening, after we returned home, my carefully-guarded secret escaped me. I forgot that I was fifty-five years old, and that she was but sixteen; and I told her that I loved her. I pictured to her how peacefully and happily our lives might pass together, and how my love would ever encircle her and protect her. And then I tried to tell her how well I loved her, but I could not; I could only fall at her feet and implore her to say that she would become my wife.

She drew away the small hands which I had clasped, in my eagerness, and only answered, smiling upon me as she did so, "It is late, and I am so tired. Let us talk about it to-morrow!"

I would fain have detained her, but she vanished up the staircase, calling, in a laughing tone, "To-morrow, to-morrow!"

The next day she did not leave her room at her usual hour. Old Bertha went to call her; but she was gone. She had left me—had fled from me—whither I did not know; I have never known, for I have never heard any tidings of her since.

The old man paused. He bowed his head upon his hands, and for several moments he remained silent. At length he continued:

My story is ended, gentlemen. I sought long and vainly for my lost darling; but I was poor, and my heart was broken, and I lacked the means and energy necessary to make my search successful. Some years ago, I received a letter from a lawyer in Vienna, telling me that a distant relative, whose name even I had never before heard, had died, and left me a small annuity. I sold my little property; and, having been told by a friend that there was a picture in the Baron von P——'s collection that resembled my Roschen, I came to Stuttgart to see it. The resemblance was so striking, and I found such deep though mournful satisfaction in gazing on it, that I felt, to leave Stutt-

gart and that painting, would be to lose my Roschen a second time. So I remained here. I have a little room in the house of an old friend, who lives at Cannstadt, and two days in each week I can delight my eyes by gazing upon the pictured face that so vividly recalls to me the fresh, bright beauty of my lost Roschen.

The old man ceased. Halm and Meissner leaned forward, and each clasped one of his hands. No word was spoken, but the simple action was eloquent of kindly sympathy and friendliness.

After a short pause, Halm refilled the glasses, and, laying aside his cigar, said,

"As the eldest of us three has commenced the series of our recitals, I presume that mine should be the next in order."

#### THE SINGER'S STORY.

About ten years ago, I was engaged to sing, for the winter-season, at Prague. I arrived there one cold November evening; and, after a hurried meal in the cheerless dining-room of the Hotel d'Angleterre, I strolled to the theatre, to pass away there the hours of an evening which seemed else to threaten to be interminable. The performance had already commenced when I entered. The piece was a ballet, entitled, I believe, "The Four Elements," and stupid and senseless as ballets usually are. I remained for some time, but growing heartily weary of the uninteresting evolutions of the *corps de ballet*, I was about to retire, when suddenly the music changed to a new and livelier strain, and an outburst of applause from the audience greeted the entrance of the representative of Fire. At once I resumed my seat, fascinated by the first glimpse which I obtained of the brilliant face and exquisite form of the dancer. I need not describe her beauty, for you have but lately beheld the picture whose loveliness is a faithful though feeble transcript of that which I then looked upon. Her dancing was a perfect representation of the flame whose

characteristics she sought to reproduce—as light, as graceful, as sudden in its changeable movements. But in her large brown eyes there sparkled a more fatal fire than that she sought to represent. When her dance was over, I retired, strangely agitated, and with my heart throbbing with a new and powerful emotion.

Connected as I was with the theatre, I soon learned all that was known about Ida Rosen; for such was the name of the beautiful *danseuse*. I was told that she appeared to lead an irreproachable life, and that her character was spotless. She lived in a small, cheap lodging, in the Anton Strasse, and an old woman, who passed for her aunt, resided with her, and always accompanied her wherever she went. With that one exception, she seemed to have neither relatives nor friends. She was always singularly punctual and correct in the performance of her theatrical duties, but she mixed as little as possible with the other members of the *corps de ballet*, or even with the singers of the *opérette*. Thus, she was generally voted proud and disagreeable by *premières*, *coryphées*, and *prima-donnas* alike, and she was left unmolested in her self-chosen loneliness.

I obtained an introduction to her at last, and found, for my pains, that my fair Flame-queen was, in real life, a veritable icicle. She exacted from me, as from the rest of her acquaintance, a respect and courtesy seldom accorded to the ladies of the ballet; compliments and badinage seemed alike distasteful to her; and ere our first interview ended, she had repelled my attempts at both with such sharpness of repartee, yet with such exquisite grace and archness, that I was at once silenced and fascinated.

However, our acquaintance was kept up, and on her part it slowly ripened into friendship. She appeared to take some pleasure in my society, at length; and many happy hours have I passed in the little apartments in the Anton Strasse, seated by Ida's side, and watching the graceful dexterity with which

she fashioned her gossamer stage-attire, while old Martha sat at the window, nodding over her prayer-book, or sewing at some piece of theatrical finery. On these occasions I used, sometimes, to sing to her; and never since have I so striven, as Faust, Florestan, or Raoul, to delight a brilliant audience, as I then strove to sing ballads and popular songs, in a manner that would satisfy my laughing and exacting hearer.

I am ashamed, my friends, to tell you, how short a time our acquaintance had lasted, when I asked her to become my wife. Kindly, yet without hesitation, she refused me.

"I do not love you," was her answer; "and I can never love you. Let us remain friends, Theodore, and never let us mention this subject again."

"Listen to me yet one moment, Ida," I said, earnestly. "Your life is a laborious one and your position painful. I am not wealthy, but my salary is good, and, should I retain my voice, there is no eminence in my profession to which I may not aspire. Let my love plead with you, and induce you to accept ease and luxury at my hands. Quit this life of toil, of exposure, of insult; give me only a husband's right to protect and cherish you, and such passionate devotion as mine will surely win return at last."

She laughed low and scornfully, and there was a mocking ring in the tones in which she replied, "What! become the wife of an opera-singer, for the purpose of leading an easier life! Truly, I am ambitious, but my aspirations tend somewhat higher. And, as for love—I have never loved any one in all my life."

We parted in anger, and I ceased to visit her; but I could not so cease loving her. Nay, after the lapse of all these years, as I speak of her, I feel that I love her still.

Towards the close of my engagement, the management decided on producing *Robert le Diable*. I was to be the Robert, and I half hoped that Ida would be selected to perform the part of the spectral Abbess, Helena. But the rôle

belonged by right to the *première danseuse* of the *corps de ballet*, an extremely thin but highly-accomplished dancer, named Teresa Cortesi. It was with her that I rehearsed the church-yard scene, and learned how to perform the difficult task of receiving and supporting her properly in the necessary poses. The first representations passed off extremely well, the opera was an immense success, and the theatre was crowded nightly.

One evening, as I descended from my dressing-room, I was met by the manager, who, in a tone of great excitement, exclaimed,

"What, in the name of Jupiter, are we to do? Mlle. Cortesi has just fallen, in coming from her dressing-room, and has fractured her arm."

"Substitute another opera," I suggested.

"That would never do. The house is crowded, and the audience have assembled to hear *Robert*, and *Robert* they must have."

"Well, then, omit the act, or find some danseuse who can take the part," I rejoined, impatiently.

"The part was studied by another danseuse, but—"

At this moment a messenger arrived bearing a small note, which he presented to the perplexed manager, who opened it eagerly. Instantly his brow cleared.

"It is all right," he cried; "another Helena is found. Let the opera proceed, and hurry, all of you, for the audience is beginning to grow impatient."

The opera passed off as usual, and at length the moment arrived when Robert is surrounded by the spectral nuns. Imagine my surprise, when I recognized, in the representative of the Abbess, Ida Rosen herself. She was wondrously beautiful, in her white dress and sparkling wreath, her fair face unprofaned by rouge, and her perfect form displayed to unusual advantage by the simplicity and freshness of her airy dress.

Can I describe to you the witchery of her smile, the intoxicating sorcery of her acting? She seemed, indeed, an

evil vision of supernatural loveliness, sent on earth to lure some poor tortured mortal to sacrilege and crime. It was well for me that Robert has not to utter a sound during this scene; for I was incapable of doing more than to follow her every movement with a rapt attention, which certainly was not feigned.

At last came the instant when Robert, overcome by Helena's wiles, receives her in his arms, and presses his lips to hers. Then, for the first time, I held in my arms the woman that I so wildly loved; I clasped her to my heart, and it was no light stago-salute, but a long and passionate kiss, that I pressed upon her lips, while, in hoarse, broken accents, I murmured, "I love you!"

The remainder of the opera passed off like a dream. I do not know how I got through it; but it ended at last. As I was preparing to quit the theatre, the ballet-master addressed me.

"A superb piece of acting, that between you and Ida, in the church-yard scene," he said. "What a pity it is that we have lost her."

"Lost her?" I cried, grasping his arm.

"Yes; I fear she has quitted Prague by this time. She cancelled her engagement yesterday, and only danced to-night on account of the accident to Cortesi."

Half blind, half mad, scarce conscious of what I did, I rushed from the theatre, and took, mechanically, the road that led to Ida's lodging, in the Anton Strasse. It was a bright moonlight night, and ere I reached the house I saw a cloaked and veiled figure issue from it, and enter an elegant travelling-carriage, which was stationed before the door. The vehicle instantly started at a rapid pace, and my wild outcry, "Ida! Ida!" was unheard, or, at all events, unnoticed.

So vanished Ida Rosen. Never since that night have I beheld her, and all my efforts to learn any tidings of her fate were fruitless. The people who kept the house where she lodged could tell me nothing more than that a tall

gentleman, wrapped in a furred cloak, had occasionally visited her, and old Martha had disappeared.

Years have passed since then, but I have never forgotten the fair vision that so entranced me.

I have never loved since—I shall never love again. The image of my lost Ida dwells in unfading freshness in my heart, and I cannot yet hear the music of the third act of *Robert le Diable* without a pang.

A few weeks ago I chanced to see an engraving from the Vandyke Diana, in the portfolio of a friend. Struck with its resemblance to Ida, I asked where the original could be found; and, on learning that it was to be seen in Stuttgart, I took advantage of my first leave-of-absence from the opera, to journey hither to behold it. I have seen the picture, I have gazed again upon that loveliness, whose living brightness shall gladden my eyes no more, and the old wound throbs afresh and with a sharper pain. I shall quit Stuttgart to-morrow, and I trust forever.

Friends, my story is ended. Fill up your glasses; and now, Meissner, last speaker of the three, your turn has come, and we wait for your history.

The young artist looked up, and a faint, melancholy smile flitted over his lips. He spoke as follows:

#### THE ARTIST'S STORY.

My sorrow is of recent date; and mine will prove to be the saddest tale, as it is the last.

I am, as you know, an artist, and I may venture to say that I am a successful one. I am a native of Stuttgart, and I am frequently employed by the great bookseller, Baron Cotta, to design illustrations for works which he intends to publish. Two years ago, whilst I was studying in Italy, I received an order from him for a number of sketches of the scenery around Naples, to be used in preparing an illustrated work on Italian scenery. I consequently took lodgings in Naples, and spent my days, with pencil and sketchbook, among the

exquisite scenery of the neighborhood. I had scarcely any acquaintances in the city, and my only intimate associate was a young Russian gentleman, the Baron Alexis Z—, who, like most of the educated men of his nation, was an accomplished and intelligent gentleman, and a most agreeable companion. He was passionately fond of music and the drama, and often prevailed upon me to accompany him to see Ristori or to hearken to the very indifferent singers who shrieked through Verdi's noisiest strains at the San Carlo.

One evening, we went together to witness Ristori's representation of *Mary Stuart*. The house was crowded, and the audience was unusually brilliant; so that, between the acts, I surveyed the auditorium with little less interest than I had bestowed upon the stage. Suddenly my eyes fell upon a face that riveted my wandering gaze at once. Half-hidden in the dim depths of a curtained box, and enveloped in cloud-like draperies of black lace, sat a lady, whose dark, shining eyes and pale, finely-cut features, attracted me, less by their weird and singular beauty, than by their resemblance to some face, long ago familiar to me, but whose, or where seen, I could not at that moment recollect. She sat leaning back in her chair, with a listless and preoccupied look, and it was but a careless gaze that she vouchsafed to the movements of the great actress. But, towards the close of the third act, the marvellous genius of Ristori aroused her at last from her seeming indifference. Then she leaned forward with parted lips and earnest eyes; a sudden crimson flushed her cheek; and, as I looked upon her beauty thus transfigured, the resemblance which so haunted me ceased to be a mystery.

"The Vandyke Diana!" I exclaimed, involuntarily.

My companion turned, and looked at me in astonishment.

"Can you tell me the name of that lady in black lace, who is sitting in the fourth box to the left?" I asked, unheeding his surprise.

He raised his opera-glass, and looked in the direction which I had indicated.

"Certainly," he said. "She happens to be a countrywoman of my own. That is the Countess Orlanoff, the wealthy Russian widow, who has taken the Villa Mancini for the winter. She is said to be in very delicate health, and I am told that her physicians have advised her to spend her winters in Italy."

"Is she a Russian by birth?" I asked.

"I do not know. Count Orlanoff was a very eccentric man. He married late in life, and very mysteriously; and immediately after his marriage, he took his bride to his immense estates in Southern Russia. He never afterwards quitted them, and never received visitors; so that nothing whatever is known about his wife. There was a rumor that he had incurred the displeasure of the Emperor by his marriage, and that his exile was not altogether a self-chosen one. He was just the man to have contracted a *mésalliance* in a moment of infatuation, and to have repented of it bitterly forever after."

"Has he been long dead?" I asked.

"No; I heard of his death but little more than a year ago."

"Madame Orlanoff is lovely enough to excuse any amount of infatuation."

"Yes, she is singularly beautiful, although it is reported that she is a confirmed invalid. I have an idea that her married life was not a very happy one. She quitted Russia immediately after her husband's death, and spent last winter in Nice. She visits no one, and receives no one; and seems to have inherited some portion of Orlanoff's eccentricity."

For weeks after, that pale, cold, beautiful face filled my thoughts by day and haunted my dreams by night. I frequented places of public resort and amusement with unwonted devotion, hoping to behold Madame Orlanoff again. Twice was my search rewarded with success. I saw her once, seated in a luxurious carriage, on the Chiaja; and once, blazing with diamonds, in the curtained recesses of a box on the ground-tier at the San Carlo.

One evening I was busied in completing a sketch of a picturesque little nook of the bay. I had taken my seat on a rock which lay on the shore, and had worked undisturbed for some hours. The sun was setting, and I was about to lay down my pencil, when I heard a faint rustle of silk near me; an odor of verbena filled the air; and, looking up, I beheld the Countess Orlanoff standing at my side. I started up, surprised and agitated.

"You are Herr Meissner, the artist, I believe?" she said, in German.

"Such is my name and profession, madame," I stammered.

"I am forming a collection of sketches of Italian scenery; and I would like to give you an order for several drawings of the views around Naples."

"That is a commission which I can easily execute," I answered, regaining my composure with a violent effort; "for I am already at work on a series for Baron Cotta, the celebrated publisher."

"Indeed! Then the one you have just finished is for him, I presume. Will you permit me to examine it?"

I placed the sketch in her hands. She looked at it long and carefully, making, as she did so, comments on it and criticisms, that showed a cultivated and refined taste in art.

We conversed together for some time, and when she left me, to reënter her carriage, which was stationed at a short distance from us, she gave me her card.

"Come to the Villa Mancini to-morrow evening," she said, "and bring your sketches. I may wish to possess duplicates of some of those which you have executed for Baron Cotta."

Such was the beginning of my acquaintance with Madame Orlanoff. My sketches formed the pretext for some of my first visits; but I soon cast all excuses aside, and found myself, every evening, by the side of the *fautueil* in which the fair invalid reclined. How vividly do I recall those evenings! Madame Orlanoff always received me in a small room, half library and half reception-room, which opened out of the

grand *salon*. It was crowded with rare trifles and costly toys; books, medals, gems, small paintings, antique bronzes, portfolios of engravings and drawings, filled its every corner. We used to converse about all the events in the world of art and literature—the last new poem, the latest opera, the rising singers of the day, the newest picture, or the artist last arrived. I brought her my sketches, and told her what my ideas were respecting the large picture on which I was at work; and she, in return, would lay open for me her stores of rare engravings and antique gems. As I speak, I seem to inhale again the mingled odor of ether and perfume that always pervaded the atmosphere; I see once more the little room, with its wildness of art-treasures, its gayly-frescoed ceiling, its soft, subdued light, and its one fair, spiritual-looking occupant, reclining amid the cushions of her luxurious couch.

But often as I saw the Countess, and long and freely as we conversed together, she scarcely ever made even the slightest allusion to her past life. Once, when I made some remark about her name of Feodora, she said that she had not always borne it. "I was perceived into the Greek Church on my marriage," she said, "and was then baptized by that name." On another occasion, when I spoke of her fondness for art and literature, she answered, "They were my only solace during many dreary years," and then instantly changed the conversation. Once, too, while she was displaying to me some drawings by Gustave Doré, she pointed out one which she said had been designed by him at her order. "I call it my portrait," she added, with a faint smile. The drawing, though small, was wonderfully spirited, and the singularity of the design, combined with the excellence of the execution, caused it to make an indelible impression on my memory. It represented a veiled female figure extended on a couch. Around and above her fluttered a host of little weeping Cupids, each bewailing some mishap that had befallen their weapons, some trying to sharpen their



blunted arrows, while others strove to refasten their broken bow-strings. In striking contrast to these airy forms, a mocking fiend stood beside the lady. With one hand he upheld the veil from the left side of her bosom, while the other pointed with clawed and hideous forefinger at the dark void hollow visible beneath the shapely bust. There was no heart there.

The Winter passed away, the warmth and brightness of an Italian Spring returned to gladden the earth; but the health of the Countess did not improve with the change of season, as she had hoped and expected. Her breathing was much oppressed, and her voice at times became utterly extinct. Still, though always suffering, she never seemed to be really ill, and she always spoke of her recovery as certain, though unaccountably delayed.

One evening, as I was about to enter the Villa Mancini, I found Dr. Leverrier, Madame Orlanoff's physician, in the act of quitting it. I at once resolved to know the truth respecting her health.

"Doctor," I said, "may I speak a word with you?"

"You may, if the word is a short one and briefly said, for I am in a great hurry," answered the solemn-looking Frenchman, drawing on his gloves as he spoke.

"Is the Countess dangerously ill?"

The doctor looked fixedly at me for a moment.

"If you have any influence over her," he said, "persuade her to send for her relatives or friends, for she has not long to live. Her disease is not of the lungs, as she fancies, but an affection of the heart of the worst type. I cannot tell her of her condition, for the agitation attendant upon such an announcement would kill her instantly. But in any event, she will die suddenly, without a moment's warning, before many months, nay, it may be before many weeks, elapse."

He left me; and I, rushing wildly from the house, fled to the deserted seashore, and there, prostrate on the sands, I wept out the agony that possessed my

soul. It was then, in that moment of supreme anguish, I realized that I loved the Countess—I, the poor, almost unknown artist, loved her—but with a passion as vain, as hopeless, as unrequited, as ever filled a hapless soul with despair.

Time passed on; the spring-days grew brighter, sweeter, longer, and the health of Madame Orlanoff seemed visibly to improve. She was stronger, suffered less, and her rare sweet smile hovered oftener upon her lips. So marked was the change, that I sought Dr. Leverrier again, in the hope of hearing a reversal of his former opinion; but he merely reiterated what he had already said; and I left him with my new-born hope dying in my heart.

It was after this interview had taken place, that I came to the desperate resolution of avowing my love to the Countess. I was perfectly well aware of the social gulf which existed between us, and which separated so widely the wealthy widow of Count Orlanoff from the poor and almost unknown artist; but I was half frenzied at the idea of the woman I loved dying alone, among strangers, and tended only by menial hands. "She may hearken to me," I argued; "and in that case I gain the right of a husband, or of a betrothed lover, to watch over the last days of her life, and to soothe the sufferings she may yet endure." A strange, sad prospect for a young lover, was it not? yet such was my last, my fondest hope.

One beautiful evening, in April, I sought her presence, with the avowal of my love trembling upon my lips. I found her, as usual, in the reception-room, seated in a half-reclining attitude on a low couch covered with scarlet satin. A volume of Victor Hugo's poems lay open before her, but she was not reading; her clasped hands rested on the open page, and the vague fixedness of her glance betrayed that her thoughts were far away. She started when I entered, as though aroused from her reverie, but smiled and welcomed me with all her customary courtesy and grace. We conversed for some little

time; but her answers were vague and *distracte*; and at last she said,

"I am but a dull companion, this evening, Herr Meissner. My thoughts have wandered to the past; and, do what I will, I cannot induce them to return."

"Shall I leave you, then, gracious Countess?" I stammered, half rising. "I fear that my presence annoys you."

"No, oh no! Remain with me, for I would fain speak to you of many incidents whose memory haunts me." She remained for a few moments as if lost in thought. "Mine has been a checkered life," she resumed, "and cursed with granted prayers. I have been ambitious; but I never formed a wish too wildly aspiring to be realized; and each wish, in its fulfilment, brought a curse. I had youth, beauty, genius; I staked them all in one desperate game, and I won—what? The right to choose the spot where I shall die, and the power to wear such baubles as these," and she touched, with a light, disdainful stroke, one of the great solitaire diamond earrings which she habitually wore.

"Are you ill, gracious Countess?" I inquired, anxiously; "your relations—your friends—"

She interrupted me with a smile.

"I have no relations," she said; "and, like Schiller's Mary Stuart, though I have been much loved, unlike her, I have never loved—never; so I have no friends—unless it be yourself, my kind Franz."

It was the first time she had ever so called me by that name. I would have spoken; the confession of my love was on my lips, but she went on without heeding me.

"Come to me to-morrow," she said. "I feel that I am still far from strong, and I must rest. But to-morrow I will tell you the story of my life; and you shall advise me how to repair the errors of the past, and how to live more wisely and less selfishly in the future. Ah, I have much to do!—much. I pray that God may grant me length of days."

"Countess!" I cried, rising—

"Nay, not another word," she said,

smiling. "I am too weary to converse further to-night. Good-bye, and come to me at noon to-morrow."

She extended her slender, semi-transparent hand, and I pressed it respectfully to my lips. Then I left her; but as I passed through the door, I turned and looked back. Madame Orlanoff had sunk back among the scarlet cushions of her couch. Against that glowing background, her pale, beautiful face, dark, shining eyes, and glossy hair, showed, in the soft lamplight, with a peculiar and picturesque effect. She smiled a farewell to me, and I departed, to dream of her—and to dream, too, that life was worth the living, for that she loved me.

The next morning I reached the Villa Mancini punctually at the appointed hour; but was told by the servants that Madame Orlanoff had not yet quitted her room.

"Strange!" I exclaimed; "for I am here at this hour by appointment."

The servants consulted among themselves; and at last, Mlle. Eulalie, the waiting-maid of the Countess, volunteered to go in search of her.

"Perhaps she is still sleeping," she said; "for, as she did not ring for me last night, I suppose she sat up half the night reading, as she often does."

She went; but instantly returned, white as death, and wringing her hands.

"She is not there; her bed has never even been touched! Oh, my mistress—my poor mistress—where is she? What can have happened to her?"

A sudden and terrible fear shot through my heart.

"Seek for her there!" I cried, pointing to the door of the little reception-room.

The door was thrown open. I was the first to enter; and my worst fears were realized. Pale, lifeless, but still most beautiful, she lay there, just as when I had quitted her; her cold hands still resting on the open volume, and her parting smile yet lingering in unfading loveliness upon her lips. She had died, as the doctor predicted, instantly, without a struggle and without a pang.

Ah, me! the struggle and the agony were all left for me.

I saw her once again. She lay in her coffin then, almost concealed by the profusion of flowers with which she was covered. Perfectly beautiful she looked; but her features were calm with the solemn serenity of Death, and the smile had faded from her lips: those lips, whose promised revelations I was never to hear; whose touch, even in death, I was never to know!

The husband's family claimed the remains, and caused them to be transported to Russia, and laid in the family-vault. Not even her grave remains to me. All that is left me of my dead love is the resemblance that smiles upon me from the canvas of Vandyke.

Friends, was I not right in saying that my story was the saddest of the three? To you, Herr Halm, and to you, Herr Keller, the chances of Fate may yet restore your lost ones. Roschen and Ida doubtless yet live. But against me

the one decree of Destiny, which never can be reversed, has been pronounced—the woman that I loved is dead!

His voice sank into silence. The last story was ended, and the three, thus strangely united, were now to separate. They rose from the table, and Halm extended a hand to each of his guests.

"We may never meet again," he said; "but, from my heart, I thank you for the confidence you have reposed in me and in each other, as well as for the friendly sympathy and solace you have given me. One glass more at parting, friends—and so, farewell!"

They parted, and no suspicion of the real bond which united them crossed their minds: that Roschen, and Ida Rosen, and the Countess Orloff, were one and the same person. Yet so it was. The last line of each romance was written by the finger of Death, in the cold dust that mouldered in the stately burial-vault of the Orloffs.

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### THE LITERATURE OF THE COMING CONTROVERSY.

THE clearest thing in the prognosis of the religious "situation" at the present time, is the approach of a great controversy between Protestantism and the Roman Catholic Church in the United States. The indications of this are plain enough to those who regard only the obvious facts of current religious intelligence. But if one will but turn back the mind over the course of things for a generation back, he will find additional evidence of it.

The Roman Church in America has already passed through one stage of history, and entered into a second stage, which leads speedily into a third. [We are speaking now of its *religious* history. It has a *political* history, too, which is well worth writing, but with which we do not now propose to deal.] The first stage was one of vast immigrations from Catholic countries, and immense and ruinous losses to the Roman Church,

either by conversion to Protestantism, or by lapse into simple ungodliness. Of course, it was a period of great absolute additions to the number of Roman Catholics in this country, and the show of figures was such as to move superficial observers to exultation or dismay, according to the direction of their sympathies. But intelligent men on either side saw another aspect of the case; and the leaders of the Roman Church contemplated the statistics with the feeling with which Pyrrhus surveyed the victorious battle-field of Heraclea, saying to themselves that a little more "enormous increase" on the same conditions would be the ruin of them.\*

\* The *Edinburgh Review* for April, 1868, in a well-considered article on "The Irish Abroad," has the following:

"The wide-spread apostasy of the Irish [in America] from their ancient faith, concurrently with their social elevation, is both admitted and lamented in the most passionate terms by the dignitaries

By an imperceptible but real change, the Roman Church has advanced to a second stage of its American career.\* On the one hand, the Roman Catholic immigration has begun to diminish, and is lessening more and more. On the other hand, the Church is coming to a greater success in holding the allegiance of her members. The former fact is ascertainable in figures. The latter is inferred from the presence of influences and instrumentalities which (setting spiritual influences out of the account) make it probable that the multitude of those of Roman Catholic birth and education now found in Protestant churches, or in no churches at all, will not con-

of the Roman Catholic Church. The whole Catholic population of the United States is about four millions, including Irish, French, Germans, Spaniards, and Italians, and is divided into 43 dioceses, with 3,795 churches, under the care of 45 bishops, and 2,317 clergymen. Their ranks are continually recruited by immigration from Europe and the natural increase of the population; but the continuous losses from apostasy, especially among the Irish, who form the largest Catholic element in the States, retard the progress of Catholicism. Passing over the evidence of Father Mullens, who reported, sixteen years ago, 'a falling away of two million Irish Catholics;' and the admission of the Bishop of Toronto, in 1862, who estimated the loss at between three and four millions; and the statement of Bishop England that there was a loss of 50,000 in his own diocese alone, we have a Roman Catholic journal in Philadelphia, in January, 1864, disclosing the fact that the priesthood were agitated at their losses, and asking, 'Who fill the Irish churches of America! The new emigrants.' He adds that, had the Irish who had come to Philadelphia for eighty years continued Roman Catholics, that city would then have had twenty-five more churches than it now has, and 100,000 more Catholics to fill them; and he concludes with the remark, 'Well might the illustrious Archbishop Kenrick scornfully exclaim that the Church in America had lost more than it gained.' It is calculated that she has lost between four and five millions of the general Catholic immigration; but if we accept Mr. Maguire's preposterously high enumeration of Irish immigrants and their immediate descendants—nine millions—the loss must be regarded as still more extensive. The fact is acknowledged on all sides, that large numbers of young men, in the Eastern cities and rural districts, mostly the sons of Irishmen, are quitting the Church of their fathers, sometimes to embrace Protestantism, and still oftener, at least for a time, to fall into infidelity."

\* It is not by inadvertence that we omit to speak of the Romanism of colonial days in America—so honorable in its history, but so inappreciable in its bearing on the present religious state of the country. The history of the Roman Catholic Church, as we are concerned with it, does not practically antedate the digging of the Erie Canal.

tinue to be recruited as in past years. The hierarchy is more fully organized and manned, and the Roman Catholic immigrant does not wander, as of old, like a sheep without a shepherd, but can hardly go in quest of his fortune anywhere out of reach of a confessor. Churches have been built in fair proportion to the needs of the worshippers. Something has been done toward stopping the prodigious leakage through the common schools where the children of Roman Catholics have been educated on terms of equality with those of their neighbors:—something, we say, has been done; a little, but not much, by church-schools—this sort of enterprise is acknowledged to have been, on the whole, a failure; but a great deal has been accomplished by securing the administration of the public-school system in such a manner as to provide, practically, for the education, at the public expense, of the children of Roman Catholics under clerical superintendence, and in seclusion from the children of their fellow-citizens.

But the best indication of a recovery of strength in this religious body, is the "revival of religion" in it,—a revival which is manifested and advanced by the use of "new measures." The holding of "protracted meetings," under popular preachers, for the conversion of unbelievers and the reclamation of backsliders; the organizing of unpaid laymen for religious labors in Sunday-school teaching and tract distribution; the active employment of the "sanctified press;" the zealous attempt to suppress dram-shops and other nuisances to public morals;—these are phenomena which have long been esteemed in America as the tokens of religious quickening; and now that they appear in an unusual quarter, they do not lose their significance and value.

The next step is not a long one. The Roman Church must either lose again the ground it is beginning to hold, or it must make aggressions upon other sects, and gather proselytes as the spoils of controversy. Were it ever so averse to proselyting (and we are not aware that

such aversion has commonly been charged on it), it cannot avoid the necessity of the case. The same necessity is involved in the sincerity with which each man in the Church holds his convictions. If there is a particle of religious earnestness in the institution, it is bound to an aggressive work of proselyting. Its first religious duty toward every outsider is, *not* (according to the "Evangelical" notion) to convince his judgment and affect his heart, and then to bring him into the fellowship of the Church, but to proselyte and initiate him, first of all, and train him afterwards. This Church must be an aggressive church, or must make up its mind not to be a church at all.

The aggressive movement of the Roman Church in America is yet to begin. It is the most amazing thing in the fifty years' history which the Church has fulfilled, how little it has hitherto accomplished in this direction. Considering its numbers, its resources, its prestige, its wealth, its political influence, its organized appliances for propagation, its liturgical attractions, no sect in the United States, Christian or unchristian, has added to itself so small a proportion of proselytes from without, with the single exception of the Jews. The fact is not altogether inexplicable. The very multitude of adherents of the Roman Church, considering what that multitude has been, nationally, socially, and morally, has been a disadvantage to the Church in its work of proselytism. Prejudices of caste and race being what they are, it has been almost as ill-circumstanced for propagation in the community generally as (for instance) the "African M. E." Church would be. With the exception of some gentlemen in the political line of business, who have been drawn into "the Roman obedience" by such considerations as might lead extreme Radical candidates in South Carolina to seek communion in the African Church—excepting these, the Americans who have attached themselves to Irish Catholic churches, whether as laymen or as ministers, have, by that mere act, given a presumptive

proof of sincerity and self-denying conscientiousness which ought not lightly to be questioned. Withal, the working-force of the Roman Catholic clergy, although in some respects well adapted to their past work, has not been altogether such as a judicious tactician would wish to put into the field for an aggressive campaign. No well-informed person will deny that among that clergy have always been men of spiritual piety, of excellent talents, and of accomplished scholarship. But it would be equally vain to deny that the common run of the priesthood in America has been of very different stuff. The ministrations of an Irish hedge-priest, whose horse-whip was his pastoral crook, could not be alluring to those outside the fold; nor was the Maynooth or St. Jarlath's type of culture just the thing to win its way in American society. Even their ablest ecclesiastics sometimes (as, for example, that shrewd and not-in-the-least-diffident politician, the late Archbishop Hughes) have developed a genius too exotic—too distinctively Celtic—to flourish in our soil with a perfectly vigorous growth.

There is no question that these conditions are now rapidly becoming modified. By many obvious processes, which need not be specified, the social position of the Roman Catholic population of the country is improving. Neither should the occasional outburst of such ferocious savagery as manifested itself in the "draft-riots" blind us to the moral progress which is making among them, nor prevent our giving just credit to the Christian influences by which it has been promoted. The nationality of the communion is changing with every year; and (setting aside the jeopardy of souls that may be involved in the process) the leaders of the Church can well afford, in calculating for future expansion, to lose one half or two thirds of their foreign adherents in the first generation, for the sake of the force of born Americans that remain to them in the second.

We pass by, not because they are unimportant, but because they are obvi-

ous, the *material* gains of the Roman Church amongst us, by the growing wealth of its members, by the accumulation of contributions, salted down for future use, by judicious purchase of appreciating real-estate, and still more by the munificent endowments with which the American public, acting through its State and municipal governments, have delighted to confer upon this foreign Church the privileges, while subjecting it to none of the responsibilities of an establishment: we pass by the architectural advancement by which, leaving behind the shabby and tawdry tabernacles, with their dirty surroundings, in which its pilgrim-life has been passed, it is coming forward through the side-streets to emerge upon Fifth Avenue, with a cathedral splendor which shall outshine all the fanes of Protestantism, and rival even the magnificence of the new Jewish synagogue. These things are neither unimportant nor insignificant, but they are trifles in comparison with the advantage gained in the acquisition of a corps—even though a small one—of clergymen, who, by descent, by birth, and by education, are not only Americans, but Protestants, and, withal, scholars and gentlemen. Such a corps, thoroughly organized and drilled, is that known, under different aspects, as the Paulist Fathers, or as the Catholic Publication Society. When it is preaching a "mission," it is the Paulists; when it is running a monthly magazine and a book-shop, it is the Publication Society; but in either case, it is a very wide-awake, effective, American sort of institution, with not a bit of Irish about it except the shop-boys, and the men who stand on the steps of Protestant churches, to distribute to the congregations tracts complaining that they are very much injured and cannot get fair play.

The Roman Church in America has got, at last, the men and the material for a successful aggressive movement. The men, of course, are of various grades and qualities, all the way from Father Hewit, with his excellent Amherst College scholarship and his refined powers

of abstract reasoning, down to Father Hecker, with his clever clap-trap and smart business faculty. But then "it takes all sorts of folks to make a world;" and in this respect the Church and the world are not altogether unlike each other.

Conscious of this complete equipment, with the newest improvements in polemic warfare, the Roman Church invites a conflict. The thirty-two sharp little tracts of the Catholic Publication Society, like sixteen entire pairs of gauntlets in a package, are lying in the arena. To and fro over the continent moves Father Hecker, defiantly balancing upon his shoulder the fateful chip, which any careless jostle may throw down. The conflict is imminent.

The foregoing is intended by way of "Introduction Inquisitive" (so the rhetoricians "name the tool"), the purpose of which is "to show that the subject in question is important, curious, or otherwise interesting and worthy of attention." If there is a heavy attack impending from the Roman Catholics all along the front of the Protestants, it is "important" to the latter, and "interesting" to the former, and "curious" to all outside, to inquire into the state of the defences.

We propose nothing more, at present, than an account of the popular polemic literature of the Protestant side in this controversy, and this not an exhaustive account; we caution our readers against too sweeping an inference from the books which we do describe, to those which we do not.

One of the most favorite popular "anti-popery" books, for a generation past, in this country, is, naturally enough, by a Scotchman. The *ingenium perferendum Scotorum* rarely glows so red-hot as in the traditional battle against

"the Pope, that pagan full of pride,"

which has been handed down from sire to son for three centuries of Scottish history. In the exciting times of Catholic emancipation arose one William McGavin, a Glasgow merchant, who



fought a good fight through two hundred and eight weekly numbers of *The Glasgow Protestant*, and, having thus served his generation, fell asleep, and is honored with a statue in the Glasgow Necropolis, only less colossal than that of John Knox. This paper, reprinted in America in 1833, in two stout octavos, adorned with the wood-cut of the period, and enriched with an American appendix, stands in many a family book-case and many a country minister's study, as the chief repository of information on the Popish question. Considered as family reading, it is bad; considered as a source of information, less bad. The writer was a remarkably hard-headed, obstinate disputant, who inwardly hated the Pope and all his works, and spared neither hard facts nor hard words to set his antagonists in the worst light before the public. The tenacity with which he follows his purpose, makes the reader suspicious of his statements. But, after all, not much appears, on scrutiny, to convict him of any thing more than the faults of an honest, one-sided, narrow-minded partisan, over-ready to believe whatever makes for his side of the case. This is bad enough. Without any intentional falsehoods of his own, he reproduces and perpetuates those of other people. He deliberately holds and argues that, as a rule, all Papists are liars, and not to be credited when they speak the truth; but finds no difficulty in believing, on the testimony of one of them, that under Gregory the Great six thousand heads of murdered infants were found in one fish-pond, in consequence of which that pontiff revoked the law of clerical celibacy.\* An author like this has obvious defects as a theological teacher; but the numerical majority of authors in this controversy, on both sides, are very much like this. The stories started by some forger or blunderer are mixed in such a book as this,

\* The author consents, in a later number, at the request of a correspondent, to knock off one cipher; but stoutly refuses to "go so low as sixty." The American editor, however, in the appendix, brings it square up to the old figure again.

with a mass of undeniable facts, and so handed down to the McGavins of the future as a part of the common stock of controversialists. It has been a most serious damage to the Protestant side of the question to spoil the effect of good serviceable facts, by mingling them with such falsehoods, and of fair arguments by couching them in denunciatory words. Doubtless there are plenty of facts that excuse or even justify a natural indignation and unfavorable inferences, on the part of Protestant writers. But the question, just now, is not what is natural and excusable, but what is right and useful in a theological discussion.

Perhaps the most widely circulated anti-popery document since the days of Martin Luther (with the exception of the "Bible without Note or Comment," which the Roman Church insists on treating as an anti-popery book), is the famous "Letters of Kirwan," to Archbishop Hughes. These letters owed their celebrity partly to their smartness, but quite as much to the fact that they were written by a Presbyterian minister who was born an Irish Catholic, and addressed to the fighting archbishop, who replied to them in person. The controversy was in no proper sense American, but an Irish faction-fight, conducted on neutral territory—no delicate thrusting and parrying with the rapier, but an interchange of honest hard knocks with the national weapon. Both the vivacity and the inconsequence of the attack certified to the anonymous author's birthright. He reiterates expressions of high respect for Hughes, "as a man," but does not hesitate to say that, in his official capacity, he considers him a time-server, a hypocrite, and a deliberate impostor; and his confederates, generally, in the priesthood, to have been induced to the same criminal course by mercenary motives. But, repeating his assurances of *personal* esteem and regard, he cannot look upon the religious rites of his antagonist except as, "mummery" and "jugglery" and "farceal pantomime." It is no more than justice to the happy memory

of the archbishop to admit that he paid off his assailant very evenly in this sort of language, concentrating the force of his reply in an attempt to make him out a deliberate liar. But on the whole, it was esteemed that, in point of argument (so far as there was any argument about the affair), the prelate got the worst of it, by just about so much as he had got the better, previously, in a *vidæ* debate with Dr. John Breckenridge; and there is no doubt that the American public, who had suffered many things and long things from him through the newspapers, took great delight in his suddenly shortening up the debate and sailing for Halifax, with what seemed the likeness of a white plume in the cleft of his mitre.

It is a pleasant relief to take up another author—the Rev. M. Hobart Seymour, of the Church of England. His two books, entitled, “Mornings with the Jesuits at Rome,” and “Evenings with the Romanists,” are models of religious controversy, in point of courtesy, fairness, ability, and religious feeling. The latter of the two, especially, being the more popular, is peculiarly fitted to be effective in general circulation wherever the questions at issue between Rome and the rest of Christendom are under earnest consideration. It is decidedly discreditable to the taste and temper of those who govern the market for this sort of literature, that while the McGavin and Kirwan sort of article is sold and circulated by thousands and tens of thousands, this sprightly, instructive, and interesting book of Mr. Seymour has gone out of print, being (as the publisher informs us) too slow of sale to warrant him to print an edition of five hundred from plates already in his vaults.

The perverted appetite indicated in this bit of commercial history, explains the multiplication and success of a class of books which, if true, are worthless, and commonly a good deal worse than that, but which, often at least, have not the merit of being true. We allude to the “Awful Disclosures” of the secrets of the Church of Rome, put upon the

market, from time to time, by individuals who claim to have been in her confidence. These Awful Disclosures rest, ordinarily, on the unassisted testimony of individuals who declare that they have belonged to fraternities of vice and falsehood,—that all the rest are banded in a conspiracy to deny the facts, and that they, the individuals in question, being each exceptionally truthful, out of the community of liars to which he or she belonged, is to be implicitly believed. These witnesses are usually converted priests, monks, or nuns; and, if they may be taken as specimens of the orders from which they come, give, independently of their words, an unfavorable impression of the style of character prevailing therein. So far as our very limited observation extends, we are tempted, in ordinary cases, to prefer the Popish priest in his unconverted state, rather than after he has come out of Babylon and gone into the Awful Disclosure line of business.

One of the most notorious books of this class is Gavin's (not McGavin's) “Master-Key to Popery.” The author landed in London more than a hundred years ago, claiming to have been a Roman Catholic priest of Saragossa. His sole endorsement was that of an English gentleman, who certified to his having acted as a priest in Spain. On the strength of this, and of the foul stories which he told of the Spanish priesthood, he was received with entire confidence by the Bishop of London and by British Christians generally, admitted to clerical standing, and given an Irish benefice. Unhappily, there is a strong presumption in favor of the truth of the stories of corruption in the Spanish priesthood. The common testimony of credible witnesses to the corruption and debauchery of the clergy throughout the Spanish-speaking world, is one of the practical objections which the defenders of the Roman system are most shy of approaching. But Anthony Gavin, being a Spanish priest, could not be a credible witness. His book is simply filthy and infamous. And it is one of the strongest testimonies of the

corruption of the Spanish priesthood that one of their number, wishing to disgrace the rest, should have done such needless lying, when the truth would have been ample for his purpose. But to this day "the work of Gavin" is a favorite authority with the common run of anti-popery-mongers. A very dirty description of the extensive harem, with fifty-two mistresses, kept in common by the three chief inquisitors at Saragossa, is transcribed from it at length in McGavin's *Protestant*, with the comment, "from the above it appears, that about once a month, upon an average, a family in Saragossa was robbed of a daughter to recruit the seraglio of the [three] holy fathers of the inquisition."

All, who are old enough, will remember the disgraceful "Maria Monk" story, which so pitifully illustrates the boundless willingness of the public to be imposed upon in such matters, and the readiness with which the supply of impostures answers to the demand.

It is a natural suggestion, in view of the corrupt condition of this sort of literature, that we should have a Society to interest itself in providing good books in place of the bad, whose imprint should be a guarantee of the value of their publications.

We have such a Society. It is called "THE AMERICAN AND FOREIGN CHRISTIAN UNION." \* Its president is a widely-known and universally-honored Christian merchant of New York. Among its vice-presidents and directors are some of the most eminent pastors, bishops, theologians, and civilians of the American Protestant churches.

Some of its earlier books are, in our judgment, unworthy of such sponsors.

One of them is "The Secret Instructions of the Jesuits," an ascertained and

acknowledged forgery, certified by this Society, in a Latin and English edition, to be a genuine document, and quoted as such in their other books.

Another is "The Wonderful Adventures of a Lady of French Nobility, and the Intrigues of a Popish Priest, her Confessor, to seduce and murder her! Fourth edition. By Samuel B. Smith, late a Popish Priest." This (as might be suspected from the title) is an indecent fiction, in the cheapest melodramatic style, unworthy of a Dime Novel, commended to the public as fact. "The whole nefarious intrigue" which it exposes is thus summed up in the Preface:

"The Bishop, Abbess, and Priest, her Confessor and Chaplain, as the narrative will show, were all implicated in the diabolical attempt to ruin the chaste Diedamia, and to immolate her faithful spouse, merely because he wished to vindicate his wife, and dared to accuse the perfidious Chaplain of crimes which he could prove, and of crimes which none but a demon could perpetrate. The picture which is here presented to the public is fraught with intense interest; and all its disclosures are reliable. On one hand is displayed the dreadful power and wickedness of the Romish Priesthood; and on the other, the wisdom, goodness, and power of God, in delivering those who place their trust in him, out of every danger."

A third volume of the Society is a series of Awful Disclosures of "Iniquities and Barbarities practised at Rome," by one "Raffaele Ciocci, formerly a Benedictine and Cistercian Monk," who tells a shocking story, which *may* be true (though it reads like a lie of the Italian sort), charging atrocious crimes against a multitude of other persons, upon his own sole testimony, corroborated only by the statement that "he is regarded by Protestants in England as a man worthy of confidence."

Yet another of its publications is "The Doctrinal Decrees and Canons of the Council of Trent," which would be a very suitable and useful thing to publish if it were not for the tremendous "Preface and Notes by W. C. Brownlee, D.D." This genial and careful scholar, aware of the importance of exact information on the composition and doings of that historic assembly,

\* The writer desires to forestall the possible suspicion that he is writing in hostility to the institution here criticised. On the contrary, two motives, in his own mind, for publishing these statements have been—first, to clear his own name from a responsibility in which he conceives himself to be involved, as a member of its Board of Directors; and secondly, to render to the Society itself an indispensable, though perhaps a very unwelcome, service.

informs his readers that it was "an assembly of criminal intruders and robbers of public property," who "ratified the traditions of the Fathers, though not, perhaps, two men present could tell what they really were;" and who confirmed altogether "a grotesque compound of contradictions, puerilities, heresies, idolatry, superstitions, and vile-ness in morals, such as never had match in heathen or Mohammedan lands!" Here and there a note like the following throws a flood of light on the text. [On the "unanimous assent" of the council.] Note. "Yes! harmonious in heresy, mischief, and all evil! So Milton says, 'Devils keep league with devils damned.'" [On the Decree concerning the Eucharist.] Note. "Either you are shocking cannibals; or, as the only alternative, your priests do *LIE* and do most egregiously impose on you." Besides these gems of learning and eloquence, are citations of fact from Gavin and McGavin, and (of course) the standard blunder of writers of this grade, of quoting the "Rules of the Congregation of the Index" as being an act of the Council of Trent, which is much as if a Roman Catholic writer should quote the dedication "to the most high and mighty prince James" as a part of the Protestant Bible.

We are willing now to relieve the long-suspended wonder of the reader as to how such wicked impostures and shameful scandals can stand, from year to year, accredited to the public by some of the most eminent and excellent men in the country. Know, then, that a Great Benevolent Society, as conducted in this country, may consist of perhaps ten thousand life-members, male and female, in various parts of the country, whose interest in the proper conduct of its affairs is popularly supposed to be a grand security for its proper administration. Once a-year, in the month of May, the Great Benevolent Society will have an "Anniversary" at Steinway Hall, whose slender audience will contain, say, a hundred of its life-members. At the close of the Anniversary, the "Annual Meeting for Busi-

ness" will be held, consisting of the handful of people who may have the leisure or curiosity to come up to the platform of the deserted hall. These will promptly elect an indefinitely long list of illustrious gentlemen for vice-presidents, and the constitutional number, forty, for instance, of directors, seven of whom are a quorum. Of course, every thing depends on who the seven are. And if they are the easy-going gentlemen in whom a secretary's heart delights, every thing goes very much after the secretary's notion. And if that notion happens for a period of years to have been a very wrong one, as it did happen, some time ago, in the case in question, the Society gradually becomes a nest of abuses.

But all this does not impair the dignity of the Annual Report. All the time that this Society has been running its manufactory of falsehoods and scandals, which only the resolute good sense of the public in not buying the rubbish has saved from becoming a burning and ineffaceable disgrace to the Church of Christ, the Annual Report has been devoutly announcing, from year to year, to dwindling audiences, that "in the history of the year just closed, we find great reason to thank God, and take courage;" and the eloquent speakers have aired their European travels, and their domestic patriotism, and their prophetic interpretation just as fluently; and the academic and senatorial and episcopal titles have decorated the list of officers just as splendidly, as if the Society had been a vigorous and useful institution.

So much as this it is simple justice to have said, by way of mitigating the public judgment against the men whose names have been used in endorsement of such books as we have described. It is impossible to exculpate them except by showing up the common system of constituting and managing such institutions, under which the names of good and reputable men are commonly used as vouchers for operations which they know nothing of. Let this not be taken as a description of what this par-

ticular Society is at this particular time. On the contrary, we have entire confidence in the honorable and reverend board of its directors, that upon the public demonstration of these iniquitous abuses, they will promptly repudiate them, and openly commit the Society, for the future, to the side of fairness and decency; and it has been partly with the design of stimulating them to this healthful act of magnanimity that we have written.

—Iniquitous abuses. The expression seems, on deliberation, to fit the case. Something like it is the stigma which we apply to the obtaining of money under false pretences. Perhaps we are a little too severe with our words in those cases. But this is dealing with false pretences in a matter that involves not the loss of money, but the loss or gain of men's own souls. Is there a legal penalty, or only such reprobation as is administered by public sentiment, for the conduct of those who knowingly suffer their good names to be used to abet a fraud upon men's pockets? The answer might aid us in graduating the condemnation due to those who should knowingly suffer their names to stand as the endorsement of a fraud upon men's minds and consciences.

Writing thus in the mere spirit of just literary criticism, we have no wish to be esteemed indifferent concerning the merits of the impending religious controversy, or doubtful concerning its issue. We do expect an energetic and able movement for the conversion of Protestants to the Roman Church. If this movement (considering all the influences which will be combined in it) should fail of some measure of success, it would be strange. If its conquests should include men of culture, of intellectual power, and of religious earnestness, this would be only what has been, in like circumstances, in England, and what indeed has already begun to be here. If, even, the Roman Church, as a *political* power, should attain elsewhere in the country the supremacy which it holds in New York and other cities, it would not be altogether sur-

prising. But an event so deplorable as the general predominance of the papal *religious* system over the minds of Americans, is in the highest degree improbable. Where this system has had an uncontested field for its operation, with wealth, law, government, and social influence engaged on its side, in what country of Europe or America has it been able to hold the intelligent spiritual allegiance of its educated laymen? How many of those in this country, who are commonly reckoned among its leading laymen, are acknowledged by the Church as "*good Catholics*?"\* Of the eminent gentlemen who pay for expensive pews in Roman Catholic churches, and make large subscriptions for ecclesiastical uses, and run into office on Irish votes, how many go to confession and communion? On the fairest survey of the field, we see no reasonable prospect that the Church which has utterly lost the religious allegiance of the educated male population of Europe, is likely to command the fealty of the American intellect.

The defenders and propagators of Protestant Christianity in America have every thing in their favor, if they will act by the right means and the right men; but "*non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis.*" Let them keep clear of all Brownlees, and S. B. Smiths, and Maria Monks, and speak the words of truth and soberness. Even the Society whose shameful antecedents we have so freely exposed in this article, might yet put itself into a position from which to render a service in the impending discussion, for which all honest lovers of truth would honor it—the service of bringing before the public facts instead of falsehoods, and confronting the plau-

\* We got unexpected light upon this matter, a few months since, in the course of a friendly conference with an ecclesiastic of high standing on a question of great interest to public morality. Asking to be referred to some jurist of good repute in the Roman Catholic Church, we were surprised to see the eminent names that were put aside as "*not good Catholics.*" A "*good Catholic*" means one who not only talks, votes, subscribes and pays, in the interest of the church, but who is faithful in approaching the sacraments, and in performing penances.

sible pseudo-Catholicity of the Americo-Roman preachers with the genuine Italian and Irish article. That Society is now under the direction of honorable men. Let them begin by purging it of complicity with former frauds, so that in future its imprint or recommendation shall be a guarantee of excellence, and not a presumptive evidence of fanaticism. Then let them secure it from

relapsing into other abuses, by providing that the annual public scrutiny into its affairs shall be a reality and not a sham. They need not doubt thus to enlist the coöperation of the great public of intelligent American Christians, who deeply and consciously need a source of trustworthy information and a medium of honorable influence in the approaching controversy.

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### FAINTING AT NOONTIDE.

"What? wearied with half a life?"—KEBLE.

"The end crowns all!"—SHAKESPEARE.

Oh, heart, my heart, why flags thy force  
Thus in the middle of my course,  
Midway between the sea and source?

The stream that stagnates in its bed  
Turns no man's mill. As well be dead  
As numb and rigid. Overhead

Stands earth's bright overseer, the sun:  
"Your work, your work! It is not done.  
The night shall take my place anon:

"Put out your light, and bid you come  
To rest within the idle tomb,—  
To sluggards still a house of gloom!"

Morn hears the harvest-songs. 'Tis eve's  
To see when, mute, the reaper heaves  
Into the wains the bursting sheaves.

The fields are to the harvest white,—  
The laborers only scant;—the blight  
May fall ere all be garnered right.

The sickle plies thy lonely lord;  
And canst thou hear his loyal word,  
Nor every pulse anew be stirred?

"My meat and drink it is, to do  
My Father's will; but this I rue,  
His husbandmen—behold, how few!"

Who bear the burden and the heat,  
If not the throe and bloody sweat,  
And, at his side, in patience eat

Of his hard bread, and share his cup  
Below, they shall be summoned up  
Beside him in his joy to sup.



## STEAM-TRAVEL IN CITIES.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE IN LONDON AND PARIS, AND WHAT CAN BE DONE IN NEW YORK.

If the entire water-supply of this city had to be carted down in barrels from the Croton River, the operation would be rapid and economical compared with the present facilities for transit between its different sections. The vast number of horses and men employed to convey passengers and goods, the wear and tear of vehicles and pavements, the frequently blockaded streets, and, more than all, the enormous loss of time to every one, all this has come to be so much a matter of course, that we submit to it without a murmur. Even under the best of circumstances, in summer, with fine weather and clean streets, the entire service of horse-cars and omnibuses cannot carry more than half of those who daily go up and down town; but in winter, when the driving snow fills the streets and clogs the wheels, and half the vehicles are taken off, that the rest may have double teams, and barely move at that; when, in short, with half the accommodation, twice as many wish to ride, what a dismal spectacle does Broadway then present! Happy the man who is able to walk, and who doesn't mind the blinding storm; for he will be home sooner, not to say with less fatigue, than his unfortunate friend who is hanging on to a greasy strap in a crowded car.

Then there are thousands of travellers who each day enter or leave the city, and who have to put up with as many delays as our permanent residents. The stations of most of the railways are in the remote suburbs, and many of them are approached by ferries that are at times almost inaccessible from the crowded state of the streets. To say nothing of the expense, the outlay of time and patience in reaching a train is enormous. Starting for a day's journey, we consider the most difficult half of it accomplished when we are fairly seated

in the cars, with our checks and tickets in our pockets; while the stranger arriving here has great reason to be thankful if he can reach his hotel without being literally robbed both of time and money. There is certainly no city in Christendom where these things are so badly managed; and what makes it worse, is, that the growth of the city only tends to increase the evil.

The magnificent arrangements for railway entrance and exit in all the large cities of Europe show how much room for improvement there is here, and how easily it may be accomplished. Instead of being set down in a miserably inconvenient and inaccessible depot, the European traveller is carried, at full railway speed, to a large and elegantly-arranged station in the heart of the city, furnished with every conceivable luxury and convenience. These monster stations sometimes contain eight or ten tracks, with as many platforms, all under one roof; separate sides for arrival and departure, waiting-rooms, restaurants, and similar offices, and not unfrequently large and excellent hotel accommodation—an item of great convenience to the transient visitor. The improvements of this kind in London, during the past ten years, are quite equal in their way to the architectural improvements in Paris during the same period. The viaducts, which enter the city from every point of the compass, are worthy of comparison with the ancient aqueducts which stride across the Campagna of Rome, and their long lines of arches traverse not merely the suburbs, but the city itself, in every direction. For the first few miles, as you travel out of London, you are scarcely a moment out of sight of tracks and trains. The locomotives flit about you in every direction, like swallows about

a barn. They cross your path, they go overhead and underneath and alongside of you, crossing no roads or streets except at a different level, and always going at full speed.

The purpose of this paper is to give a brief *résumé* of what has been accomplished in this way in Europe during the past dozen years, and to point out a few ideas that might be advantageously considered in New York.

Few Continental towns have any special arrangements for city-travel. At Geneva, the Hague, and one or two other places, there are horse-railroads on the American plan; and in some cities the approaches of the exterior railways afford convenient connections with the suburbs. Paris has the Auteuil Railway and the Chemin-de-fer de Ceinture (belt-railroad), and the two roads leading to Versailles, and portions of these, as the bridge over the Seine and the adjoining viaduct of the Auteuil Railway, are architecturally treated with fine effects. An underground railway is also projected between the station of the Lyons Railway and the Long-Champs Race-course, passing beneath the Rue St. Antoine, the Rue de Rivoli, the Champs Elysées, and the Bois de Boulogne, a distance, including a few branch lines, of about thirteen miles, of which more than three fourths will be tunnel. It is expected that the work will be commenced this year. In London, also, the first operations of this kind were not intended to accommodate city-travel as such, but were simply city extensions of the great railway-lines coming in from the exterior country. The necessity of choosing accessible points for termini, and the stringency of the laws precluding the laying of rails in the streets, as with us, soon led to the expedients of carrying these lines over the roofs of the houses, or beneath their foundations, or, in some similar way, reaching their city stations. This once accomplished, and the city constantly growing, the roads gradually became built in, as it were, and have been constantly opening new city stations. Such are the Blackwall

and Greenwich Railways, and, more lately, the London and North-Western, and other great routes. Generally speaking, these roads enter the city at a high level, about even with the roofs, on viaducts of brickwork, whose width varies from twenty-five to fifty feet. They approach their termini in straight lines, or with large and easy curves, irrespective of the direction of the streets, and in some cases valuable structures and even public buildings have made way for them. The streets are crossed by iron bridges, which are often ornamental, as the bridge of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, across Ludgate Hill.

The Metropolitan Underground Railway of London is the first one that has been built and operated expressly for city-travel. Some seven miles of the main line are at present in operation, besides half as much more on the branches; but the entire length, when finished, branches and all, will exceed twenty miles, all within the thickly-built part of the city. The main line forms a great circle, or rather an irregular oval, commencing at the Tower, following up the north side of the river (principally within and beneath the new Thames Embankment), as far as the Houses of Parliament, thence inland towards Kensington, turning northward and going entirely around Hyde Park, and thence with a great curve through the whole northern side of the city, to the place of beginning. It is expected that the entire route, with the exception of the Embankment portion, and a small section at the eastern end, will be in operation in the early part of 1869. On or close to this circuit,\* which measures a little over twelve miles, are situated the main stations of most of the exterior railways, to wit: the London and Blackwall, at Fenchurch-street; the Great Northern and also the Midland, at King's Cross; the London and North-Western, at Euston Square; the Great

\* To avoid complication, we have described this circuit as one road; it is in reality composed of the "Metropolitan," the "Metropolitan District," and the "Metropolitan Extension" Railways.

Western, at Paddington (Bishop's Road); the London, Chatham, and Dover, at Victoria Station and Blackfriar's Bridge; and the South-Eastern, at Charing Cross and Cannon-street. Thus it will be seen that this underground road boxes the whole railway compass of London; and, as many of the exterior\* roads actually run their trains through parts of it, it is as important an adjunct to suburban as to city travel.

Like the viaducts above mentioned, the road does not follow any particular street or streets, but strikes through the blocks in every direction. So irregular, in fact, are the London streets, that it is only occasionally, as along the Euston Road, that any thing could be gained by following them. The city presents few of the straight and continuous thoroughfares so common with us; and it was therefore necessary, for most of the distance, to incur the expense and difficulty of running through private property.

The road generally passes beneath the gas and water pipes and sewers. The great Fleet Ditch, one of the largest sewers in the city, is carried across the road in an iron duct resembling a tubular bridge, at one of the open cuttings near King's Cross.

As to the construction, the road is, for the most part, a tunnel, the open cuttings averaging less than a third of the distance; out of 23,616 feet between Moorgate-street and Paddington, 16,920 are underground; and the rest, though open to the sky, so much below the ordinary level of the streets as to be hardly more than a tunnel with the roof taken off. The stations, however, are so arranged as greatly to promote ventilation. The southern section of the railway, which runs from Trinity Square (Tower Hill) to Kensington, partly following the Embankment, is 33,150 feet in length, of which 22,176 are tunnel, but no one tunnel is longer than 665 feet.

\* The term "exterior railway" is used in this article to denote a railroad entering a city from a distance without, as distinguished from one entirely within the city.

The tunnel is solidly built of brick, with an average width of 28½ feet, and is nowhere less than 16½ feet high. The sides of the cuttings are also secured by brick walls, battened and arched. Double tracks are laid throughout, and in some places an extra rail for the broad gauge of the Great Western trains. At one place, indeed, the section between King's Cross and Farringdon-street, it has become necessary, on account of the immense concentration of traffic, to construct a second road, equal to and parallel with the first; so that the several hundred trains which pass here daily may not be subjected to either danger or delay.

The trains run both ways every five or ten minutes, so that it is not necessary to follow any time-table. You merely go to the nearest station, and take the first train that comes, as you would an omnibus above-ground. The distance from Moorgate-street to Bishop's Road, which is the same as from Wall-street to the Central Park, is run in twenty-two minutes, including seven stoppages. The locomotives are small and compact, and emit neither steam nor smoke, the steam being discharged into tanks on each side, instead of going into the chimney. The heating surface is large, and a pressure of 130 pounds is obtained at starting, which is reduced to 80 by the time the next station is reached, the damper being closed during the journey. The fuel is coke, which has been burned five days, and prepared by a special process.

The ventilation can hardly be considered perfect, but it is infinitely better than might be supposed. The occurrence of two or three deaths on the road, in the year 1867, apparently from asphyxia, called public attention strongly to this matter; but in neither case did the coroner's inquest refer the cause directly to want of ventilation. The air of the tunnels was carefully analyzed by competent physicians, and the proportion of oxygen was found to be up to the ordinary standard, while the amount of carbonic acid and coal-gas was inappreciably small. The commit-

tee were "enabled confidently to state that the atmosphere of the Metropolitan Railway was not unwholesome or injurious to health." The returns of the road also show, that among the employés there is less absence on account of sickness than on other railways. The pungent odor often noticed in the tunnels has been proved to be caused by the brakes, the friction of the wheels against the wood producing what was termed "pyroligneous carbo-hydrogen."

The stations are usually made by widening the arch of the tunnel for the required length, say two or three hundred feet, so as to admit of a platform of ten or fifteen feet in width on each side of the road. Each of these platforms is connected with the street by its own staircase, so that it is never necessary to cross the track. Indeed, on any English railway, even to step on the track is prohibited with a stringency that is surprising to an American. Above-ground, all that you see is a small structure, usually in the street, and only large enough to contain the ticket-office. Entering this and purchasing your ticket, you pass directly down a broad and easy stairway, and, reaching the foot, find yourself in a large and well-lighted station, built entirely of masonry, clean and convenient, with the tunnel yawning darkly at either end. In a few minutes you hear a hissing sound, a train enters and stops, the carriage-doors are thrown open by the guard, who calls the name of the station, the passengers get out and the others get in, and the train is off again, with an alacrity that is to be seen nowhere else in Europe. The carriages are brilliantly lighted with gas, compressed in holders, so that one can read without difficulty. They are built with compartments in the usual way, a style which, whatever its other faults, is certainly better adapted to the rapid exit and entrance of passengers than the long car used here. They are divided into first, second, and third class. The fare varies with the distance, being about twopence per mile for first class, and two thirds and one half that for

second and third class respectively. Liberal arrangements are made for commutation. No more are allowed to enter a train than can be provided with seats.

The safety and regularity of the management is beyond all question. No accident worth mentioning has ever happened. Between July 1st, 1866, and July 1st, 1867, 22,458,067 passengers were carried; 542,833 have been carried in a week, and 113,075 in a single day.

The arrangements with the exterior roads using the tunnel are such, that passengers can be ticketed at any city station for places in the suburbs, or even at a distance, without change of cars.

The recent extensions and lateral branches of this railway have had a marked effect in building up the sections through which they run. Its pecuniary success is so great, that similar roads have been projected in every direction. The city corporation subscribed £200,000 to it, in view of the immense relief afforded to the crowded state of the streets. The first three and one half miles cost £1,300,000. It is the only road which is entirely underground, although there are portions of others that pass beneath the streets. Indeed, the Thames Tunnel itself is at last to be utilized, and is now being fitted for this service, having been purchased for the sum of £200,000 (less than one half the original cost), by the East London Railway Company, who intend to connect the Great Eastern and North London Railways with the railways on the south side of the Thames by this passage beneath the river.

Of the viaduct railways in London, perhaps the best example is the South-Eastern, the great route to the Continent. The road is carried on arches of brick, straight to the business centre of the city. It has two grand termini: the Cannon-street and Charing-Cross stations, the respective situations of which correspond pretty nearly with our City-Hall Park and Union Square, and are about as far apart. All trains entering London by this line, run first into one and then into the other of these

two stations, the time between them being only about five minutes, although the Thames is twice crossed, and a great portion of the city traversed in this time. There are also special trains connecting these stations, which run both ways every ten minutes, making one stop.

The arches of the viaducts are usually rented for stores, workshops, etc.

These two stations and bridges, and the road connecting them, cost nearly £3,000,000, an average of about £1,000 per yard! The site of St. Thomas' Hospital, near London Bridge, alone, cost £300,000.

In city-travel, it will be noticed that large and conveniently-arranged stations are as important as the roads themselves. Great crowds are arriving and departing every few minutes, and to collect and distribute them without confusion, discomfort, or delay, is no small problem. Great space is required for extra tracks, platforms, waiting-rooms, ticket-offices, baggage-rooms, express and telegraph offices, carriage-stands, bookstalls, restaurants, etc., to say nothing of standing-room for people; and not only space, but light, and a certain degree of prominence is wanted by all of these. It is also important that the approaches to the station be wide and easy, and there ought to be a wide space in front, to prevent the blocking of vehicles. In Paris and the other French cities particular attention is paid to this, and some of their large stations are not only convenient, but really beautiful in their surroundings, often ornamented with flower-gardens and broad balustraded terraces, with easy flights of steps.

In many Continental cities, the Swiss style of architecture has been used with excellent results for railway stations, but iron and glass are now finding more general favor, as being best adapted to roof over large spaces without obstructing the light.

Of the great terminal stations of London, that of the Great Northern Railway at King's Cross, consisting of two large span-roof halls, each 800 by 105 feet,

and 91 feet high, was long considered as one of the marvels of the metropolis. Then came the Charing-Cross terminus, opened in 1864, 450 by 170 feet, and one hundred feet high; but now the huge station at Cannon-street outranks all its predecessors, and is one of the most conspicuous landmarks of the metropolis. There is probably nothing finer in Europe, in the way of constructive engineering, than the view of this station as seen from the bridge over the Thames, which carries the railway directly into it. The five tracks which are laid across the bridge expand to nine as they enter the station, in which there are also five platforms running the whole length, one of them containing a paved carriage-road. The dimensions are: 202 feet in width by 685 in length, more than three acres; and the magnificent curved roof which covers this great space with a single span, is 120 feet high. Including the hotel at the Cannon-street end, which forms the passenger entrance, the whole ground covered is nearly equal in size and shape to one of our large up-town blocks. Two thousand tons of iron and thirty-one millions of bricks were used in constructing the station; all the platforms are of large smooth flags, and there are several rows of lamp-posts, with ornamental glass globes, which give the place a brilliant appearance at night. The upper part of the great circular gable-end which forms the river façade is glazed, the lower part being open for the passage of trains. Two square towers about 175 feet high, with turreted roofs, form the angles. There is not the least attempt at ornamentation except the natural and necessary display of the construction of every part, and yet the appearance of the whole is as graceful as it is immense. St. Paul's itself is hardly more effective.

But even this huge structure is about to be eclipsed by the terminus of the Midland Railway, now nearly finished, near King's Cross. About ten acres have been cleared of buildings, to make room for this station, with its adjoining hotel and yard. The great roof has a

clear span of 240 feet, and is 105 feet high, the shape being that of a low Gothic arch rather than an arc of a circle. The passenger entrance is at the south end, which abuts on Euston road, beneath which runs the Metropolitan Railway, and a connection is made a little way up the Midland line, by which the trains, instead of entering the station, can pass beneath it through a tunnel, and run directly into the underground road, thus giving the advantage of the various connections of this latter line. A magnificent design for the hotel has been prepared by the celebrated architect, Mr. G. Gilbert Scott.

All these great stations contain vaults of brickwork, which are used for the storage of merchandise, etc., and in some cases the streets pass directly beneath them. The London, Chatham, and Dover station, at Blackfriars (south side of the Thames), has also vaults connected with wharves, for the transfer of freight from vessels.

Now, why is it that in London they have these magnificent arrangements, which make travel almost a luxury? Simply, *because it pays*. The daily passenger traffic of these railways is perfectly enormous, and the underground line is said to be the most remunerative investment in the city.

To return to New York, we find ourselves, comparatively speaking, in the very infancy of railroading. Our State Legislature, to which we have naturally looked for relief, has been very dilatory and capricious. Almost every conceivable variety of plan has been presented, over and over again, for its consideration, backed by the capital of corporate companies, and the untiring energy of lobbyists. Until lately a common fate has happened to all these. The efforts and the money have both been wasted, for every man has seemed more interested in defeating his neighbors' plans than in advancing his own; while the united opposition of the horse-railroad companies has been more than a match for any of the rising projects. During the summer of 1866, a select committee, appointed by the Senate to investigate

and report upon the most feasible method of city railways, advertised for plans. A great number were handed in, good, bad, and indifferent. Out of the whole there were not more than a dozen that presented very original or valuable features, although the entire collection is well worth reading, as a fair expression of average public opinion. We will briefly recapitulate the principal plans, taking the elevated roads first in order, and then the underground.

1. The Greenwich-street Elevated Railway (now in process of construction, as approved by the Legislative Committee), consisting of a row of iron columns, planted on each curbstone and branching above, so as to support a track of the ordinary gauge, on which single cars are to be run by means of an endless wire-rope, operated by stationary engines underground. The stations are provided in the upper stories of buildings along the line.

2. An elevated roadway, to be built upon a strip of land 50 feet wide, through the centre of the blocks, crossing the cross-streets on iron bridges. The whole structure to be supported by side-walls of masonry or iron columns, and the space below to be used as a public footway, or rented for stores, markets, etc. A central station, 1,000 feet long and 200 wide, is advocated. The city to acquire the land by purchase, and grant a perpetual lease of same to the railway company.

3. A grand viaduct of masonry, 50 feet wide, architecturally treated, to stand in the centre of avenues to be made 150 feet wide, one on each side of the city. The lower part to be used for fire-proof stores, or as an arcade for pedestrians. A grand station to be erected in the City-Hall Park. The means to be supplied by a loan of the city credit, and the management of the whole intrusted to a commission or board of public works.

4. A continuous series of market-houses, to follow the North River front of the city, 30 feet wide and 15 feet high, along the top of which would run a double-track railway. Each market-



house to extend from one cross-street to another, like the Philadelphia markets, the railway crossing the streets by bridges. The space for the structure to be obtained by widening West-street towards the river, 30 or 60 feet. The convenience of these markets to the piers, where so many boats land produce, etc., is mentioned.

5. The next is a double-floor iron trestle, with two tracks on each floor, supported on columns built in the street, and passing through the Third Avenue, Bowery, and Pearl-street, to the Battery, at which point is suggested a grand union passenger depot, for the use of all the railways that centre in New York. Those coming in from the north and east would run down the viaduct, and enter the upper story of the depot, while the lower portion of the same would be divided into ferry-houses, each of which would form a terminus for one of the New Jersey railways. Way-stations to be provided along the viaduct, and the connections to be such, that, at any of these, passengers could be ticketed and checked to any station on any railroad.

6. Of the underground series one of the most curious is the celebrated Arcade Road, so fiercely fought over in the last Legislature. This plan proposes to excavate Broadway from house to house, to the depth of 25 feet, replacing the present sidewalks and roadway by others of iron, while the space below would be occupied by a four-track railway. The cellars of the buildings thus exposed, to be finished architecturally, and furnished with sidewalks, so as to give a new range of stores below the present ones, which, with the railway, could be lighted through a continuous opening of five or ten feet to be left between the upper roadway and sidewalks.

7. A double-tunnel road, consisting of two parallel archways, one for each track, to be laid, side by side, under Broadway, from the Park to the Battery. The top of the arches to be below the water-mains, and the bottom sufficiently above the water-level to admit of a sewer passing lengthwise beneath,

which would be built with the railroad. The cars to be propelled by locomotives, the rails to be laid on gutta-percha, and the wheels turned in leather to deaden the noise.

8. The "Manhattan Railway Company's" plan, which somewhat resembles the preceding, as to route, construction, and motive-power, except that instead of a double archway, only one, of sufficient width for both tracks (26 feet wide by 16 high), is provided. The track to be about 26 feet below the sidewalk; and ventilation is provided for, by 12-inch iron pipes, communicating with open iron columns standing on the curbstone, and to be used as lamp-posts. The stations are formed by doubling the width of the archway, so as to allow a 12-foot platform on each side, connecting with the street above by ample stairways, in buildings taken for the purpose. The plans and sections accompanying this design show it to be very similar to the Metropolitan Underground Railway in London.

9. An iron tunnel, made in sections bolted together, of sufficient width for a double-track, passing up under Broadway to Twenty-Third-street, where it would branch east or west, to Harlem and Manhattanville. The stations to be made by a cross-tunnel, jointed on to the main one, with provisions for access and ventilation, somewhat as in the preceding example. Locomotives to consume their own smoke, and steel rails laid in gutta-percha are proposed; but the chief advantage claimed is the saving in excavation, in time and labor, as compared with a masonry archway, as well as the fact that the iron tunnel could be built without regard to frost, and would always be water-tight.

10. The "New York City Depressed Railway" proposes to take a line through the blocks, parallel with Broadway, and consists of a roadway 25 feet wide, sunk in an open cutting, to be bridged over by each cross-street; and wherever it passes under buildings, lays overhead a fire-proof floor, so as to pass under without interfering with them, except so far as it appropriates their

basements or cellars. The right of way for eight miles would require 340 city lots, of which the estimated cost would be \$3,000,000, considering that the value of the buildings under-run is not destroyed. The motive-power to be steam or pneumatic traction engines.

11. The Pneumatic Railway. This consists of a circular tunnel of iron or masonry, about 12 feet in diameter, one for each track, through which the trains are to be forced by atmospheric pressure, operating upon what is called the "piston-car," which is constructed with folding-wings or flaps, so arranged as to fill, when necessary, the whole aperture. The other cars would be attached to this, and the train would literally sail before the wind. Particular stress is laid on the fact that locomotives are entirely dispensed with, and in consequence 30 per cent. of the wear and tear, as well as the annoyance and danger of smoke, noise, etc. Stationary engines, attached to fans, would supply a pressure of from three to seven ounces per square inch. From the nature of the operation, collisions would be impossible, and the cars could not get off the track. The air of the tunnel would be entirely changed by the passage of every train. The route could be either under the streets, or through private property, and, if requisite, the whole structure could be enclosed in an elevated iron tube, supported on piers, instead of being underground.

12. "The Metropolitan Transit Company." This road is to run through the blocks, parallel with and west of Broadway and Fifth Avenue. It is a three-tier railway, 25 feet wide, supported by columns or masonry, and consists of a steam freight-road running through the basements or cellars, a horse-railroad at the level of the sidewalks, and a steam passenger-road again above this, level with the second story; each with double track. The first, of course, would pass under the cross-streets, and the steam passenger-road would pass over them. The horse-railway, crossing them at the natural level, would be devoted to local traffic. It is said that only 165

lots, on which there are 150 houses, would be required between the Battery and Central Park, while most of the stone and brick required for the construction is already on the ground. The basement-road would admit ordinary freight-cars and dummy-engines. The upper stories of the buildings taken could be rented for light kinds of business, and thus return a considerable revenue to the company.

This selection embodies all the leading ideas of the printed plans, although there are several others which, though equally good, go over very nearly the same ground,—a resemblance natural enough when we consider the similarity of object aimed at by all. They all suggest, except when otherwise mentioned, a joint-stock corporation as management, and also give estimates of cost, but in very general terms, and very round figures.

It would be difficult to decide between the respective merits of viaducts and tunnels. The former are undoubtedly the pleasantest for travellers, and have perhaps the advantage in cheapness; while the latter occupy less valuable space, and are exposed to less danger from weather, fires, etc. Of the above plans, No. 1 has the advantage of occupying practically no space at all, but is rather light for any great amount of rapid travel, and is certainly a disfigurement to the street. Nos. 2 and 3 are better, though more expensive, particularly the latter. The design of an arcade for small shops, etc., is valuable, as is also the idea of placing the whole in the hands of a commission. No. 4 has the advantage of supplying valuable market-space to the city, but would require a great deal of filling-in to double the width of West-street, while the route would accommodate but a small section of the city. No. 5 provides for the travel of the exterior railways, and also connects Brooklyn and the New Jersey railways, by means of a grand station at the Battery, but requires that a heavy and by no means ornamental viaduct should be built through the centre of the streets, and is not con-

veniently situated as regards up-town stations. No. 6 appears to be an enormously expensive and roundabout way of accomplishing a very small end. The positions of the sewers, not to speak of the snow and ice in winter, are serious objections to this plan. Nos. 7 and 8 are substantially the same as the London Underground road. The suggestions of rails laid in gutta-percha, and wheels covered with leather to deaden noise, are good. No. 9 has advantages of easy construction, but otherwise resembles the foregoing. No. 10 is very ingenious, and, if the right of passage under the buildings, as proposed, could be permanently secured without too great cost, is perhaps one of the most practicable of all. No. 11, the pneumatic plan, is also ingenious, and would be valuable for light or local traffic. The tubes are out of sight, and occupy little room, can be rapidly constructed and easily worked. Such a road would be free from noise and smoke, ventilates itself, has but little mechanism to get out of order, and is attended with no apparent danger to passengers. Those of us who saw the experimental apparatus in the American Institute Fair of '67, must have been surprised to see how much could be done with a tube of only six feet in diameter, through which ran a car about as roomy as an ordinary omnibus. Now a tube of this size could be as easily laid beneath the streets as an ordinary Croton-water main; and once down, would be entirely out of the reach of injury. The success of the pneumatic tubes in London used for carrying the mails, though only three feet in diameter, is too decided to admit of any doubt of the success of the same thing on a little larger scale; and even now, work is progressing on the Whitehall and Waterloo Railway, five eighths of a mile in length, which is to carry passengers in a pneumatic tube, ten feet in diameter, laid beneath the Thames at Westminster. No. 12 provides for more travel in proportion to space occupied than any of the others; but the horse-railroad is very objectionable, and ought to be given

up, substituting the arcade with shops, and using the basement-road for local traffic (by steam) instead of freight.

A fault in many of the plans, as well as in the minds of most people, is, that whatever kind of road is built, it must necessarily be in Broadway; whereas there are many side-streets, now little used, which would answer as well, and leave Broadway to its present uses.

While no single design appears to answer all the requirements, there could certainly be sifted out of the list a sufficient number of good ideas to form one or more practicable plans. Two main ideas must be kept in view: first, provision for local city travel; and, secondly, the bringing in of the exterior railways, with the suburban travel.

For local traffic, the pneumatic plan seems entitled to consideration; but the heavy through travel, particularly that of the exterior railways, would require something larger and more substantial. The longitudinal traffic of the city is already enormous, and must increase many-fold, and even now, four or five roads would pay, if all built at once. It is a fact that the more railroads there are, the more there is for them all to do. A new road does not simply accommodate existing travel, but creates travel that did not exist before.

We cannot expect, for a long time at least, any thing like the elegance and completeness of the London system; but *a great deal could be done, if all the railways centering in New York were to combine and carry out some sort of plan*, whereby, having selected three or four of the chief centres of population of the city, and erected at each a large and suitable passenger station, they could, each and all of them, take up or set down their passengers at any one of these points. Suppose such stations to be connected with each other and with the exterior railroads by a system of viaducts or tunnels, on which trains of the ordinary description could run at full speed, and what a mighty revolution would be at once accomplished. The prosperity, accessibility, and desirability of the city would be increased ten-

fold. Crowded sections would be relieved of their surplus population, and localities, now neglected by reason of their distance, be made eligible. The poor, who are now forced to live in filthy and over-populated tenement-houses, in the lower part of the city, could find cheap and abundant accommodation north and east of the Central Park, and yet be within a few minutes of their workshops. The rich would also have room for larger houses, and the district for fashionable residences would rapidly surround the Park, and extend northward along the high grounds embracing the new boulevards and the Riverside and Morningside Parks, etc.; thus developing a region which, for natural advantages and magnificence of position, is unsurpassed by any city in Europe. The distribution of population being thus equalized, rents would be greatly reduced, and taxes as well; for thousands, who now live off the island, would then prefer to live on it.

If we select the best points in the foregoing dozen designs, studying carefully the plans that have been most successful abroad, as well as our own actual wants, a general railway system for New York might be shaped something as follows:

Let all the railways entering from the north and east be united at the upper end of the island, and brought down on a grand viaduct, so constructed as to carry ordinary trains at full speed, passing through the whole length of the city, and terminating at the Battery, with stations at Madison Square and the City-Hall Park. It is safe to assume that the last two points must always be, as they are now, centres of population or trade. Madison Square is the geographical centre of that part of the island south of the Central Park, and the junction of Broadway and Fifth Avenue. The City-Hall Park is the chief down-town centre, and the natural focus of business. The Battery can be made, by ferry connections, the best average centre for Jersey City, Brooklyn, Staten Island, etc.

The viaduct should be in or near the Fourth Avenue, Bowery, and Pearl-street. A continuous double-floor trestle-bridge would perhaps be the best construction, with an arcade beneath, if built through the blocks. The Madison-Square station would occupy the block now used as a terminus by the Harlem and New Haven roads. Of this space, 420 by 200 feet, a depth of 40 feet would be taken off at each side, to be used as offices below and hotel above, leaving the centre, 420 by 120, for tracks and platforms, the trains entering and leaving at the east end. The side-buildings could be six or seven stories high, and a span-roof of iron and glass would connect them above, and enclose the station. The basement would be available for waiting-rooms, baggage and express offices, stores, etc., or could be used as the passenger entrance, carriages driving directly into it as into a court.

The City-Hall station would generally resemble the foregoing, and should stand somewhere on the east side of Park Row, or Printing-House Square, facing the Park.

The Battery station should stand so near the water that the lower story could be used as a series of ferry-houses, one of which would be appropriated to each of the New Jersey railways, as well as ferries to Brooklyn, Staten Island, etc. Ample stairways would lead to the upper floor, where would be the tracks and platforms of the trains.

Local traffic could be provided for on the lower floor of the trestle, with small way-stations wherever necessary. The arcade below, arranged like a sidewalk, with small booths or shops along each side, would not only become a favorite pedestrian thoroughfare, but would bring in an enormous revenue from its rentals.\*

\* Such arcades or portions of them could be advantageously used as markets, the produce being brought directly to the spot by the railway overhead. The great Smithfield market-house in London, now nearly finished, stands directly over the Metropolitan Railway. The market-house has an area of three acres, while the railway-level below affords a space of five acres, covered with tracks,

At the ordinary rate of railway speed, this arrangement would bring Yonkers and New Rochelle within forty minutes of the City Hall. Newark would be the same distance from Madison Square, and other places in proportion.

Ten millions of dollars would build this viaduct, with its stations, clear through to the Battery; and, when it is remembered that nearly 25,000 people (including city traffic) would travel on it twice each day, a very simple calculation will show that, even at ten cents a-piece, the enterprise would pay ten or fifteen per cent., to say nothing of the enormous revenue derived from the rental of hotels, stores, and similar places, whose proximity to the stations would give them great value.

Could not the Hudson River and Harlem Railways, now substantially one corporation, carry out some such plan as this? They have more wealth and power and prestige than any new organization could acquire in twenty years. Their tracks could be united by a branch along Spuytenduyvil Creek, and carried down on a viaduct through the centre of the city.\*

The Hudson River Road, on the other hand, might enter the city as an underground road. Turning inward at or near Seventieth-street, a few hundred feet would bring it below the street-grades, and it could then follow down Ninth Avenue or any other route, in a brick tunnel beneath the roadway.

The Greenwich-street viaduct has the merit of being the pioneer road, but cannot accommodate as much travel at a high rate of speed as a viaduct of masonry. The "New York City Central Underground Railway," modelled after the London Metropolitan, and with a route

near Broadway, promises well, and is certainly in the hands of a responsible and efficient direction.\*

New York is more favorably situated for operations of this kind than any other city in the world. Long and narrow, with its daily tide of travel ebbing and flowing in the direction of its length, a single steam-road would give more general accommodation than would two or three across an equal-sized city of circular shape. Its general surface is level, or nearly so, the streets are straight, and the blocks, and even the lots, rectangular—a great consideration where land is to be taken. The broad avenues are well adapted, as far as they go, for tunnel-roads, and a glance at the map will show two or three routes on either side of Broadway that could be secured with great advantage for viaducts.

But, after all, it is not so much any mechanical or financial reason that operates against steam-roads in the city, as it is the determined opposition of those who are interested in keeping up the present order of things. It is the old story—the struggle of muscle against machinery, of the needle against the sewing-machine, of the stage-coach against the locomotive. The world must move on, however. We cannot stay where we are, and keep up clumsy and old-fashioned systems, simply because they are old. The result has always been the same, in every struggle of this kind. The locomotive must supersede the stage and the horse-car, in town as in country.

We cannot say that such roads are unnecessary; for every man, woman, and

switches, etc. Such are the facilities of railway combination in London, that all the principal lines from the north, south, east, and west run their meat and poultry cars directly to this spot, where their contents are raised by hydraulic lifts to the stalls of the market-house overhead, thus saving all the delay, injury, and expense of cartage.

\* A union passenger depot, at Fourth Avenue and Forty-Second-street, is said to be in contemplation, to be used by the Hudson River, Harlem, and New Haven Roads; and, after the completion of the Highland Suspension Bridge, by the Erie also.

\* This road, chartered by the last Legislature (April 17, 1868), is to run from the City-Hall Park, passing under the Five Points, up Mulberry-street and Lafayette Place, Union Square, and Madison Avenue, to Harlem. With the exception of the low grade at the Five Points, and the rise of Murray Hill, the greater part of the route is level, and can be easily worked with ordinary trains. Special investigations have been made into the construction and working of the London Underground road, and proposals have been received from the builders of that road for the construction of the one here. The plan will probably take shape, and the work be commenced this year.

child, is more or less directly interested in convenient and rapid transit, and some of us see more of cars and omnibuses than we do of our own houses. We cannot decry the expense; for we are, as a city, most unwarrantably extravagant, and many of us spend more on the luxuries than on the necessities of life. The money that our new Court-House will cost, when completed, would build and equip a first-class underground railroad the whole length of the city. Nor can we any longer say, with the splendid works of foreign cities before our eyes, that we do not know how.

The first great event that decided the commercial position of New York, and made the whole country tributary to her wealth, was the opening of the Erie Canal. The second was the discovery

of gold in California; and the next, now near at hand, will be the completion of the Pacific Railway. New York will then lay directly in the great highway between Europe and the East; the whole world will be turned round, and the theory of Columbus verified at last. This will give another grand impetus to the city's growth. The population, already crowded, will overflow all bounds. How are we to provide for it?

There is but one solution to the problem: a system of travel so rapid and regular that, though the area of the city be doubled, its remotest sections may nevertheless enjoy the closest communication with each other.

There is capital enough and skill enough in New York to do this, and to do it at once. Why do we delay?



### THE STORY-TELLER OF COPENHAGEN.

ON a fine September morning, nearly fifty years ago, a tall, slender boy of fourteen arrived in the city of Copenhagen. He came from Odensee, on the Danish island of Fünen, where his father, a poor cobbler, had long been resting in his grave. The boy had started all alone on his long journey, and found himself now in a large city, where he had no friends and acquaintances whatever. His poor mother had consented very reluctantly to his departure, and it had cost him many tears and supplications before he had obtained the longed-for permission to go to Copenhagen. "I want to become famous," he had said to her time and again; "one has to undergo a great many trials and sufferings before obtaining fame and fortune." When his mother finally became convinced that his longing to go to the Danish capital was irresistible, she consulted, about his prospects, an old soothsayer, who prophesied to her, "Your son will become a great man, and Odensee will one day be illuminated in his honor."

This prediction was literally fulfilled; for the boy's name was *Hans Christian Andersen*. He came to Copenhagen in his confirmation-suit, which an old tailoress had cut for him out of his father's overcoat; he wore his first pair of boots, the long legs of which he had drawn over his pantaloons, that every body might see them; and he possessed, besides, about ten rix-dollars, the savings of long years of economy.

His first walk in Copenhagen was to the theatre, the goal of his longings and dreams. He wanted to become an actor; from his earliest childhood he had sewed dresses for puppets which he had cut out of wood; and with these wooden actors he had performed many of the plays which he had read or made himself. With a throbbing heart he stood before the large building, gazing upon its high, massive walls, and saying to himself that this was his true home. One of the ticket-venders noticed the strange-looking boy, and asked him if he wanted a ticket. Hans Christian was so inexperienced that he thought



the man intended to give him a ticket; and so he said he would like to get one. But when the stranger asked him to pay for it, he started back in dismay. On that day Hans had to give up his desire to visit the theatre; but ten years afterward, when he was a student at the university, he witnessed on the stage of the same theatre the performance of his first play, "A Love-Affair on St. Nicholas-Tower." For the time being, all he cared and longed for was to appear personally on the stage; and one evening, when the operetta, "The Two Little Savoyards," was performed, his fervent wishes were fulfilled. In the market-scene he appeared as a member of the crowd, dressed, as before, in his confirmation-suit, and his head covered with a huge hat; and one of the singers permitted himself the coarse jest of dragging the tall, gawky boy in this costume close to the footlights, where he begged leave "to present him to the people of Denmark." Some time afterward Hans Christian succeeded at last in becoming a member of the chorus and ballet; and he sang and danced for several years on the stage, until in May, 1823, he was suddenly dismissed.

This was a sad disappointment to the poor boy, who was at a loss what to do in order to preserve himself from starvation. He was well-nigh in despair, when some noble-hearted gentlemen took care of him, and induced the king to grant him a free scholarship at the Latin School of Slagelse, where he, then already a youth of eighteen, with indefatigable application tried to make up for the time he had lost heretofore. In September, 1828, he was admitted to the university, and a year afterward he passed, very creditably, the *examen philosophicum et philosophicum*. At the same time his first book, the humorous "Walk to Amack," was published, and the vaudeville, to which we alluded before, was performed at the Copenhagen theatre. Shortly afterward he issued a volume of poems, which met with a favorable reception. He was overjoyed when his publishers informed him that his books had sold so well that they

could afford to give him one hundred and fifty dollars: this sum enabled him to make a trip to Jütland and Fünen; and, when his publishers, in 1831, added one hundred and fifty dollars to the sum they had paid him before, he made a journey to Northern Germany, where he got acquainted with Ludwig Tieck, in Dresden, and with Adalbert von Chamisso, in Berlin, both of whom received the young Danish poet with great cordiality and kindness.

Nevertheless, his life remained for a long time yet a constant struggle for his daily bread, and he had, indeed, "to undergo a great many trials and sufferings" before he became a famous man. From the close of 1829, down to the beginning of 1839, he had to live on the compensation which his publishers paid him for the productions of his pen; and that is, even for the most distinguished authors in that country, a matter of considerable difficulty. Denmark is a very small state, and at that time but very few of its books were sold to Sweden and Norway; and, although the number of books sold in Denmark is comparatively larger than in any country on the European continent, only limited editions are printed even of popular books, and the copyrights paid to authors are surprisingly small. So Andersen had a hard time in earning a livelihood, the more so as the social circles in which he now moved rendered it necessary for him to dress genteelly. It would have been ruinous, nay, utterly impossible, for him to produce constantly original works. Hence, he translated French plays for the Copenhagen Theatre, and arranged librettos for various composers. At length, however, Fortune began to smile on him, and never forsook him after, so that in "The Story of My Life" he even called himself one of her favorite children.

The Danish Government has always distinguished itself by fostering rising and enterprising talents, and by granting liberal pensions to poets and artists of genuine merit. In 1833, Andersen, too, received from the king, simultaneously with Heinrich Hertz, the author

of "King René's Daughter," a comparatively large sum of money, for the purpose of travelling in Germany, France, and Italy. With a heart overflowing with joy, Andersen, who, for many years past, had longed to see France and Italy, went, by way of Cassel and the Rhine, in the first place to Paris, where he was received with great kindness by many of the most illustrious representatives of French literature, and made the acquaintance of Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Armand Carrel, Sainte-Beuve, Börne, and Henry Heine. After a short trip through Switzerland, he visited Italy, where he met his great countryman, Thorwaldsen. After spending a delightful summer in Florence, Rome, and Naples, he returned to Copenhagen, and began to write his "Improvisatore," a novel, whose scene lies under the sunny sky of Italy, depicting in glowing and striking colors the national life of the Peninsula. It is on this account, and, above all, owing to its artistic composition and the grace and purity of its style, that it is even now considered Andersen's most successful production. Two editions—a very rare event in the Danish book-market—were sold during the first week after its publication; and the German translation, which was issued at the same time, met with a still more flattering reception. English, French, Italian, Dutch, and even Russian translations appeared soon after, and the critics of Europe, with rare unanimity, placed the author of the "Improvisatore" among the most remarkable novelists of modern times. It was the first great success which Andersen achieved. "I bowed in thankful humility," he says, "like a patient taking his first walk in the sunshine; for my heart is grateful; I myself was the poor Antonio, sighing under his yoke; the poor boy to whom his scanty food was granted reluctantly and as a mere favor." Andersen believed now, and, perhaps, not unjustly, that the novel was his proper element; hence he published two new ones in the course of the next three years. The first was "O. Z.," a work that was very favorably

received in Denmark, where many critics still consider it his best book, probably because it abounds in charming sketches of Copenhagen and its people, and, especially, because it portrays, in a very happy manner, the peculiarities of Danish student-life. Still more successful, especially abroad, was "Only a Fiddler," which appeared in 1838. In regard to the leading idea of this novel, Andersen says himself, "I wanted to show that talent is not genius, and that, when the sunshine of success and happiness is wanting, talent may fade and perish, but our better and nobler nature never will." In artistic arrangement, "Only a Fiddler" is inferior to the "Improvisatore," but certain it is that it was written with the poet's heart-blood. In all his books Andersen turns the history of his own life to account; in all of them are to be found mournful and grateful allusions to the friends and protectors of his childhood, and to the patrons and benefactors of his adolescence; but nowhere more so than in "Only a Fiddler." The "Fiddler's" mother is his own dear old mother, whom he had already portrayed in the person of Domenica in the "Improvisatore." The fiddler's sufferings and privations are those which Andersen himself underwent; and the garret depicted in the novel is that in which he lived as a student at Copenhagen; in short, Andersen is still more the hero of "Only a Fiddler" than that of the "Improvisatore." He himself is the poor, talented fiddler; but, if he does not allow the latter to reach the longed-for goal, but die in loneliness and obscurity, the poet himself was more fortunate, for he obtained both fame and wealth. It is this fact that accounts for the peculiar charm and extraordinary success of the book. King Frederick William IV., of Prussia, was an ardent admirer of this novel, and conferred his order of the Red Eagle upon the Danish poet, whom Alexander von Humboldt introduced to him at a *soirée* at the royal palace in Potsdam. Charles Dickens, to whom Andersen sent a copy of the work, accepted it in a letter which

led to life-long relations of cordial friendship between the two great novelists. Two other events, connected with this book, deserve to be mentioned here. In the year 1844, Andersen visited, at Saint-Goar, Ferdinand Freiligrath, the German poet, who told the Danish novelist that he was indebted for his charming young wife to "Only a Fiddler," which had led to a correspondence, culminating in proposals of marriage on his part. A still more beautiful effect, the amplest and most gratifying reward that could be bestowed upon a poet, was the following. In Saxony lived a wealthy and charitable family; the lady of the house read "Only a Fiddler," and promised that, if ever in her life-path she should meet with a poor child endowed with great musical talents, she would preserve it from the sad fate of the poor fiddler. A musician, who had heard her say so, soon after brought to her, not one, but two poor boys, extolled their musical talents, and reminded her of her promise. The noble-hearted lady kept her word, and took the two boys into her house. They were carefully educated there, afterwards sent to the Leipzig Conservatory, and both of them became eminent musicians.

Despite his literary successes, however, Andersen's pecuniary prospects remained rather precarious, until King Frederick VI., of Denmark, granted him a pension of three hundred dollars, to which Christian VIII., a few years afterwards, added considerably. Now it was no longer necessary for him to write all the time, and his prospects were the more reassuring as his copyrights, in course of time, yielded him a regular and constantly increasing income. But, while he was thus shielded against pecuniary cares and privations, his exceedingly sensitive and tender heart frequently caused him bitter sorrows and disappointments. His rising fame, as a matter of course, called up enemies, enviers, and traducers. The limited field which Denmark offers to her authors rendered more painful the malicious attacks which some of his adversaries in-

cessantly made upon him, and the obloquy and scurrility of certain critics dogged him at nearly every step, the more so as it was well known to his assailants that their venomous shafts always cut the soft-hearted poet to the quick, and that the most preposterous insinuations often made him miserable for whole weeks. His somewhat morbid imagination not unfrequently aggravated his sufferings in this respect, as he confessed himself: "I possessed a very singular proneness to dwell upon the dark sides of life, to go in search of unpleasant things, and chew the bitter cud of imaginary mortifications, and knew to perfection how to mortify myself." And a friend wrote to him while he was abroad: "It is your wonderful imagination that invented the story that you are despised in Denmark. It is a downright falsehood. You and Denmark agree very well with one another, and would do so, still more, if there were no theatres in the country; *hinc illae lacrimae!* That accursed theatre, — is it Denmark, then? And art you nothing but a dramatist?" "The theatre was the Æolian Cave from which most evil storms have burst upon me," says Andersen, and, with naïve self-deception, he blames the managers, actors, critics, and audiences for his disappointments in that direction. The truth is, that he is decidedly wanting in dramatic talent, but that that siren, the Theatre, allured him again and again to try his luck as a dramatist. Even his novels are often faulty in arrangement and unity of conception; even there his characters lack well-defined outlines, fire, and strength of action; and these faults are still more conspicuous in his numerous plays, such as "Agneta and the Merman," "The Mulatto," "The Moorish Girl," "The Flower of Happiness," etc. Some of them were more or less successful on the stage; but most of them made *fiascos*, or were not performed at all. As a lyric poet, however, Andersen is more eminent. There is a certain fragrance, a wonderful charm, a strange, mournful melody, in most of his lyrics, a great many of which have been composed

and are exceedingly popular in Denmark.

To get rid of the mortification with which the attacks of scurrilous critics and his ill-success as a dramatist had filled him, Andersen started, in October, 1840, on a new and extended journey. He went a second time to Italy, and thence to Greece, Smyrna, and Constantinople. Upon his return to Copenhagen, in the following August, he recorded his reminiscences and adventures in the charming volume, "A Poet's Bazaar." Since that time he has travelled almost every year, and visited nearly every country in Europe. Everywhere he met with the most hospitable reception; princes, ministers, and the celebrities of literature, art, and science, gladly opened their doors to him, and paid the most flattering homage to his genius. These honors and distinctions invited the poet to further efforts, and he entered into a new literary field where still greater success, fame, and popularity awaited him.

As early as in the year 1835, not long after the appearance of the "Improvisatore," Andersen published a small volume of Fairy-Tales. They attracted but little attention at the time, and a critical magazine even expressed its regret that "a young author should issue such a childish thing as fairy-tales so soon after writing the Improvisatore." Some of his friends, too, advised the poet not to cultivate this field any more, it being evident, they said, that his talents did not qualify him for it; others thought that he should first study the models of French legends and fables, etc. So Andersen ceased awhile writing such stories; but, he says, they forced themselves upon him. In the aforesaid volume he had related tales which he had heard, in his childhood, from poor old women in the spinning-room. The volume closed with an original tale, which the readers liked best. Despite the remonstrances of his friends, he issued, in the following year, a second, and soon after a third volume of fairy-tales, in which "The Little Mermaid" was again an original pro-

duction. This little tale excited a great deal of interest, which increased with the appearance of every new volume. Andersen issued one every Christmas, and, ere long, his fairy-tales had to adorn every Christmas-tree in the country. Some actors of the Copenhagen Theatre undertook to recite some of these fairy-tales on the stage, and, perhaps owing to the novelty of the enterprise, were much applauded; they were especially successful with "The brave Toy-Soldier," "The Swineherd," "The Top and the Ball," etc. To place the reader on the right stand-point, the first volumes bore the title, "Fairy-Tales, related to Children." In fact, Andersen previously and subsequently related many stories to the children of families with whom he was acquainted, and, in writing them down, he took pains to preserve their child-like tone. However, these fairy-tales were not less eagerly read and listened to by grown persons than by children; and so the poet afterward struck out the words "related to children." So popular became these stories, that his publishers constantly urged him to issue new volumes of them; and he was only too glad to comply with their request. "A flood of genial sunshine," he says, "poured into my heart. I felt joy and courage, and was animated by the ardent desire to develop myself more and more in this direction, and to penetrate into the very essence and nature of fairy-tales; and I am sure that those who have read my stories in the order in which they were published, will find in them evidences of steady progress, more prudence in the use of available materials, and, if I may say so, more wholesome, natural vigor."

Abroad, Andersen's fairy-tales became not less popular than at home; and even such men as Alexander von Humboldt and Schelling, the philosopher, praised and admired them. The latter, in a very enthusiastic letter to the delighted author, expressed the conviction that "these stories would, in course of time, be treasured up in the memories of all Germanic nations."

Wherever Andersen made his appearance he was urgently requested, by young and old folks, to tell them fairy-stories. Some of them, for instance "Ole Luck Oie," he wrote at the special request of his great countryman, Thorwaldsen, who had returned to Copenhagen, and greatly liked to have Andersen in his company. "Oftentimes," says Andersen, "at setting-in of dusk, when the other members of the family were seated in the open garden-hall, Thorwaldsen would quietly step up to me, and, patting me gently on the shoulder, ask, 'Will you not let us little ones have a fairy-tale to-night?' It amused him to hear the same story over and over again; often, when at work upon his most magnificent statues, he stood listening smilingly to the story of 'The Top and the Ball,' or of 'The Ugly Duck.'" During his travels in Germany, Andersen repeatedly read his fairy-tales in the German language to delighted audiences. He says, on this subject, "In the Danish language, I believe I can read them as they ought to be read; there is in that tongue a certain charm and power, which cannot be rendered in the translation; it is admirably adapted for this class of literature. In German, my fairy-tales seem to me little strangers, and I have some difficulty in infusing my Danish soul into them; besides, my pronunciation of the German language is too soft; and yet all my audiences in Germany heard me read the tales with evident interest and pleasure. I think a foreign pronunciation is least objectionable in a reader of fairy-tales; there is something child-like in the foreign accent, which imparts a characteristic color to the reading. Everywhere I saw the most eminent men and brilliant ladies listen attentively to me; they urged me very earnestly to read, and it afforded me pleasure to do so. Before the Grand-Duke of Oldenburg, in a small, select circle, I read my fairy-tales for the first time at a foreign court and in a foreign language." He afterwards read them to many public and private audiences, and also at the

courts of Weimar, Dresden, and Berlin, and at the palace of the then Prince and now King of Prussia. "One morning," he says, "I read some of my stories to the Princess (the Queen), and her august husband, too, listened to me with kind attention." The most charming episode of this lecturing tour occurred at Hamburg. "Speckter, the brilliant artist," he writes, "surprised me with his inimitable illustrations to my fairy-tales. One evening I intended to go to the theatre. Speckter accompanied me. We passed by an elegant house. 'We must enter here for a few moments, dear friend,' he said. 'Here lives a wealthy family,—friends of mine, friends of your fairy-tales; the children will be so happy!' 'But the opera,' I objected. 'It will take us but two minutes,' he said, and dragged me into the house, told his acquaintances who I was, and the children gathered around me. 'And now, tell them a story,' he said, beseechingly; 'just one.' I did so, and then we hastened on to the theatre. 'That was a singular visit,' I said. 'An excellent one,' he replied, jubilantly. 'Just think of it! the children are full of Andersen and his fairy-tales; and all of a sudden he stands in their midst, tells them one, and disappears. It is itself a fairy-tale for the little ones, and will live in their memory.'"

Andersen never was married; but, though an old bachelor, he does not live in loneliness; he is at home in many Danish, German, and English families, and takes up his abode now here, now there. He likes, above all, to occupy himself with the children, whose best friend and playmate he is, and who never tire of listening to his stories. He lives on the second floor of Porta's famous coffee-house, on the corner of Lille Kongs Gade and Kongens Nytorv, in Copenhagen; and foreign admirers of his genius, who visit the capital of Denmark, and wish to make his acquaintance, may ascend the two flights of stairs, and boldly knock at his door. They will meet with the kindest reception.

## HOW THEY MANAGE THEIR LECTURES IN ENGLAND.

"THE occasion of my second visit to England," says Emerson, "was an invitation from some Mechanics' Institutes in Lancashire and Yorkshire. I was invited on liberal terms to read a series of lectures in them all." During the twenty-one years which have gone since that tour of talk, a crop of new lecturers has sprouted up on each side of the sea; many of the old ones are still in full leaf and fruit; and the business of lecturing, in this country and in that, has been kept up with an energy that renews itself even faster than it faints. Is it not a little surprising, however, that, in the meantime, we do not hear of any more such proposals to American lecturers from the English Mechanics' Institutes? Mr. Emerson's visit was a memorable success. The tradition of it still lingers among studious people of England and Scotland as a radiant and consecrating legend. Why did not the happy example propagate itself?

It is true that several Americans in the interval have made lecturing raids into England,—notably Elihu Burritt and John B. Gough. But the impulse which led to the invitation thither of these two eminent men was derived, not from the vitality of the English lecture-system, but from the zeal of philanthropic reform in England; and in the case of the very few others who may have itinerated in the dear old island, publicly discoursing by the way, it is safe to say that their campaigns were made at the suggestion and at the risk of the active parties in the affair.

With no obstruction from an alien language, with no lack of organizations throughout England for the particular purpose of enticing whatsoever lecturers are worth having, with no want of curiosity among Britons to see and hear Yankees, with no very deep-seated re-

luctance on the part of Yankees to be seen and heard by Britons or any body else, it certainly remains to be accounted for that the elder country has made so few drafts of this kind upon the younger. On the other hand, two famous English authors have discovered that America is a cheerful camping-ground for lecturers from abroad,—it being more than ready to atone for the crime of perseveringly stealing the toil of English authors by crowding the audience-rooms and the purses of such of that defrauded fraternity as will venture over the sea and give us a fair chance. Unless all signs are to fail, this golden and greenback discovery will breed many another sentimental journey into our hemisphere.

They manage these things in a very peculiar way in England. If I could paint but a tolerable sketch of English notions and modes in relation to lecturing, it would furnish no slight surprise to the most of us; and it would do much to explain—if indeed it be worth explaining—why Englishmen are more likely to come to America to lecture, than Americans are to go to England for that purpose.

One thing, I do not hesitate to assert, is absolutely necessary to the success of the lecture-system in any country, namely, that first-rate men should consent to furnish the lectures. Surely by this time nothing ought to be plainer to our much-enduring race, than that first-rate lectures can never, by any contrivance, be got out of second-rate men; and without first-rate lectures, the system of having any lectures at all collapses into a farce.

It becomes, then, a question of social and literary statesmanship, how to attract to this field the services of able and brilliant men. At the outset, it is desirable that the profession of lecturing should be one at least of respecta-





bility. This, however, is a condition which can be easily supplied, provided that the other terms are met; for the access to any honest calling of men of high character and of shining talent would soon shame from it the skin-deep curse of conventional inferiority. In the next place, the profession must offer such pecuniary inducements as to tempt men of the highest order of talent to give to it their deliberate attention. In the third place, it must, by its absolute freedom from all trammels upon thought and utterance, present a field for earnest practical influence.

By a very odd conspiracy of unfortunate influences, it has happened that each of these three conditions is wanting in England, and that, in consequence, the English lecture-system, inaugurated by Lord Brougham nearly half a century ago, in the midst of proud and gladdening omens, has turned out a total and ridiculous failure.

It would be an incalculable disaster if we should ever repeat in America the example which has been set us in England, and should make shipwreck here of this really noble and thaumaturgic agency for the public culture. Who can tell whether a timely allusion to the curious, and in some respects comical, predicament into which our English cousins have fallen, as regards the whole matter of popular lectures, may not help to point the moral which will enable us to avoid such a fate?

When, ten or fifteen years since, several literary men in England began to show some disposition to imitate the audacious career of Thackeray, by delivering popular lectures for pay, the London journals came forth with denunciations of the whole proceeding, and declared that for a distinguished author thus to make a public exhibition of himself for money was beneath his dignity both as a literary man and as a gentleman.

This idea may be a strange one to us; but to Englishmen it is not in the least so. It is a most natural deduction from the English philosophy of gentility.

That philosophy recognizes nothing as really genteel which is done for pay. Englishmen would think it ineffably vulgar if their Members of Parliament, like our Congressmen, were to receive a salary for their services. Even paid authorship savors rather too much of the shop to suit the taste of the highest dabbles in authorship; accordingly Lord Derby keeps himself from the common herd of bookmakers by devoting to a public object the profits of his translation of Homer. Prior mentions that in the best circles of London he used to hear it urged against Edmund Burke, that, in early life, that great man was so abject as to receive compensation for his literary labors. It is related by Lord Lytton of himself, that when for the first time he became a candidate for Parliament, it was gravely charged as a proof that he could not be of a good family—"Why, Mr. Bulwer is an author!" English ideas of gentility have grown up, in the course of ages, in the presence of a magnificent hereditary aristocracy, whose enormous possessions enable its members to be independent of pecuniary compensation for any thing they choose to do. To take pay for any thing, is to confess your poverty; and to do that, is to confess the unpardonable sin. "In other countries," says Lord Lytton, in the pleasant book in which he gives the incident just mentioned, "poverty is a misfortune; with us it is a crime." "The want of fortune," exclaimed Lord Nelson, "is a crime which I can never get over."

It is, indeed, difficult to understand why the paid writers who conduct the London journals should have become so alarmed at the other paid writers who wanted to conduct the public lectures; except that the latter business, as matters stand in England, is felt to be a few degrees more ignominious than the former, since it is a more immediate and a more personal exposure of one's need of earning money by the sweat of his brain.

They make a wide distinction in England between occasionally lecturing

for nothing, and regularly lecturing for a fee. The one is an act of patronage; the other is an act of professional service. And this pretty distinction is by no means one of recent birth. That it existed even in Addison's time appears from the laughable account in the "Spectator" of the stage-struck country-gentleman who acted the part of the lion at the theatre, and who afterward said in his defence that he did it gratuitously!

I remember a story bearing upon the point in connection with the distinguished lecturer, Mrs. Balfour,—for, by the way, the invention of lady-lecturers is an honor not belonging to the Yankee nation. While Lucy Stone was still playing with doll-babies, before Anna Dickinson was born, Mrs. Balfour was entrancing English audiences with an oratory so brilliant, so gentle, and so commanding, as to conquer, at least for herself, an exemption from English antipathy to female eloquence. An English lady of high social position was relating to me one day the romantic story of Mrs. Balfour's early career; how, being born of a somewhat distinguished family, she married below her station; how she was repudiated by her nearest relatives; how she resolutely entered the profession of lecturing, and won by it both livelihood and distinction. I innocently remarked that I supposed that Mrs. Balfour's friends, in pride at her success, had long since lost their resentment at her marriage. "Oh, dear me, no!" was the fervent reply; "for, you know, lecturing is so low!"

Perhaps there is nothing else among American customs more bewildering to the English people than that some of our most renowned and dignified statesmen, like Charles Sumner and Schuyler Colfax, are in the habit of lecturing for money. It is true that Lord Brougham and Lord Carlisle used to go down occasionally to the Mechanics' Institutes and deliver lectures; but every man, woman, and child in England knew that it was without the slightest pecuniary return, and was indeed an affair of aristocratic condescension. Lord

Shaftesbury, Disraeli, Gladstone, Bright, sometimes do the same; but no committee would any more think of offering money to them for a lecture, than an old Hebrew prophet would have tendered shekels to the archangel Gabriel for the favor of an apocalyptic visit. There is a characteristic anecdote connected with this subject, preserved of that ferocious antagonist of aristocracy, William Cobbett. He had been on a lecturing tour through Scotland, and had publicly announced that in the very next season he would return to Scotland for a similar purpose. Before the next season, however, he was elected to Parliament; and he immediately threw up his Scottish engagements. On being called to account for so doing, he frankly replied that "there was time enough to go, but he thought lecturing would be very undignified for a Member of Parliament." One of the ablest and noblest of the Radical members now in the House of Commons once told me that, after making his maiden speech there, many years ago, he involuntarily overheard in the lobby two members talking about him. "Who is this—?" "Oh," was the reply, accompanied by a sneer appropriate to the utterance of such a blasting indictment, "he's an old Anti-Corn Law lecturer." "It is very true," remarked this noble Radical to me, after relating the story, "it is very true that I did lecture against the Corn Laws; but then I never took a penny in my life for doing it!" Though a Radical he was a thorough Englishman still! I remember that when Mason Jones returned to London from his lecturing tour in America, and began to lay his plans for a political career in England, he several times mentioned, in conversation, how hard it was going to be for him, as a politician there, to shake off the reproach attaching to him from having pursued for a few years the career of a lecturer. "In your country," he would say in his ardent, slashing style, "it is worthy of an honest man to lecture. The thing is honored, as it deserves to be. Your platforms are free; and a

man can stand on them and keep his self-respect. He can say all that is in his heart. Your lecturers are not gagged; and a man feels that to talk in that free way to the people is to be about the real business of life. This cursed neutrality doesn't belong on the American platform; and I hope to all the gods it'll never get there. But in this country it's totally different. They look upon lecturers as mountebanks and performers. It is a mere amusement, like negro-minstrelsy. A lecturer is only a *troupe* of one; and if he is impudent enough to say any thing in earnest about living questions, the people open their eyes and stare, with a sort of contemptuous incredulity, just as if the clown in the circus had undertaken to teach philosophy, or harlequin in the pantomime had presumed to have any ideas upon statesmanship. No, sir, it's a disgrace in England to lecture. Lecturing is mere tumbling."

Such being the bad eminence of professional lecturing in England, it is not likely that able and sensitively organized men, with the pick of the professions before them, would select this vocation in preference to others of a more assured dignity; unless, indeed, they were impelled to it by an overwhelming sense of peculiar fitness, or by the strong expectation of special advantages as regards remuneration and usefulness. I imagine, for example, that the two most eminent professional lecturers in the kingdom, George Dawson and Henry Vincent, one of whom is an acute thinker and a scholar of considerable attainments, and both of whom possess extraordinary personal force, must have been conscious of special aptitudes for this form of work; for surely the fees which, on the English system, are usually given to lecturers, can have presented to them no very seductive bait.

Hawthorne has a passage of solemn fun in which he speculates concerning the bewilderment which must assail an Englishman after death, on reaching a world where the institution of dinner

is left out of the daily programme. It has seemed to me that our English cousins would be quite as much puzzled to find themselves arrived in a world where society is no longer divided into upper, middle, and lower classes; for, whatever may be the caste distinctions which prevail just over the cloudy border, we may venture to assume that they are not exactly adjusted to the English basis.

One immense difference between the lecture-system of America and that of England is, that, while ours is designed for all the people, theirs is framed for only a small fragment of the people, to wit, for the more prosperous workmen and for the retail tradesmen.

When England reposed after the long death-struggle with Napoleon, she reposed on a very uncomfortable couch: bankruptcy, riot, famine, political discontent, and the grim ferocity of religious discord, all presided over by an idiot-king, and by a regent who was at once a dandy, a drunkard, a coward, and a rake. In the midst of this gloom, brave men and women groped and struggled towards the popular relief through every conceivable method of amelioration. Then it was that poets and statesmen and doctors and divines put their heads together in order to invent some engine against the ignorance which rested like a black vapor along the lower slopes of society. One result of these noble plottings was the organization of the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge; and another was the establishment of Mechanics' Institutes. It was the intention of the latter, by the means of class-instruction and of lectures, to popularize knowledge by night for poor men and women who had to work by day; and an essential feature of the original scheme was, that the lectures should be given by persons able to talk wisely and attractively, and willing to do so for nothing.

The plan took like a contagion. All abroad in the land, in England and in Scotland, in Wales and in Ireland, it rushed and fructified. In an incredibly

short time there were hundreds of Mechanics' Institutes in the kingdom. Of course, this swift development of an infinite demand for lectures transcended the resources of gratuitous supply. It was all very pleasant for five or six times; but country clergymen, already with a sufficiently obstinate cure of souls on their hands, and mild gentlemen in easy circumstances, and noble lords with a turn for philanthropy, could hardly be expected to keep up this sort of thing all winter, and year after year, tossed about on dreary journeys of doubtful utility, and kept awake five or six nights a-week only to make their fellow-creatures very sleepy. It became necessary, in order to keep the lecturer agoing, to make an offer of such small pay, say a guinea or two per night, as would be an inducement to schoolmasters on short allowance, to dissenting ministers trying hard to keep soul and body together, to young barristers waiting for briefs, and to others of that sort. Gradually the lectures expanded into a wider range of topics, into general literature and the ethics of society. A few really bright and able men, like the two whom I have named, entered the field in the hope of doing and of getting good. But it was not a calling to get rich in. The Institutes, made up of mechanics and shop-keepers, were never afflicted with plethora in the treasury department. They had to fix the price of admission to the lectures at an extremely low rate; and the fee which could be paid to the lecturer necessarily corresponded with the price to be given by the hearer. The precious attribute of our American system of lectures is, that they are for the American people, and not for any particular fragment of the American people. But over England still rests the ineradicable reminiscence of Feudalism. The English people live and move and have their being in upper classes, middle classes, and lower classes. Never, except in some rare and imperial agitation of the general mind, can it be said of the English nation, that, like Wordsworth's cloud, "it

moveth altogether, if it move at all." The system of popular lectures, begun for the benefit of the humbler classes, continues for their benefit; and the gentry and the aristocracy, whose participation would elevate it in dignity and efficiency, keep aloof from its privileges as carefully as they would from the privileges of the Poor-House. Lecturing, therefore, being the luxury of the poor, gets paid for at their price; that price obviously being such as to command those only who are willing to part with their oratory for a remarkably slight consideration.

According to my estimate the average fee for a lecture in the English Institutes is three guineas. There are scores of men in the field who lecture for two guineas, for one guinea, for half a guinea; while a certain blissful minority are rewarded for their efforts by the appalling sum of four, five, six, or even seven guineas. To add to our appreciation of the financial charms of popular lecturing in England, it should be mentioned that out of the above lavish rewards the lecturer is usually expected to pay his own travelling expenses and hotel-bills.

I have before me now two official documents, one American, the other English, each giving a list of the professional lecturers and of the fees charged by them in their respective countries. A few extracts from these documents will intensify the statements I have just made concerning the paltriness of English lecture-fees, by showing the generous rates which prevail here.

The American document is a circular issued in 1867 by Mr. George L. Torbert, of Dubuque, Secretary of the Associated Western Literary Societies. I have classified the names here given according to the fees, beginning with the highest.

\$500.—Professor Agassiz.

\$200.—Charles Sumner—John B. Gough.

\$150.—Henry Vincent—Anna Dickinson.

\$125-150.—Theodore Tilton—Wendell Phillips.

\$80-110-150.—Prof. E. L. Youmans.

\$100-120.—C. Oscanayan.

\$110.—Rev. G. H. Hepworth.

- \$85-110.—E. P. Whipple.  
 \$100.—Dr. Holland—Rev. F. Vinton, D.D.  
 —Henry C. Deming—Geo. Vandenhoff—Rev. W. H. Milburn—J. C. Burrows—Josiah Quincy—Dr. Hayes—Colonel T. W. Higginson—Professor Tripp—Charles A. Slack—Henry Sumner—Fred. Douglass.  
 \$80-100.—G. A. Townsend—B. F. Taylor—A. G. Laurie.  
 \$75-100.—Prof. M. T. Brown—Clara Barton—Grace Greenwood—Major Merwin—H. L. Reade.  
 \$88. 40.—Josh Billings.  
 \$75.—Prof. A. J. Upson—John Lord, D.D.—Rev. J. W. Bailey—Miner Griswold—Dio Lewis.  
 \$60-75.—Rev. John S. C. Abbott—Rev. J. C. Fletcher.  
 \$50-75.—J. F. Manning—Mrs. Hazlett—George W. Bengay—Dr. R. K. Browne.  
 \$60.—E. M. Booth.

The names of at least four eminent lecturers do not occur in the above list: Henry Ward Beecher, who never lectures for less than \$200; Dr. Chapin and George William Curtis, who probably receive \$150; Mr. Emerson, who, I suppose, is usually paid a little less; and Mr. Colfax, whose terms are at least \$200.

The English document is the fifth and last catalogue of lecturers, issued by the celebrated Society of Arts. In this circular the lecturers are divided into two classes, the paid and the unpaid; the latter including two hundred and thirty-five names, and the former two hundred and sixty-six.

In glancing over this array of two hundred and thirty-five kind gentlemen who thus proffer their eloquence to the public at no other cost to the said public than its willingness to hear them, one soon discovers that the most of them are clergymen in country towns, physicians, lawyers, and retired army officers; while the rest are without titles which indicate their positions in the world. One thing in this list is a little singular,—the paucity of names with a reputation strong enough to have crossed the Atlantic. Almost the only distinguished name is that of J. Payne Collier. No doubt these gratuitous lecturers are very amiable persons;

and I can testify from personal knowledge that several of them are very bright and pleasing lecturers. Still it must be confessed that upon this list, as a whole, there falls the fatal shadow of that law of nature which compels every thing in the universe to get its just price. Do these gentlemen get theirs? I recall two things which seem to menace an affirmative answer: one is an axiom tossed about among the English Institutes, that they cannot afford to engage the gratuitous lecturers; and the other is a witticism of Gottfried Kinkel, the German poet and lecturer, long an exile in England, who, one day turning over this very pamphlet and running his eye down these long columns of unpaid lecturers, said, "There, you see what competition we have in all these fine fellows who are anxious to lecture for nothing. Yet perhaps the competition isn't so great, after all—they probably charge exactly what they are worth."

But we are more particularly interested in the list of paid lecturers; and to that we turn for a moment. As it is really intended to be an advertisement, we shall no doubt confer a favor by giving a still wider dissemination to a few of its announcements.

The beginning of this list bears no slight resemblance to the beginning of the human race:

"Adam, W., Matlock, Derbyshire.

"Terms:—For one lecture, two guineas; for two, three guineas."

The next gentleman whom we select is somewhat more aspiring in his demands:

"Anderson, John Corbet, Author and Artist, 2 Portland Place, Croydon.

"Terms:—The two lectures for five guineas, if delivered within twelve miles of London; beyond that distance, expenses also."

The scale continues to rise:

"Applebee, J. K., Handsworth, Birmingham.

"Terms:—Five guineas per lecture. A proportionate reduction for two or more lectures. Institutions newly established, or with limited means, favorably considered."

That's fair, to be sure. By-the-by, we



in this country could never have guessed, unless Mr. Applebee had suggested it, that when an Institute got so fine a lecturer for five guineas, it was *unfavorably considered*.

"Balfour, Mrs. Clara Lucas, Reigate, Surrey.

"Terms:—Five guineas a lecture, subject to occasional deduction to small or struggling Institutions."

The next lecturer is a little indefinite, but modest.

"Baxter, William R., Cotham Place, Bristol.

"Terms:—A small fee, according to previous arrangement."

Presently we come upon an illustrious name:

"Blanc, Louis, 14 Merton-road, South Kensington.

"Terms:—£10."

Fifty dollars for a lecture from this splendid man would, in America, be but a trifling fee; but in England it is so far beyond the means of the Institutes as to cause his exclusion from their platforms.

Here, also, is a distinguished name:

"Buckland, Frank T., Regent's Park Barracks.

"Terms:—£5."

Nothing could be finer or more reasonable than the attitude of the following gentleman:

"Burns, Rev. Dawson, 335 Strand, W. C.

"Where Institutions can afford to pay, the Rev. Dawson Burns charges in proportion to ability; where not, might gratuitously assist, if not far distant from London."

"Burr, T. W., F. R. A. S., F. C. S., &c., 12 Paternoster Row, London.

"Mr. Burr is always open to entertain favorably any application to lecture on payment of expenses, where assistance is fairly required."

"Burton, John, 27 Great Russell street, London.

"Terms:—According to circumstances."

"Busk, Captain Hans, United University Club, S. W.

"Captain Busk originally lectured gratuitously, but the demands upon his time were so great, and the costs incurred for travelling expenses were so heavy, that he was compelled to decline engagements where no remuneration was offered."

And served them right, Captain Busk!

"Craig, John, F. E. I. S., Glasgow.

"Terms:—Two guineas for one lecture; but if the funds of an Institution are low, on expenses being paid, the fee will be nominal."

The next gentleman, it appears, has a fancy for lecturing on the Greek Tragedians.

"Davies, Rev. Charles Maurice, M. A., 72 Queen's Road, Bayswater, W.

"Terms:—According to funds of Institution. No objections to lecture gratuitously to Institutions needing help, *if they can furnish their own chorus*."

Ah, but there's the rub!

However, we must hasten on. Mr. John De Fraine, a noted lecturer, charges but "four guineas;" Rev. A. J. D'Orsey, "from five to ten guineas, according to distance from Cambridge;" Miss Glyn, a distinguished reader, "from ten to fifteen guineas;" Mr. J. G. Grant, "from two to four guineas;" Mr. George Grossmith, "five guineas;" Mr. A. Hare's terms are "moderate and according to distance;" the Rev. C. Harrison's fee is but "a guinea per lecture and expenses;" the Rev. J. Hiles Hitchens will lecture "in London and suburbs, for two guineas, in the country for two guineas and expenses;" the Rev. T. R. Hoskins is also content with "two guineas;" Mr. Jabez Inwards insists upon "two guineas and expenses;" Mr. John Jones will lecture "in South Staffordshire for half a guinea;" but for those miserable mortals who have the bad taste to live "in other places," he will not condescend to lecture for less than "two guineas;" Mr. John Alfred Langford makes an announcement which baffles our penetration—"Terms, two guineas, no limitation;" Dr. Lees, who won a very undesirable renown by his shocking libels on John B. Gough, is satisfied with "three guineas per lecture, including travelling expenses;" Mr. Samuel Lucas puts up with "one guinea and travelling expenses;" so does the Rev. S. Manning; so does Mr. J. B. Marsh; the Rev. William Tidd Matson claims "three guineas per lecture and second-class railway expenses;" Mr. S. F. Mockett seems inclined to shave a very close bargain, for his terms "vary from one



guinea and a half to two guineas and a half per lecture."

Here we rest, in the middle of the letter M. The second half of the list presents no new characteristics, while that which we have gone over abundantly illustrates the extent of the pecuniary attractions to professional lecturing in England.

I have just turned to two names in this list, George Dawson and Henry Vincent, in order to ascertain what fees are announced by these twin leaders of the profession in England. Not much light came of the search. Owing, no doubt, to a delicacy of personal reserve which their positions enable them to protect, these gentlemen, while giving each a long array of subjects, seem to decline all public allusion to the lucre-question. From frequent inquiry, however, among the English Institutes, I have reason to conclude that their average fee for a single lecture does not exceed six guineas.

Nothing could better serve our purpose of contrast between the English and the American systems than the case of Mr. Vincent. He has been lecturing in England all his life-time, with a popularity deepening through twenty-five years, and has received for his services there, on an average, not more than six guineas per lecture; yet he came to America almost a stranger two years ago, and on his second season among us he was able to announce that his fee for each lecture here is invariably one hundred and fifty dollars; and at that fee he has had engagements for six nights out of every seven, for six consecutive months.

This paltriness in the payment of lecturers in England, let me not fail to repeat, is due in no respect to any personal illiberality on the part of the members of the English Institutes, but to the vicious basis on which these Institutes are founded.

But the results of this system of begrudging fees are simply fatal to the lecture-system there. A curse of pettiness shrivels the whole scheme. In contrast with the magnanimity of the American

system, every thing is lean, scant, miserly. With here and there an exception, only fourth to tenth rate men pay any attention to the business. Were the rewards of lecturing what they might be, and what in any community resting on a basis of social catholicism they would be—were they, in short, proportioned to the gains of a thorough and brilliant mental exertion in the other cerebral professions, it would not be long before renowned scholars, authors, journalists, preachers, and statesmen would be attracted to this valiant and forceful calling; the participation in it of such men would give to the whole at once dignity, scope, and perpetuity; and another engine for educating the public mind, and for creating public opinion, would be within the grasp of beneficent men, and would be wielded for the enlightenment, the elevation, and the happiness of the English people.

But in this world, evil, ever ambitious to prolong its dynasty, breeds fast, and fattens on its own children. The degradation of the English lecture-system is carried still lower by the very causes which have brought it so low. If, even while conducted on so stingy a method, it were belittled by no stupid maxims about restricted discussion; if, even though it could not give large fees, it would give free platforms; if, in the absence of money, it had the presence of earnestness; if, while unable to tempt by pecuniary attractions, it did tempt by the attractions of a fair field for real exertion on the great, pulse-possessing themes of the day; it would still be a system deserving of respect, and it would be capable of securing the services of men who had some respect for themselves. There would be dignity even in its indigence.

But such is not at all the case. The ultimate weakness and shame of the English lecture-system are portrayed in one word, neutrality—the most contemptible word in the English language. It invites men to come to its platforms and to discourse there upon all subjects, except those which men are

the most interested in, those vast fascinating problems of political and religious thought on which the quick spirit of these times is moving. The lecturer in the Mechanics' Institute is expected to stand in the most uncouth attitude possible for a man—his face averted from the age in which he lives! Or, should he presume to front squarely his own age, he must do so with a squint which observes only those matters of art, literature, biography, travel, social customs, which nobody cares enough about to quarrel over. I remember a lecturer in one of the best Institutes of England, who had occasion to touch upon a literary aspect of the Free-Trade battle in England; but so sensitive were the audience to the impudence of this man in even verging upon a recent political topic, that they warned him off the territory, in blunt honest English fashion, by loud cries of "Shut up!"

So, for the sake of peace in their lecture-system, they accept death!

It needs not many words to show how such an attempt at putting up barriers against speech destroys all vitality, earnestness, power, manliness, in whatsoever involves the play of the human brain. The first touch of the fetter smites it with paralysis. The mind of man, to work fruitfully, must work freely. Longinus says, "Only freemen are eloquent." In that instant when a man is told that he may not say what he will, the best life dies within him. Girdle your orchard-trees and look for fruit, sooner than expect eloquence or power to come out of any brain girdled with restrictions. And only in perfect freedom for the speaker can there be sustained interest for the hearer. There is nothing else to equal the charm of free political reference. This was the secret of the incomparable splendor of the Athenian Drama and of its omnipotent influence over the Athenian people; it kept up every night a running fire of wit, wisdom, railery, and invective upon the politics which had been going on during the day. Philosophy, Art, History, Mythology, were rescued

from the ineffable curse of dryness by the dropping of that sweet dew that gathers only upon the brow of the Present. Now is the solitary point of supreme interest for us. The Past is dead; the Future is unborn: this Present is all that lives! Would you banish popular discussion from that one oasis of real existence in all the Desert of Time? And as it is folly to banish popular discussion from the Present, so is it folly to banish it to the Present. There should be no banishment at all, except of the word banishment. The platform should say to the man who stands on it, "Plant yourself upon me for an hour, and utter your thought! You are free! Give to these benches, not what they think, but what you think! Draw your theme from what region you will,—from Past, Present, or Future, from Earth, from Heaven, or Hell! Only let it be yours!" And it is part of the disaster of any other method of conducting lectures, that it must disgust from the field exactly the men who are most needed in it. The great man will not stand it to be told what he shall not say. Finally, the people, perceiving with the swift scent of an intuition outrunning their own powers of analysis, that the man who talks to them is a man who can be made to succumb to their cries of "shut up," that he is therefore a second-rate man at best, that he has something worse than the best food to feed them with, lose straightway their respect for the lecturer, for themselves, and for the system which brought him and them together; and because living men, especially when sad with ten hours of toil, cannot muster up much appetite for the sapless shavings pared off from the dead trunk of the Past, or even for Art, or for Philosophy, or for Poetry, or for Geology, or for what not, if divorced from the throbbing political and religious interests which belong to the Present, they soon come to loathe what are called instructive lectures, and they clamor for musicians and buffoons.

To this has the system of popular lectures fallen in England.

## OUR MONTHLY NOTES

ON

## FOREIGN LITERATURE, ART, AND SCIENCE.

Prepared for Putnam's Magazine.

## LITERATURE.

THE publisher, Besold, in Erlangen, has issued the prospectus of a work, entitled, "The Palæorama: Oceanic-American Researches and Comments." The prospectus goes on to state that the work has been compiled from the papers of "George Brown, an American archæologist," and that its object is to prove that "the Bible treats only of America and Oceanica," and that "Genesis is an old primeval American book." Then follow the titles of the chapters, which are not less curious than the plan of the work. We copy a few of them: "IV. Dante's description of the Locality of Paradise, and a pre-historic change in the surface of the Earth. VII. Noah on Cuba. IX. Nimrod and his Kingdom in America. XI. The Catastrophe of Sodom and Gomorrah as an occurrence of ancient American history. XVII. Esau-Edom in Brazil. XXVII. Yucatan and Joktan: the Jewish worship of Peor and the Calf referred to the old American worship of the Tapir. XXVIII. The Significance of Iron and Basalt in American-Hebrew primitive History."

CHARLOTTE BIRCH-PFEIFFER died in Berlin, on the 25th of August, at the age of sixty-eight. In her relation to the stage, and to dramatic literature in Germany, she anticipated the career of Boucicault. As an actress, she was remarkably versatile and accomplished, if not great; as a manager, she was both able and successful; yet her chief talent seemed to lie in the adaptation to the stage of the works of others. One of her most successful plays was, "The Orphan of Lowood," with which we are better acquainted as *Jane Eyre*. The use which she made of Auerbach's "Frau Professorium" led to a lawsuit, which, however, was decided against the author. She wrote, also, a number of original comedies, several of which were successful rather from her knowledge of stage effects than from their intrinsic literary merits. She was a woman of large frame, plain and massive but mobile features, and a

clear, sonorous voice, upon which age seemed to have little effect. In 1863 she celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of her theatrical life, and retired from the stage. In the number of her dramatic works (mostly adaptations) she equals Kotzebue and approaches Scribe. Dr. Christian Birch, her husband, who was eight years older, died four days after her. Her daughter, the Baroness von Hillern, is considered a novelist of some promise by the German critics.

A NEW addition to the Goethe literature has recently been made by the publication (by Hirzel, in Leipzig) of Goethe's letters to Christian Gottlob von Voigt, one of the ministers of Karl August. Many of these letters relate to the business of the little duchy, and they not only exhibit Goethe in his official capacity, but throw considerable light on the social history of the Weimar circle during Voigt's residence there—from 1775 to 1819.

"L. MÜHLBACH," whose (so-styled) historical novels have found such an astonishing number of readers in this country, is neither the "Mr. Mühlbach" of the early, nor the "Miss Mühlbach" of the later newspaper notices of her works. She was born in 1814, as Clara Müller, daughter of a burgomaster in New-Brandenburg, and married, in 1839, to Dr. Theodore Mundt, who afterwards obtained considerable distinction as a critic and author. He died about two years ago, at the age of fifty-eight, after having published twenty-five works, and founded five literary periodicals, none of which lived more than two years. His wife, Clara Mundt, commenced her career as a novelist in 1842, with "Luck and Money," and before 1849 had published *nine* novels, in *twenty-three* volumes! These works, although read by certain classes, were generally condemned by the critics, on account of the purulent details given to the murders and seductions which formed their staple. She thereupon commenced the series of works by which she is at present best known—stories in which fancy and piquant historical detail

are blended in equal parts. The first was "Johann Gotzkowsky," published at Berlin, in 1850, and followed, three years later, by "Frederick the Great and his Court." These later novels are very popular among the "semi-intelligent" classes of readers in Germany, but they have not, and cannot have, a permanent place in the literature of the country. Clara Mundt's works, thus far, amount to more than sixty volumes.

"E. MARLITT," whose "Old Ma'amselle's Secret" and "Gold Elsie" have been very well translated by Mrs. Wistar, of Philadelphia, is the *nom de plume* of a Fraülein John, a native of Arnstadt—a town twelve miles south of Erfurt, at the foot of the Thuringian Forest. She still resides there, and her descriptions of the places and scenery of her novels are taken from that region. The opening incident of the first-named work—the shooting of a juggler's wife, through the blunder of a soldier who failed to bite off the ball-end of his cartridge—actually took place in Arnstadt, as the author describes it, about thirty years ago.

KING JOHN, of Saxony, who some years ago published a translation into German of Dante's *Divina Comedia*, under the name of "Philalethes," has recently reissued the same work in a cheap, popular form. It is a success—which was to be anticipated. Wilhelm Krigar, of Dresden, announces a new translation of the same work. This will be the fifth or sixth translation of Dante within the last three years.

GERVINUS announces a new work, with the attractive title of "Handel and Shakespeare."

FERDINAND GREGOROVIVS resides in Rome, where he is at present employed on the seventh and concluding volume of his "History of the City of Rome during the Middle Ages." The work is published by Cotta, in Stuttgart, and has been received with such favor that a second edition of the six volumes already completed has appeared. It is singular that no English translation of this—one of the most admirable historical works of this generation—has yet been announced. Gregorovius is the successor and rival of Gibbon. His work covers a period of eleven hundred years, from the fourth to the fifteenth century, and is richly and thoroughly illustrative of that long period of growth and transition which we call the Middle Ages.

For more than fifteen years he has been collecting materials; the libraries of monasteries and the private archives of the principal noble families of Rome having been opened to his researches. The history will probably be completed in the year 1870.

THE light of Rochefort's *Lanterne* does not seem to shine so brightly as it did a few months ago. The latest report about the bold journalist is, that a play, *Theodorus* (of Abyssinia?), of which he is joint author, is allowed to be performed, with the condition that his name is not to be mentioned in the announcements!

PRINCE GEORGE, of Prussia, whose *nom de plume* is "G. Conrad," has written a tragedy, "Phædra," which has been performed in Leipzig, and met with considerable success.

NUREMBERG is to have a monument to Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet. The sculptor Krausser has completed a model of the work, the cost of which is estimated at 20,000 florins (\$8,000). The sums collected not being sufficient, the committee appeals to the German people, especially to the mechanics, and first of all the shoemakers, to supply the lacking funds. The antiquarian bookseller, Schulz, of Leipzig, offered for sale a manuscript volume of Hans Sachs—a collection of autographic poems, each signed—for the price of six hundred thalers.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER has followed the example of Dr. Hayes, and appears as the writer of books for children. Macmillan & Co. announce from his pen: "Cast up by the Sea; or, the Adventures of Ned Grey. Dedicated to all Boys, from eight years old to eighty."

THE novelist who styles herself "Ouida," has been writing to all the principal journals, English and American, to protest against a certain lady who, during a passage of one of the Cunard steamers, claimed to be the veritable "Ouida"—also to declare that she is not the Mrs. Atwood who was lately married to Mr. Payne, in Paris. The protest was hardly necessary, since every body knows—in England, at least—that "Ouida" is the "Idalian" name of Miss De la Rama.

MR. BROWNING's new poem, which will be issued in four monthly volumes, is called "The Book and the Ring." It was suggested by an old report of an Italian trial, which

the author accidentally found at a second-hand book-stall, in the streets of Florence. The work, which would otherwise be of preternatural length, is divided into twelve poems—three to each volume—yet all are connected by the thread of the story. This poem, however, will scarcely be of greater length than Mr. William Morris's "Earthly Paradise," which, if the second volume (which has not yet appeared) should equal the first, will cover nearly 1400 pages.

EVEN Max Müller has fallen into the present fashion of giving grotesque titles to books. His last work is thus announced: "Chips from a German Workshop; being Essays on the Science of Religion, and on Mythology, Traditions, and Customs." The *London Examiner* credits Prof. Müller with "an English style so pure that with the minutest care readers will fail to detect even an idiomatic error."

OF the writing of many novels in England there is not only no end, but a fresh beginning. The pages of the London literary journals are filled with announcements of new works of fiction. In addition to the Braddons, the Woods, the Yonges, and the Yateses, we find, among the authors, such names as Morley Farrow, Mrs. Cashel Hoey, and Rosa Nanchette Carey.

"GEORGE ROSE, M. A., alias "Arthur Sketchley," alias "Mrs. Brown," has published his American disappointments under the title of "The Great Country." He probably counts upon being reprinted and abused into notoriety, as did Mr. George Augustus Sala, and will be similarly disappointed. American readers have fortunately discovered, at last, that time is too valuable to be wasted on the works of soured and superficial tourists.

MR. EDWARD EDWARDS has published a "Life of Sir Walter Raleigh," which the critics pronounce a genuine contribution to English letters.

THE German poet, Emanuel Geibel, having written an ode to King William of Prussia, on the occasion of that monarch paying a visit to Lübeck, Geibel's native city, he has been deprived, by order of the young King Ludwig II., of the pension of fifteen hundred florins (§600) which he has hitherto received from the Bavarian Government. Geibel thereupon

resigned his professorship in the University of Munich, and retired from the land which he has made his home for the past twenty years. Another eminent author, Paul Heyse, sympathizing with Geibel, at the same time relinquished his pension and his place at the Bavarian Court. Bodenstedt had previously transferred his residence from Munich to Meiningen; so the young king has already alienated the three chief authors who gave a literary importance to his capital. His infatuation for the composer Wagner continues, notwithstanding the latter fought behind the barricades in Dresden, in 1849.

STRAHAN & Co., London, announce a translation of the Russian fables of Kriloff, by W. R. S. Ralston. Kriloff, to whom a handsome bronze monument was some years ago erected in the summer-garden at St. Petersburg, is the Russian *Æsop*, and it is a little singular that no English translation of his naïve and admirable fables has yet been made. Two or three of them, we believe, were rendered into English verse by Sir John Bowring, a long time ago.

THE Queen of Sweden, who was a Dutch princess, has just published a Swedish translation of an English book—"The Laborers in the Vineyard"—the profits of the publication being given to an hospital which she has established in Stockholm. Her husband, Charles XV., published a volume of poems, as Crown-Prince, and is, moreover, an excellent landscape-painter, some of whose pictures are always to be found in the annual exhibition in Stockholm. Prince Oscar of Sweden recently published a translation of the "Romance of the Cid."

A NEW edition of Capt. Medwin's *Life of Shelley* is announced: the work has long been out of print. Capt. Medwin was a cousin of the poet, and one of the four friends (Byron, Leigh Hunt, and Trelawney being the others) who burned the poet's remains on the sea-shore near Pisa.

THE sculptor Story, who occasionally returns to his first love—poetry—is about to publish a collection of his fugitive verses, entitled *Graffiti d'Italia*.

THE Marquise Guiccioli de Boissy has issued her long-promised work—"Lord Byron judged by witnesses of his life," but the French do not find it interesting. The Eng-

lish translation, which will be republished in this country, has not yet appeared.

THE tenth volume of St. Beuve's "*Lundis*" has just appeared in Paris.

MANY new works are announced for publication in St. Petersburg. Simultaneously with the censorial permission to translate Mr. Kinglake's History of the Crimean War, appears Engineer-Colonel Troloff's "Defence of Sebastopol by General Todleben." Prijeff announces a work on "The Taverns of Russia, and their influence on the Russian Nation," which will probably furnish new and interesting material for the orators on temperance. "Pictures from the Street," is a volume on the same plan as the sketches of Dickens. Since the publication of Turgenieff's "Dim" (Smoke) last summer, no other Russian novel of note has appeared. Among the translations announced by the Russian publishers are "Buckle's History of Civilization," Laboulaye's "Prince Caniche," Wilkie Collins' "Moonstone," and Hepworth Dixon's "Spiritual Wives."

MR. ELLIS has discovered that "*Hare's* Censure of the English Language," written in 1551, is the work of John Hart. The British Museum has no reason to complain; for if it has lost a Hare, it has gained a Hart.

#### ART, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

A NEW picture by Titian has been discovered in Venice. It formed one of an old collection, in the possession of the Mocenigo family, but was in such a condition that the artist's name was not suspected, until the operation of cleaning the picture brought it to light. The subject is Christ, supported by the Cross, and extending his hands in blessing over the sphere of the earth. The picture is now exhibited in the Venetian Academy.

THE coming opera season in Italy will be unusually rich in new works. No less than ten original operas are announced for representation; but few of them are by names that have yet crossed the Alps. Among the titles we notice "The Greek Slave," "Nero," and "King Lear."

THE famous tenor, Roger, whose singing-voice has left him, recently made his debut as an actor in George Sand's new play of "Cadio." Both the play and the debutant were failures.

COUNT PLATEN, the poet, who died at Syracuse, in Sicily, is to have a monument there. A colossal bust, in marble, has just been completed by the sculptor Schöpfung, and is now exhibited in the Villa Malta, in Rome—the former residence of the Ex-King Ludwig, of Bavaria.

THE Bavarian painter, Piloty, whose large picture of "Nero" attracted so much attention at the World's Fair in London, in 1862, is exhibiting a new painting in Berlin. The subject is taken from the history of the Thirty Years' War. It represents an abbess and her nuns endeavoring to save their convent from the irruption of a troop of plundering soldiers.

AN unusual number of American artists are spending this winter in Rome. In addition to those who permanently reside there—the sculptors Story, Rogers, Miss Stebbins, Harriet Hosmer, Miss Foley, and Mozier; the painters Terry, Tilton, Buchanan Read, Vedder, Coleman, Wild, and Hotchkiss—there will be a large accession to the number of temporary residents. Church and Bierstadt; Gifford and McEntee; Yewell, Loop, and other painters, and Launt Thompson, sculptor, have taken studios for the winter. Longfellow and Cyrus Field, with their families, will also form part of the American colony there.

THE British Museum is endeavoring to secure a remarkable collection of musical autographs which is in the possession of Cottrau, in Naples. Among the manuscripts are Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Bellini's *Polichello*, Zingarelli's oratorio of the *Destruction of Jerusalem*, cantatas by Paisiello and Rossini, and about 2,000 volumes of manuscript scores for the San Carlo theatre, many of which possess much interest for musical students.

THE widow of the famous sculptor Dannecker, best known in this country by reduced copies of his "*Ariadne*," died recently in Stuttgart, having survived her husband twenty-seven years. She bequeathes to the national gallery in Stuttgart all the works of art which formerly belonged to Dannecker.

THE *Revue et Gazette Musicale* gives a history of the stirring "Hymn of Riego," which may be called the *Marseillaise* of Spain. In September, 1820, a youth of seventeen,



named Huerta, then serving in the army, composed the song and music. He was assisted by a Col. San Miguel, on the staff of Gen. Riego, to which circumstance the title is owing. The Spanish people accepted the song as the expression of their passionate desire for freedom; it ran through the country, from Gibraltar to the Pyrenees. After Ferdinand VIII. was restored, Riego was hanged, and Huerta became an exile. From that day to this, he supported himself in France and America as a singer and guitar-player, and now, when all Spain, after nearly fifty years' silence, is ringing with his magnificent hymn, he is at liberty to return. Though suppressed, the hymn was never forgotten. We heard it many years ago, in Seville, most enthusiastically sung in a circle from which the police were excluded.

A FRENCH paper gives the following curious table of the cumulative value of opera-singers:

	Tenors, per month.	Sopranos, per month.
1834.....	1000 francs.	
1832.....	2400 "	3000 "
1833.....	3000 "	
1834.....	3500 "	
1835.....	3750 "	4000 "
1836.....	5000 "	
1868.....	6200 "	8000 "

A GERMAN photographic expedition has gone to Egypt for the purpose of making a complete collection of views of the ancient monuments and inscriptions. The first attempt in photographing subterranean chambers by means of the magnesium light, was made at Memphis, in the presence of M. Marietto, the discoverer of the buried city. It was entirely successful, and the best results are expected when the same process is applied to the Theban tombs.

THE veteran of German artists, the painter John Martin von Rohden, died recently in Rome, at the age of ninety-one.

THE city-library of Brunswick has acquired possession of a collection of theatre-bills, 40,000 in number, in all the languages of Europe. The most remarkable part of the collection, however, is an unbroken series of all the bills issued by the Theatre at Brunswick, from 1638 to 1868—two hundred and thirty years!

THE monument to Mozart, in a cemetery near Vienna, has been outrageously despoiled,

it is supposed by persons who admire the master not wisely but too well. The medalion-portrait of Mozart, a candelabrum and an inscription, all in bronze, have been carried off bodily.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT writes from Florence that he has had an opportunity of carefully examining the Venus of Titian, and, to his dismay, finds that the whole picture is covered with a network of fine cracks, penetrating through the body of the paint to the canvas. Unless protected in some way, this precious work of art is likely to fall gradually to pieces. Mr. Hunt suggests a thin coat of varnish, a solid wooden frame behind the canvas, and a glass over the picture.

#### SCIENCE, EXPLORATION, STATISTICS, ETC.

THE committee charged to collect funds for the French expedition to the North Pole, has published a report, stating that the vessels will be in readiness by the commencement of this year. It is intended to despatch the expedition from France in January, if possible, in order that it may reach Behring's Strait by the end of July.

MURRAY, of London, has in press "Travels and Adventures in the Territory of Alaska, and on the River Yukon, formerly Russian-American, with notes of voyages and travels in other parts of the North Pacific," by Frederick Whympere, with illustrations from the author's sketches, and a map.

ANOTHER of the Central-African explorers is dead. The Brothers Poncet, in Alexandria, have written to M. Malte-Brun, announcing that M. Le Saint, who left Khartoum in October, 1867, with the intention of penetrating the unknown regions lying to the westward of the White Nile, died in January, 1868, at the mission-station of Aboukuka, in lat. 7° N., having just reached the border-land of his explorations.

THE first complete census of the Cape Colony, South Africa, was taken in March, 1865. The enumeration, which does not include Natal and the Transvaal Republic, shows a total of 181,592 persons of European birth or descent, and 314,789 natives, the latter consisting principally of Hottentots, Kaffers, and Bushmen. From a partial census, made in the year 1855, it appears that the increase in ten years was at the rate of 86 per cent. Unlike other colonies composed of mixed

racess, the rate of increase was much greater among the native tribes than in the white population. Among the possessions of the colony are 226,000 horses, 250,000 draught oxen, 10,000,000 sheep, and 2,440,000 goats. In the list of productions we find 1,390,000 bushels of wheat, 1,633,000 pounds of tobacco, and 3,237,000 gallons of wine. 75,000 persons are employed in agriculture and 13,000 in manufactures. Two thirds of the white population and one twentieth of the natives are able to read and write. Including Natal and the Transvaal Republic, thirty-two newspapers are published—ten in the Dutch and twenty-two in the English language.

THE Russian ladies of the higher classes of society are justly noted for their intellectual activity, and the occasional breadth and soundness of their culture. They have recently sent to the Faculty of the University of St. Petersburg a petition, signed by 178 names, praying that regular courses of lectures upon history, philology, and the natural sciences be instituted for women. The University has appointed a special committee to consider and report upon the subject.

IMPRESSIONS of a fossil insect have been discovered in the coal-fields of Nova Scotia. It belongs to the family of dragon-flies, and measures seven inches between the tips of the wings. Instead of the drowsy hum which fills our summer meadows, the swamps of that period must have resounded with a mighty, rushing, and rustling noise, like the coming of a storm.

THE publisher, Costenoble, in Jena, announces the commencement of a "Library of Geographical Travel and Exploration in Ancient and Modern Times." The first volume of the series will be "The Open Polar Sea," by Dr. I. I. Hayes, translated by J. E. A. Martin. The work will be illustrated. In his announcement, the publisher says: "If, until now, Germany has only been a spectator of the great struggle which the daring English and Americans, at the risk of their lives, have carried on against the giant of cold, the icebergs and ice-fields which guard the Pole, Germans now are preparing to claim their share therein, and contribute their due, with other nations."

The second volume of the series will be "The Adventurous Journey of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto through China, Tartary, Siam, Pegu, and other countries of Eastern Asia;

newly related by P. H. Kùlb." This delightful traveller of the sixteenth century has been as unjustly treated as Bruce in later times. Because of a line in Congreve's "Love for Love," his name became a synonym for lying narrative. Poe repeats the charge in one of his sonnets, evidently ignorant of the fact that Mendez Pinto is really one of the most honest and trustworthy of travellers.

DR. VOGEL, photographer, who was sent by the North-German Government to Aden, to illustrate the recent total eclipse of the sun, gives an interesting account of his labors. "The last minute before the total eclipse," he writes, "went like a flash. Dr. F. and I crept with all haste into the tent; we saw nothing of the totality, of course. The first plate was exposed five and ten seconds, experimentally, to ascertain the proper time. The servant Mohammed brought the case into the tent: I poured the fluid upon it, anxiously awaiting the result. The lamp went out, and no one heeded my cry for light. Holding the plate with one hand, I succeeded in finding another lamp with the other. The picture appeared: the dark disc was lined with a series of singular elevations on one side—on the other there was a prominence like a horn. The appearances were precisely the same on both negatives. Then came the second, and, a minute later, the third plate. 'The sun appears!' was the cry: the total eclipse was over. The second picture was obscured by a thin, passing strip of vapor: the third was successful, and showed the same protuberances on the lower limb."

THREE English gentlemen, Messrs. Freshfield, Moore, and Tucker, last summer succeeded in ascending the Elburz, the highest peak of the Caucasus, the altitude of which they ascertained to be 18,526 feet. Since geographers have adopted the axis of the Caucasus, from the Black to the Caspian Seas, as the boundary line between Europe and Asia, and the peak of Elburz lies on the European side of this line, it thus becomes the highest mountain in Europe, exceeding Mont Blanc by more than 3,000 feet.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER, in his late work, "The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia and the Sword-Hunters of the Hamran Arabs," describes, as a new and curious fact, the mode of capturing elephants by the sword-hunters, who with great courage and skill cut through the

sinews of the beast's hind-legs, so that he falls to the earth and is then easily despatched. Prof. Liebrecht, of Liège, shows that precisely the same thing is related of a people living in the same locality, by Agatharcides, a Greek geographer, who wrote a description of the Red Sea and its coasts, in the second century before the Christian Era. The work of Agatharcides is lost, but certain fragments of it, incorporated in the *Myriobiblon* of Photius, contain a description of the sword-hunters.

THE circumnavigation of the earth has become an easy and not a very expensive undertaking. A European journal gives the following estimate, taking Paris as the starting-point: we translate the sums into greenbacks:

From	to	First-class fare.
Paris	Marseilles,	\$254
Marseilles	Alexandria,	137½
Alexandria	Suez,	20½
Suez	Aden,	266½
Aden	Point de Galle, Ceylon,	200

From Paris to Ceylon, \$650

From Point de Galle the circumnavigator has choice of two routes. The first and most direct is via Japan, as follows:

From	to	First-class fare.
Point de Galle	Hong Kong,	\$200
Hong Kong	San Francisco,	420
San Francisco, via Panama and		
St. Nazaire, to Paris,		517
Ceylon to Paris,		\$1137

The other, via Australia:

From	to	First-class fare.
Point de Galle	Sydney,	\$333½
Sydney	Panama,	420
Panama	Paris,	342½
Ceylon to Paris,		\$1096

The time occupied by the two routes is thus given:

From	to	Days	From	to	Days
Paris	Ceylon,	25	Paris	Ceylon,	25
Ceylon	Sydney,	24	Ceylon	Hong Kong,	15
Sydney	Paris,	55	Hong Kong	Paris,	64
Total,		104	Total,		104

It is estimated, however, that when the Pacific Railroad is completed, the journey around the earth will be reduced to 80 days, travelling time. Not only the intercourse between China and Japan and Europe, but also between Australia and Europe, will then find its speediest route across the American Continent.

THE geographer Petermann says of Agassiz's "Explorations in Brazil:" "The history of scientific expeditions has scarcely an example which, in point of brilliancy and aid rendered from all quarters, can be compared to this journey of Agassiz. It is known that since his settlement in Cambridge, he has received such a recognition and support from the Americans, as a man of science has seldom enjoyed, and it now appears from his work on Brazil, that also in South America all classes of the people united to do him honor. Had Humboldt visited Brazil during the last years of his life, his reception could not have been more splendid."

CAPT. BURTON (the discoverer of Lake Tanganyika) has a new book of travels in the press, under the title of "Exploration of the Highlands of Brazil," with a full account of the gold and diamond mines. Also, of canoeing down 1,500 miles of the great river San Francisco, from Sabará to the sea."

THE German expedition towards the North Pole, gotten up under the auspices of the geographer Petermann, failed in its chief object on account of the immense masses of ice which last summer covered the Polar Sea. The highest latitude reached was 81° 5', which has been exceeded by the Norwegian seal and walrus fishers, though it has not been attained by an exploring vessel. The coast of Greenland, an exploration of which was intended, could not be reached.

LIEUT. WARREN is continuing his excavations at Jerusalem with equal zeal and labor. He has discovered that the foundation-wall of the platform of Mount Moriah, upon which stands the Mosque of Omar, as once stood the Temple of Solomon, was originally 1,000 feet long, and 150 feet high—nearly the length and height of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. He traced the enormous masses of stone, which are still visible at the southern end, to a depth of 45 feet below the present surface. Behind this wall there are the remains of vast tunnels, arches, and chambers, which Lieut. Warren refers to the old Jewish Jerusalem, before the time of Herod.

PETERMANN'S "Mittheilungen" in Gotha publishes a map of Lower California, from the explorations made by J. Ross Browne, Gabb, and Loehr. An account of the journey, with interesting geological details, from the pen of Herr Gabb, is added.

## MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

## CURRENT EVENTS.

## UNITED STATES.

THE Presidential Election, on the third day of November, resulted in the choice of presidential electors pledged to vote for Ulysses S. Grant for President and Schuyler Colfax for Vice-President, in twenty-five States (including Arkansas), having 211 electoral votes (Florida, which elected three Grant electors by Legislature, making the total 214), and in electors pledged to vote for Horatio Seymour for President and Francis P. Blair, Jr., for Vice-President, in eight States, having 79 electoral votes: Virginia, Mississippi, Texas, and Florida, not voting.

Of the States which voted for Grant and Colfax,

MAINE (7 electors) gave a popular majority of 28,000, and elected five Republican Congressmen, Lynch, Morrill, Blaine, Peters, and Hall.

NEW HAMPSHIRE (5) gave 7,153 (official). She elects her Congressmen in March next.

VERMONT (5) gave 32,500. The Constitutional Convention was defeated by 127 votes.

MASSACHUSETTS (12) gave a majority of 77,276 (off.), and elected Claflin Governor by 60,302. Benj. F. Butler was elected to Congress in the 5th District by 6,320 over both Dana and Lord. The present Republican majority in the Legislature is 256 on joint ballot. Every Congressional District elected Republicans.

RHODE ISLAND (4) gave Grant 12,993, Seymour 6,548. Elected Jenckes and Dixon (Rep.) to Congress.

CONNECTICUT gave Grant 50,928, Seymour 47,889; maj. for Grant, 3,039. She elects Congressmen in April next.

PENNSYLVANIA (26 votes) cast 342,280 popular votes for the Grant electoral ticket, and 313,382 for the Seymour ticket. Republican majority 28,898, as against her majority in October of 9,677. The Democrats gained two Congressmen; John Moffatt in place of Leonard Myers (3d), and John B. Reading in place of Caleb N. Taylor (5th). Both these seats, however, will be contested.

WEST VIRGINIA, which elected her State officers and members of Congress in October, cast her 5 electoral votes for Grant by 8,000 maj.

OHIO (21 votes) increased her October majority to 41,290 (official). The Democrats gained four Congressmen, viz., Philip W. Strader (I.) instead of Eggleston, E. F. Dickinson (IX.) in place of Buckland, Truman H. Hoag (X.) in place of Ashley, and George W. Morgan (XIII.) in place of Delano. The Republicans gained J. E. Stevenson (II.) in place of Sam. F. Cary, Ind.

INDIANA gave her 13 votes to Grant by 10,146 (off.) maj. Democrats gain one Congressman by electing Daniel W. Voorhees in place of Geo. W. Julian (VI.).

ILLINOIS (16 votes) polled a total vote of 449,000, and a majority of about 51,140 for Grant. Gen. John M. Palmer was elected Governor. The Democrats gained one member of Congress, John M. Crebs, elected in place of Greene B. Raum in 13th Dist. The Constitutional Convention carried by 873.

MICHIGAN cast her 8 votes for Grant by about 31,000, and elected five Republican Congressmen out of six, and a three-fourths majority in the State Legislature.

WISCONSIN (8 votes) gave Grant 20,000 majority, electing her State ticket and five Republican Congressmen, viz., Paine, I.; Hopkins, II.; Cobb, III.; Sawyer, V.; Washburn, VI.; and Eldredge (Dem.), IV.

IOWA (8 votes) gave 53,000 majority for Grant, and 32,000 majority for the amendment to her State Constitution striking out the word "white" from the suffrage clause, i. e., extending the right of suffrage to colored citizens.

NEBRASKA elected her 3 Grant electors by 4,000 majority.

MINNESOTA (4 votes) gave 15,549 Rep. maj., and extended the suffrage to the blacks in that State by 8,924. The Democrats gain Eugene M. Wilson in 2d Congress Dist. in place of Ignatius Donnelly, Rep.

CALIFORNIA gave her five votes to Grant by 1,500 maj., and elected Johnson, Dem., to Congress in the Northern Dist. The Republicans gain one Congressman, Chancellor Hartson, 2d Dist., in place of James A. Johnson, Dem. Thus the State delegation in Congress stands unchanged.

NEVADA (3 votes), went Rep. by 1,000.

MISSOURI elects 11 Grant and Colfax elect.

ors by 21,328, and voted against giving the ballot to the negro by a vote not yet accurately ascertained. For Congress the Democrats gain Erastus Wells (L.) in place of Wm. A. Pile, James Shields (XI.) in place of Robt. T. Van Horn, and Wm. F. Switzler (IX.) in place of Geo. W. Anderson.

KANSAS (3 votes) gives 5,000 maj. for Grant. Her Senate is unanimously Republican. Lower House has six Democrats.

ARKANSAS (5 votes) is assumed to have gone Republican, though no full returns have been forwarded. The Democrats gain two Congressmen, A. A. C. Rogers for James Hinds, and L. B. Nash for Thomas Boles.

TENNESSEE (10 votes) elects 10 Grant electors by 30,000 maj. The Democrats gain one Congressman, John W. Leftwich in place of David A. Nunn.

NORTH CAROLINA (9 votes) gives 8,000 maj. for Grant, and elects her entire State ticket. For Congress the Democrats gain Francis E. Shober in place of Alex. H. Jones.

SOUTH CAROLINA (6 votes) gives 6,000 maj. for Grant, and elects her State ticket. For Congress the Democrats gain James P. Reed in place of Simon Corley, 3d Dist., and Wm. D. Simpson in place of James H. Goss, 4th Dist.

The three votes of Florida were given by the Legislature for Grant electors.

ALABAMA (8 votes) has gone for Grant by 4,000 majority. Though elections for Congressmen were ordered in this State, and Georgia, for some unexplained cause none were had.

The States electing presidential electors pledged to vote for Horatio Seymour and Francis P. Blair, Jr., were as follows:

NEW YORK (35) (all counties official but two) foots up a total vote of 848,273, of which 419,556 are for Grant, and 428,722 for Seymour. Seymour's majority, 9,416 (off.). John T. Hoffman's majority for Governor is 27,246 (off.). The official vote of New York City is returned, for Seymour, 108,316, Grant 47,702; Hoffman 112,522; Griswold, 43,372. The State gains four Democratic Congressmen by the election of Samuel S. Cox (6th Dist.) in place of Thos. E. Stewart, Clarkson N. Potter (10th) in place of Wm. H. Robertson, Geo. W. Greene (11th) in place of C. H. Van Wyck, John A. Griswold (13th) in place of Thomas Cornell, and gains one Republican member, David S. Bennett (30th) in place of Jas. F. Humphrey. Seymour's majorities are larger than McClellan's four years ago in twelve counties, viz., Broome, Chemung, Jef-

erson, Niagara, Saratoga, Steuben, Tompkins, Kings, Queens, Rockland, Westchester, and New York. The remaining 48 counties give larger gains to Grant on Lincoln's vote than Seymour has made on McClellan's vote. The State was carried wholly by the increased Democratic vote in New York city and its suburbs. The Legislature has still a majority of 20 Republicans on joint ballot.

NEW JERSEY (7 votes) voted for Seymour electors by 2,880 maj., and elected T. F. Randolph (Dem.) Governor over John I. Blair (Rep.) by 4,618. The State gains 1 Democratic Congressman, Orestes Cleveland (5th dist.), in place of George A. Halsey, Rep., and elects three Democratic Congressmen, viz., II. Haight, III. Bird and IV. Cleveland. John Hill (Rep.) in 4th Dist. is re-elected by 79 maj., Moore (Rep.) in I. by 3,675.

DELAWARE cast her 3 votes for Seymour by 3,320 majority in a total vote of 18,226, and elected her one Congressman, Biggs, (Dem.) over Torbett (Rep.) by 3,325.

MARYLAND casts her 7 votes for Seymour by about 31,841, and elects Democrats to Congress in all her five Districts, a gain of one Democrat, Patrick Hamill, elected in place of Francis Thomas in the 4th Dist. Her colored vote, 40,000, if admitted to the suffrage, would have given the State to Grant by about 5,000 majority.

OREGON casts her 3 votes for Seymour and Blair by about 200 maj. Democrats gain the Congressman, J. S. Smith, in place of Rufus Mallory, Rep.

KENTUCKY (11 votes) elects Seymour and Blair electors by 75,000 majority, and eight Democratic Congressmen. The Republicans gain Sidney M. Barnes Congressman in place of George M. Adams (Dem.) while the Democrats gain John M. Rice in place of Samuel McKee.

GEORGIA casts her electoral vote for Seymour by 46,349 (including returns from all but one county).

LOUISIANA gives 30,000 majority for Seymour, the Republican vote in New Orleans and other parts of the State being suppressed by violence.

The Democrats gain at the November election thirty new members in the next Congress, and the Republicans four, leaving the net Democratic gain in Congressmen twenty-six. By the changes in State Legislatures effected since the last session of Congress, the Democrats gain three U. S. Senators, viz.: Eugene Casserly in place of John Conness in Cal., a Democrat in place of Frelinghuys-

sen in New Jersey, and A. G. Thurman in place of B. F. Wade in Ohio. The Republicans gain five senators, viz.: Buckingham in place of Dixon in Conn., a Republican in place of Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, a Republican in place of Charles R. Buckalew, of Penn., W. G. Brownlow in place of David T. Patterson, of Tennessee, and a Republican in place of James R. Doolittle, of Wisconsin.

#### FOREIGN.

THE Parliamentary elections in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland on Monday, Nov. 16th, and Tuesday, 17th, resulted in the election, on Monday, of 89 Liberals and 23 Tories unopposed, and on Tuesday of 172 Liberals and 68 Tories. The poll in some of the contested boroughs was appointed for a later day, and the complete returns from all now give the cast of the next Parliament as follows: Liberals, 381 members; Tories, 266. Liberal majority 115, a gain of 55 on the majority of 60 in the last Parliament on the disestablishment of the Irish Church. The Liberals have to regret the defeat of John Stuart Mill in his contest for Westminster, but it is thought he may still be elected from one of the unfilled

boroughs. Americans learn with gratification the defeat of Mr. Roebuck, the most prominent parliamentary sympathiser with the Confederate rebellion. Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, the prospective chief of the incoming administration, was defeated for South Lancashire, but elected for Greenwich. Among the leading Liberals elected are John and Jacob Bright, Mr. Hughes, W. E. Forster, Prof. Fawcett, and Mr. Kinglake. None of the candidates expressly nominated as working men's candidates were elected. The principle of minority representation worked admirably. In London, where the Liberals were strictly entitled under it to three members and the Tories to four, the Liberals, by spreading their vote over all four, very nearly but not quite lost their three. This instance among others demonstrates how nicely it is practicable to secure a representation of the minority as well as the majority at every election where more than one officer of the same grade is to be chosen.

—Rumors reach us of the negotiation of a treaty of settlement of the Alabama claims between Lord Stanley and Mr. Reverdy Johnson, but no authentic facts in regard to it have yet been made public.

#### LITERATURE.

THE house of Ticknor & Fields, as it takes another name and dissolves into a pleasant memory, long to be cherished by all lovers of good books, could hardly bestow upon the public it has served so long and well, a kinder last look than that embodied in the two volumes of *Passages from the American Note-books of Nathaniel Hawthorne*. The fame of this house is bound up with that of Hawthorne more closely than with any other writer's. To its sympathy and encouragement we are indebted for the best of Hawthorne's work, and without that sympathy and encouragement should, perhaps, never have had any thing like the full revelation that we now have of the unique splendor of his genius. He had published the "Twice-Told Tales," and "Mosses from an Old Manse," and they had failed of any generous public recognition. He was down-hearted enough, and almost resolved never to publish another word, when James T. Fields went to him with a wand of cheerful and intelligent appreciation that conjured from its hiding-place, in an ancient chest of drawers, the manuscript of the "Scarlet Letter." Between

the author and the publishers there was a mutual debt, that makes it very proper that one of the last books published by the house, as it then stood, should be these fascinating volumes of the great romancer's notes.

These notes, for the most part, if not all, have appeared from time to time in the "Atlantic Monthly," but none will be more apt to read them here and now, than those who read them then and there. They will bear reading many times. And happy the man who goes to them fresh from the perusal of the author's more studied and complete performances. They will thus gain an immense additional interest, though to one who has never read a word of Hawthorne they will prove delightful, and pave the way for a much deeper acquaintance. From the dim region of our school-days, we recall the story of a man who figured in the Physiology, whose physical condition was no imperfect symbol of Hawthorne's mental state as here depicted. The man referred to had received a wound in such a way that it was the easiest thing in the world to look into his stomach and see the process of digestion going on at



any time, from the moment when the food was received into the stomach, until it vanished on "its dim and perilous way" to other regions of his body. These Note-books are to Hawthorne's mind what the wound was to the man's stomach: they constitute a piece of remarkable self-revelation. They enable the reader to look into his mind, and watch the progress of his mental food in various stages of digestion, from the time when it was first received. And herein consists their greatest worth and charm. Not but that there is much besides to ponder and admire—wonderful bits of descriptive writing in the author's happiest vein, wonderful bits of characterization, hardly surpassed in any of his other works, and hints for sketches and stories, which—alas for us!—never grew to what they hinted at. The time spent at the Old Manse seems to have been richest in observation of nature. A wonderfully quick eye he had for all her beauty, and an ear as quick for all her voices. His travels in Maine, and in the western part of Massachusetts, are richest in the sketches of character that they suggest, and little incidents that another man would not have thought worth noticing, but which yielded up to him the strangest secrets. He was a natural clairvoyant. "He knew what was in man," and it was because he first knew so well what was in himself. To the fact of his wonderful self-knowledge these Notes are constant testimony. Few men, we suspect, have ever been so grandly and deeply self-conscious. The best criticism ever written upon him is his own—the preface to the "Twice-Told Tales." A nature of such emotional depth is not apt to comprehend itself. But he knew himself as a good scholar knows his library. He seemed two men—one sensitive, gentle, emotional—the other keen, cold, judicial; but the first was subject to the last. His intellect was the dominant force. His affections were but food for his imagination's eager flame. "A man with ice in his veins," is one of his hints for a story. If he had written it, he would have been himself the hero. How the ice came there is a more difficult matter to decide. Perhaps it descended from the first of his race in this country, who persecuted the Quakers, or from the second, who did as much for the witches; perhaps it came from waiting overlong for public recognition. But however it came, it was certainly there, and yet it never froze him through and through. There was warmth in him—yes, fire. He was capable of the warmest friendship and the tenderest love. In little

childhood he took especial delight. But he played with red-hot coals as children do with pebbles, and the essence of his genius was in his ability to do so.

These Notes begin in 1835, when Hawthorne was 31 years old. They run on very quietly in Salem, recording pleasant walks and brilliant fancies, till 1838, when he goes into the Boston Custom House, George Bancroft at that time being collector of the port of Boston. Soon after his removal from this position, he goes to Brook Farm, of which the reminiscences are all too brief and scanty. The period covering his stay in the Salem Custom House is a blank in the Note-books, but we have a delightful record of his life previous to that, in the Old Manse, with pleasant glimpses of Thoreau, and Emerson, and Margaret Fuller. Thoreau's music-box, which the readers of Thoreau's letters will remember, makes its appearance here also. But Hawthorne discovers that "it has not an infinite soul." It is a matter of regret that the Notes end just before Hawthorne's departure for Europe, in 1853, and so leave a bad taste in the mouth—the taste of Franklin Pierce, with whom Hawthorne visits the Isle of Shoals. His life in Western Massachusetts is well set forth.

The reader will find here in germ a great many of Hawthorne's tales and sketches. Here are the beginnings of the Man of Adamant, the Virtuoso's Collection, the Lily's Quest, the Gray Champion, the Great Stone Face, and many others of his smaller pieces. It is pleasant to note the difference between the Stroll on the Beach, in the Notes, and the same thing in the Twice Told Tales, they are so much alike, and yet so different, the additions are so slight, and yet so wonderful in their transmuting power. Here too is the first hint of Arthur Dimmesdale, the man whose own unreality converts the world into a sham, and Roger Chillingworth, whose one bad passion ruins his whole nature. But there is more of the Blithedale Romance here than of any other book or sketch. Hawthorne makes a distinction between characters of his own making, and characters of his own mixing. Of the last sort are those of the Blithedale Romance. Parts of them are found in different persons in the Notes. Priscilla is a pretty seamstress who came out from Boston to Brook Farm. Fauntleroy is the reproduction of a used-up man, seen in front of the Parker House in Boston. But the *mise en scène* of the Blithedale Romance is here suggested in almost all its particulars. The

storm in which Coverdale arrives, his sickness, his reading during convalescence, the pigs in the sty, the rainy day in Boston, the hotel, the windows opposite, the pine-tree covered with grapevines, from which Coverdale watches Zenobia and Westervelt, the wood-path, the masquerade, the tableaux, and many other positions and events, are here reported as matter of fact. The union of rare power of observation and imagination is everywhere shown. Nothing in his books, either of character, or event, or scenery, seems to be of his own making, but every thing is of his own mixing, every thing is lit up and glorified and made to show forth some beautiful or terrible significance. He saw nothing alone, but every thing, like the Sistine Madonna, with a background of dim angelic presences,—angelic, but also demoniacal. He was a Pre-Raphaelite after Ruskin's own heart, such a Pre-Raphaelite as Turner, no mere copyist of nature, but one whose most towering imaginations were rooted deepest in the solid earth, one whose loftiest flights did not carry him out of sight of reason and truth. Poe's imagination was as vivid, but it was lawless. Hawthorne's was never lawless, but was ever the interpreter of law, physical and moral and spiritual. His was a truth of fiction higher than any truth of fact, the truth of everlasting principles of retribution and reward.

THE last literary employment of FITZ-GREENE HALLECK was the preparation of a new and more complete collection of his poems for publication, to include, for the first time, the "Croakers," with notes to that series of verses, and also to the kindred civic poem "Fanny." At the poet's death his papers were placed by his sister, Miss Halleck, in the hands of General James Grant Wilson, who now sends forth the poems, we presume, as arranged by Mr. Halleck, with the addition of a few scattered pieces not hitherto published, for the most part preserved in the albums and portfolios of his lady-friends. Among the latter are several of rare excellence, particularly the "Song of the Unmarried," a lyric of a Shakspearian flavor, beginning,

The winds of March are humming  
Their parting song, their parting song,  
And summer skies are coming,  
And days grow long, and days grow long.  
I watch, but not in gladness,  
Our garden-tree, our garden-tree;  
It buds, in sober sadness,  
Too soon for me, too soon for me.

My second winter's over,  
Alas! and I, alas! and I  
Have no accepted lover:  
Don't ask me why, don't ask me why.

We also notice one or two welcome additions to the excellent edition of the "Croakers," published a few years ago by the Bradford Club—a humorous tribute to "The Militia of the City," and some verses of more pungent satire, "To the Baron Von Hoffman," an adventurer, the memory of whose lively career in the social circles of New York, his many successors in that line have not wholly obliterated. The lines are written upon his flight from the city:

Oh, gay as the negro who trotted behind thee,  
How light was thy heart till thy money was gone!  
But when all was gone, 'twas the devil to find thee;  
The nest still remained, but the eagle was flown.

Yet long upon Harlem's gray rocks and green high-lands  
Shall Burnham and Cato remember the name  
Of him who, away in the far British Islands,  
Now lights his cigar at the blaze of his fame.

Looking at the "Croakers," these pleasant missives of fun and master-pieces of gentle irony, the music of which, even to the persons whose peccadillos occasioned them, must have taken away the sting of satire, it is sad to think how inadequate such mild treatment would be to the greater civic offences of our own day, the enormity of which, far from yielding to such tickling rapier flourishes, would defy the smashing hammer of Thor. "Salmagundi" and the "Croakers," in fact belong to the golden age of city-life. Were Irving and Halleck alive, to attempt a similar literary feat now, they would have to take Tacitus or Juvenal for a model, not Addison or Horace.

The old, in this delightful volume, is admirably relieved by the new. No one, certainly, would spare "Marco Bozzaris" or "Burns;" but after these, if, indeed, we may not include the latter in the remark, Halleck's best inspiration is from American life. His "Alnwick Castle" has this flavor; "Connecticut," probably his most enduring poem, is as bright a reflection of the land and its history as it is of the mingled eloquence and wit of the writer; "Fanny," that "gay creature of the element," with the "Croakers," will forever remain living pictures of New York, unsurpassed in humorous truthfulness and originality. Would that our young writers would take example from these successes, Irving's kindred "Knickerbocker," Lowell's "Biglow Papers," and Bryant's native muse, to build

their reputation upon the enduring foundation of life in their own land!

The setting of these poems is worthy of their merit. The volume is one of the choicest of the season in type, paper, and, what is too often neglected, really good binding. No better offering for Christmas can be desired than the poems of Fitz-Greene Halleck in this dress from the press of the Appletons.

*Under the Willows*, is the title of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL's new book of poems, just published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston. It appears in a comely dress of green, with a golden willow-branch on the cover, but it would be a blessing to some people, if publishers nowadays would have consideration for book-buyers, and clothe their new volumes with some reference to the old ones. We look at the long brown rows of "Ticknor & Fields" poets on our shelves, and sigh over the motley garb and varying size of their successors, big books and little books, green, purple, crimson, scarlet and maroon jumbled together in any thing but a pleasing variety. Either your teeth are perpetually set on edge by a discordant shelf of all sizes and colors, or you are compelled to hunt for a book among volumes to which it bears but an exterior likeness.

We have been waiting for a long time for a book from Lowell, and now we have indeed, nothing new, but only a collection of the scattered poems that have been floating about in periodicals for the last twenty years. Some of the best of these, we are proud to say, originally figured in the old Putnam. Many of our former subscribers will remember with pleasure the exquisite Ode and Palinode, called "Auf Wiedersehn!" and the bitter humor of "Without and Within."

The book is full of Lowell's best thought, and although the collection is a serious one, we have occasionally glimpses of his lighter mood, as in the "Epistles" and the poem just mentioned, "Without and Within." Two of the poems, "After the Burial" and "The Dead-House," are too unutterably sad ever to have been published. There is not a ray of hope or faith to lighten their intense gloom, and they fall like millstones on the heart. It is a relief to turn from them to a bright sunny sketch from nature, like the "Pictures from Appledore," or the cheery philosophy of a "Familiar Epistle to a Friend." Altogether, 'it is a charming book, one that every body should have to muse and ponder over, whether

in bright June days, "Under the Willows,"

"While the blithe season comforts every sense,"

or "In the Twilight," by the sparkling fire. Our poet, like a true singer, has a song for every season, and every mood.

*A Thousand-mile Walk across South America* is the title of a timely book, published by the Boston firm of Lee & Shepard. Timely, we say, because at no previous time has the interest of the American public been so great in anything pertaining to the Argentine Republic as now, when President Sarmiento's career has attained to such a brilliant consummation, and his book, entitled "Life in the Argentine Republic," has acquainted so many of us with the immensity of his work, the obstinate character of his materials, and the energy with which they have been fashioned into grand results. This little unpretending work is a piece of excellent, unconscious testimony to the truthfulness of Sarmiento's pictures of the semi-barbaric life of the Pampas. The journal from which it has been written out, was made, it seems, as long ago as 1856, by a young amateur naturalist, who, at the age of seventeen, started from Boston with a cash capital of \$45, went to Buenos Ayres before the mast, walked across the Pampas, and, ascending the Andes, descended to Valparaiso, and came home by way of Cape Horn, again working his passage and receiving some trifling compensation, and arrived in Boston with money in his pocket. The narrative is written pleasantly enough, but the materials would have borne more careful working up. As it is, we have a very interesting book, full of rare glimpses into the habits of a strange people, and not without passages of thrilling interest, in which the reader forgets that the hero of these adventures is also their reporter, so imminent appears his danger of departing this life. His journey was one of considerable risk, and much hardship. But through it all he kept a quick eye for the peculiar forms of vegetable and animal life through which it led him. Still the results of his researches are given in a popular rather than in a scientific form, and though the introduction is by a man of science, and the dedication is to Professor Baird of the Smithsonian Institute, the scientific value of the work is probably not great. But it deserves a large amount of popular success, and the boys would do well to read it instead of the imaginary travels of Mayne Reid, and other "stay-at-home rangers," especially as it was

written by a boy, and, though often marked by singular maturity of judgment, is not without a certain boyishness of thought and manner.

*The Ermine in the Ring*; a History of the Wood Lease Case. Supplement to Putnam's Magazine for November, 1888. 8vo. pap., N. Y.: G. P. Putnam & Son. The authenticity of this detailed record of iniquity stands confessed by the utter silence of the wrongdoers exposed in it. It is interesting for more than one reason. It is an exposure of the whole interior machinery of an important public lawsuit from the inside point of view. It is a dispassionate and unpartisan attempt to engage public opinion in behalf of good government and against official wickedness. It is a direct and deep thrust into the very bowels of that notorious and mysterious body, the New York City "Ring." And besides these leading features, it implies profoundly important judgments upon central questions of American Republicanism. The novelty, importance, and authentic nature of the story alike commend it to every one's attention. It is, moreover, perhaps not indelicate for us to exhort readers of this Magazine to be sure and procure this pamphlet, to be preserved with the current volume.

ROBERTS BROTHERS republish in a dainty little 16mo., *Rural Poems*. By WILLIAM BARNES, the Somersetshire poet. They have put them into elegant English, however, instead of giving us the racy dialect of the original, and thus destroyed a great deal of their charm. Who would care for Burns' "Tam o' Shanter," for instance, carefully transcribed into pure English? Barnes' poems in their original dialect are no more difficult to read, and are full of a delicious rural perfume like the scent of new-mown hay. In their present form they remind us of the villanous compound which Lubin puts up in pretty little bottles and calls by that fragrant name. Even this rude change, however, has not destroyed all their charm. Witness "Autumn," and "Melhill Feast," for instance, and "By the Mill in Spring." Mr. Barnes is a little too fond of a certain trick of repeated words and lines like the chiming of bells, which becomes very wearisome after a time, especially when accompanied by incessant alliteration.

*Woodside and Seaside*, illustrated by Pen and Pencil (Appletons), is one of those gift-books which have been of late somewhat

over-abundant. In this volume many of the poetical selections are good enough to be quite familiar to most readers; and the wood-cut illustrations, if not familiar, also, do not all appear to be quite new. But the binding is tasteful, and the book, altogether, is attractive for its purpose.

*Appleton's Juvenile Annual for 1889* is a more creditable book of its kind. It is evidently of English origin, if it is not printed in England. Intelligent boys and girls will find in it a great variety of interesting information and adventure. The type and the binding are particularly handsome for a juvenile.

*Reminiscences of European Travel*, by Dr. A. P. PEABODY, is a somewhat prosy account of the writer's experiences abroad, originally given in the form of lectures before the Lowell Institute. We are thus spared what our author would call the "mere details of an itinerary," but we cannot help being surprised that even a Dr. Peabody should write home-letters in so grandiloquent a style. For he expressly informs us that his materials were drawn from family letters never intended for the press, and that he has been careful not to alter their language, for fear of making his descriptions less graphic. What magnificent Johnsonese we should have had otherwise, it is difficult to conceive. This, the first sentence in the book, is a specimen of the Dr.'s familiar style: "Heaven's richest boon to a traveller is the presentific power of memory." Either he or his printers should be informed that the seat of the Earl of Rutland, though pronounced "Beaver Castle," is spelt "Belvoir Castle," a much more imposing and appropriate name.

*Mark's First Lessons in Geometry* (Iverson & Co., N. Y.). The mechanical execution of this book is excellent; the diagrams and type are both very clear, and the arrangement is judicious, but it contains some inaccurate definitions that must be corrected before it can be really valuable as a text-book. This inaccuracy appears to be usually due to carelessness of expression; but such carelessness, in a text-book of an exact science, is a great fault.

As examples of these definitions we quote, "A horizontal line is a straight line that points to the horizon;" "an oblique line is a straight line that points neither to the horizon nor to the centre of the earth;" and "lines that point in the same direction do not approach the same point."

## FINE ARTS.

## THE WINTER EXHIBITION.

THE most noticeable feature of the second Winter exhibition of the National Academy of Design, is the grouping together of the works of several artists recently deceased. Those of Elliott and Leutze occupy three sides of the south room, and afford a very fair idea of the abilities and activity of the two men; yet Elliott has certainly painted much better portraits than any by which he is here represented, and it is hardly fair to Leutze's memory to give the absurd composition called "Storming Teocalli" a prominent position. Except in very rare cases, it is a dangerous thing for an artist's reputation to have his works exhibited in this manner. Such an exhibition too often reveals the very inadequate foundation on which his reputation is built. This is especially the case with Leutze. He had a very high reputation. People who had probably seen but few of his paintings, but had heard others spoken of with high praise, had come to regard him as a great artist, and will probably hold to this amiable delusion as long as they keep away from an exhibition of his works. Leutze represented an art-culture that is passing away. His works take no permanent hold on the mind or the imagination. Hence, every one who knows him chiefly by his reputation, experiences a feeling of disappointment on looking over a collection of his works. Even Elliott's reputation is likely to suffer by the exhibition in the Academy. Pains should have been taken to obtain the best specimens of his art in the country, and this we think might have been easily done.

In the West Room are collected a few pictures by the late Shepard Alonzo Mount, an artist who, at the time of his death last summer, had been before the public nearly forty years. He was a man of very fair abilities, but achieved his reputation at a time when artists were comparatively few in number, and taste in art was less widely diffused than at present.

With the exception of these collections, which have an interest apart from the intrinsic merit of the works, the exhibition offers few attractions this Winter. It would seem as if the artists had taken no pains to make it interesting. Such a quantity of old rubbish has rarely been seen at the Academy, and we wonder where it was all raked from. What, for instance, could have induced the hanging-

committee to give prominent position to Prof. Morse's huge historical painting of the House of Representatives in Washington, in 1823, which takes up nearly the whole of one end of the North Room? The principal feature of the composition is a man mounted on a step-ladder to light a chandelier, while honorable Representatives look on from their benches with varying degrees of drowsiness. It is in all respects a remarkable picture, chiefly valuable, we should say, as a warning, or frightful example, to all artists who attempt the grand historic style. It is hardly worth while to single out pictures for criticism, when the exhibition as a whole is so bad, but we cannot dismiss the subject without a protest against the admission of such works (if his trifles may be dignified with the name of works), as those contributed by Mr. Benson. The artist ought to be ashamed to have painted such trash, and the committee for giving it a position on the Academy walls.

The Winter exhibition opens at least a month too early. It was started, we believe, to afford the opportunity of exhibiting pictures which, by the rules of the Academy, are excluded from the Spring exhibition, and therefore contains few records of the artists' Summer rambles. But if the artists care no more for it than they seem to this year, the opening ought certainly to be deferred until the Water-color Society is ready to exhibit. This would insure immediate interest. Water-colors are rapidly gaining in public esteem, and are no longer regarded as slight and unimportant, in comparison with oils, as they were only a short time ago. There is promise of a very fine exhibition this year, that will equal, if not excel, that of last Winter. The members of the Water-color Society were very industrious during the Summer and Autumn, and brought back most charming studies.

Why wouldn't it be a pleasant thing for the artists to grace the Winter exhibition with their studies from nature? Let a room be devoted to sketches alone. We have no doubt it would attract more visitors than any other room in the building. There is a certain charm about a master's sketch which no finished picture has—a freshness and vividness of idea, and a truth to nature, often left out of the work elaborated with art and science in the studio. Thus William Hart brought back from his wanderings round the Tappan Zee many most exquisite studies, in



oil and in water-color, besides a large number of pen-and-ink studies, free and yet careful in manner, and full of artistic suggestion. Some of his finest water-colors are landscapes in which the most striking feature is the contrast made by the richly-tinted woodbine clambering over the dark green of the cedars. This effect is beautifully reproduced in his sketches. Perry also, who spent the whole Summer in New England, brought home many splendid sketches of country out-door life and of picturesque interiors. One sketch represents a New England cider-mill in full operation. It is full of life, variety, and activity, and will work up into a very effective and interesting picture. Another sketch represents a picturesque old farm-house interior, with a woman bending over the wash-tub, while a little girl amuses herself by washing her doll's dresses. Perry's sketches and pictures exhibit constant improvement, not only in treatment but in skill of handling, and we doubt not he is destined to take a very high position among American artists. Colman's sketches in the Adirondacks are in many respects superior to any thing he has done before in water-color. Both the Smillies were quite successful in their sketches. Lambdin brought from his country rambles several interesting sketches and partly-finished pictures. Among them we noticed as especially meritorious "Boys Fishing," "City and Country Life," and "Wild Fruit,"—the last a very cunning sketch of a little girl leaning against a fence and eating a bunch of wild grapes. And so we might go on through the entire list. It is of course understood that these sketches are the artist's records of what he has seen in nature, and that he uses them in the studio to bring back first impressions and refresh his memory while at work; but each artist might spare a few, or at any rate send those of his last year's ramble, which would be new to the public, so that a large and attractive exhibition might easily be made up. Will not some artist take this in hand and see it carried into effect? Whoever does it will deserve, and receive, the thanks of the picture-loving community.

#### MERE MENTION.

THE delightful studio receptions have again commenced, greatly to the pleasure of every body who likes pictures. We understand that some artists opposed the movement this year, on the ground that they could not afford the time. They say they perceive no benefit arising

from the practice of throwing open their studios once a-week, or once a-month, as the case may be, to the general public, while the interruption to their work is a very serious drawback. We believe the benefit, though indirect, to be much more substantial than is generally supposed. The studio-receptions have certainly exerted a very great influence on the taste of the community for pictures. They have brought hundreds of people into artistic associations, and awakened artistic ideas in circles where art was little known. The fruits of this culture may not be immediately apparent; but it must result in a higher appreciation of art, and in a more general desire to possess pictures. We are, therefore, very glad the artists have decided to continue these pleasant receptions.

James Hart has painted two companion pieces, "Night and Morning,"—on which he has bestowed great labor. The subjects are simple. The "Morning" represents a flight of ducks from the misty surface of a sheet of water, at early dawn. The sun is getting to the horizon, and the whole landscape is full of misty light. It is very delicately painted. The "Night" is more beautiful still, full of quiet, dreamy, twilight effect.

Guy has painted a fine picture called "Morning-Glories." A bright little two-year old boy, who has struggled out of his crib, in his night-dress, is represented in the act of reaching up to clutch with his chubby fingers the rich purple flowers that hang from the piazza trellis. The artist has been very successful in preserving the local color of leaves and blossoms in shadow, and the sunlight effects are very beautifully wrought out.

Hennessey's "Spring" has been for some time on exhibition in Boston. The artist has given it a better tone than it had when exhibited here last Spring, and it excites much admiration among the critical people of that city.

Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, the well-known water-color artist, has taken a studio in the University (lately Mr. C. G. Thompson's). She has travelled much in Europe, and her portfolios are especially rich in Spanish and Italian subjects. Her vigorous sketches will form one of the most striking features of the water-color exhibition.

William Hart's large oil-painting, suggested by the bold mountain scenery around Bear River Notch, is one of his best and most elaborate works. It is full of beauty, in color and composition.

Edwin White, who passed the Summer in



Connecticut, brought home a few characteristic sketches, which we wish were *not* so characteristic of his present style. His later works do him great injustice. He is capable of doing much better things.

Among the Chromo-lithographs lately published by Mr. Prang is one of Bierstadt's *Sunset in California*. Some portions of this work are excellently done, especially the wooded bank on the right of the stream. The blue of the sky is rather wanting in delicacy and gradation, and there is an unnatural sameness in the coloring of the bold cliffs on the left. The picture is, however, one of the best that Mr. Prang has published, and is really a success.

We are glad to learn that the engraver of the life-size portrait of Gen. Grant, mentioned in these pages last month, is engaged upon a life-size engraving of President Lincoln. Judging from the impression we have seen, from the unfinished plate, the artist has been

very successful in the delineation of Mr. Lincoln's face, and the interpretation of his character. The engraving is in pure line, and is bold without lacking refinement.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the first publication of a new art-firm in Philadelphia, Messrs. McKINNEY & Co. The picture is a large, plain lithograph, after a painting by Mr. George W. Pettit, and is entitled, "Retrospection." Mr. Pettit is a young artist of ability and excellent promise. He studied his profession in the best art-schools of Europe, and since his return to this country has produced works that speak well for his talents and his training. The lithograph is an excellent specimen of the art, delicate and fine in tone, and carefully printed. McKINNEY & Co. will soon publish a steel engraving of "Hamlet and Ophelia," after a painting by the same artist. We have not seen the original, but hear it spoken of as a highly creditable work.

#### TABLE-TALK.

TURN which way we will in these days, there stands the woman-question confronting us. Till very lately it has been very easy to shirk it, for it has been in bad hands and badly managed. Weak people have taken it up, and purred over it; angry people have had it in charge, and have snarled and snapped over it; people without tact have lugged it into notice at inopportune times and unfit seasons; and the great body of American respectability has been alienated, we have sometimes feared, beyond hope of recall. Never has a cause of real importance been so bedevilled with unwise advocates as this. The adversary has had it all his own way from the first day until now. The people who have made themselves apostles of the rights of women have shown an equal ignorance of the sex for which they plead and the sex to which they plead. At this moment here in America are not three women arguing for the rights of women, who have been able to get any influence to speak of, either with women or with men. One of the few thoroughly sensible women among us who have written on this question is Caroline Dall, who seems to be almost the only one to see clearly that the cause of women is in the hands of women; that getting the ballot will not cure all that is wrong; in fact, that not until women are strong enough to take the ballot with-

out asking for it, is there any hope that they will get it by asking for it, and that when it falls to them by the logic of their position, then and then only will they be able to use it. As it is, the immense majority of women in America do not desire the ballot, and would not use it if they had it. And the majority of really well-educated women in our society, the women who would be able, owing to their training, their natural intelligence, their sympathy with human nature, their position in society, to help the cause, stand aloof, because they will not waste their time in pulling in the same harness with untaught and impracticable people. The truth we believe to be, that it is impossible to separate the "cause of woman," as it is called, from the "cause of man." People say that women are badly educated; so are men. Girls' schools are badly managed; they are not a whit worse managed than those for boys. Girls, it is said, are superficial, given to dress, fond of gossip; as if boys were not all these things to the same degree, and as nearly in the same way as differences in the sexes permit. Fond of gossip, forsooth! We were sitting once in the café of Delmonico's up-town restaurant, near a table where five or six young sprigs were puffing away at their cigars after dinner. They seemed to be stranded on the shores of silence, and for five minutes not a word was

said. At last one broached this deeply interesting subject: "I say, Bill," says he, "let's each of us tell how he undresses himself when he goes to bed!" Let not the delicate reader shudder in anticipation, or reproach us with treading on doubtful ground. It was a virginal discourse, and each of the six went through his dull narrative without a suggestion of impropriety. One of the dandies deposited his garments as he removed them in a certain defined order over a chair; another wandered about the room as he undressed himself, and gratified every chair with the guardianship of a separate piece of clothing. This one folded his things; another had heard some fellow say that wasn't healthy, and always hung his up. The one dawdled in undressing, the other one could undress in five minutes. Jack always wound up his watch at night, Tom always left his till morning; Dick always cleaned his teeth; Sam sometimes neglected that important duty! Six stout, handsome, well-to-do, well-appointed young men in America, in the nineteenth century, driven to such desperate straits as this for something to talk about! And who that has ever made one of the parties of young men in society that meet on Sunday afternoons in whose ever bedroom commands a fashionable street, but will laugh at the notion that girls have a monopoly of the art of gossip! There isn't a fault that girls have, nor a defect, that can't be matched easily with a fault on the young men's side. All that is needed in the right training of girls is needed just as imperatively in the right training of boys. Girls are commonly reproached with being fond of dress, extravagantly fond; but, the truth is, that young men are every whit as fond of it, and, so far as they are able, give as much anxious thought and as much time to their toilet as their supposed weaker sisters. We knew a delightful fellow once, a downright clever, amiable fellow, who was fond of dressing himself up as any girl, and who won himself a name, by appearing on a certain occasion in a waistcoat made of some material, the like of which had never been seen at Newport before that morning. A shiver of jealousy and envy ran through the bosom of every delicate Paris on the piazza. There was no peace under the Newport sun, nor could be any, until it was discovered what Fred's vest was made of, and where he got the stuff. But Fred enjoyed his triumph too exquisitely to lose it by any fond disclosure, and not till the season was

over did he astound the fops by the information that his beautiful vest was made of a Turkish bathing-towel!

WHAT makes the difference, then, between the position in the world of young men and young women, if it be granted that neither is naturally the superior nor the inferior of the other in essentials? Well, this cannot be taken for granted wholly. There is a vital point of difference, and it defines the destiny, or the work, of women so clearly from the beginning, that to ignore it is simply trifling with the whole subject. Any discussion about woman and her position, her rights, her duties, that does not start from the point of physical difference, is incapable of leading to any useful end. Never did Tennyson sing a truer word than this:

"For woman is not undeveloped man,  
But diverse."

The essential diversity does not begin till late, when a woman becomes capable of bearing a child. Practically, it may be said not to begin until she *has* borne a child. We make little of other defects, whose regularity may be so far counted on that they would perhaps interpose no serious obstacle to the practice of a profession. But, up to the age of puberty, girls are in all essentials the counterpart of boys, and in health, brought up with boys, in town or country, but oftenest in the country, may, as is often seen in England and in Scotland, share all the sports and all the occupations of the boys.

Now, men and women are fitted for love, and the woman is created to bear children. And wherever a man and woman are to be found truly loving one another, and the parents of children to whose welfare and education they are devoted, there we feel that the problem of the division of labor between the sexes has been solved in an intelligent way. But it is not to be denied that families, where the parents are devoted to one another, and devoted to their children; where each lives for all, and all live up to a high standard, are very far from being the rule. We are not in Paradise, discussing the relations of Eve to Adam. We are in America, talking about Mrs. Black and Miss Brown. For, all sorts of disturbances have affected the original conditions, the sins of the parent have been visited upon the children, and what we call society has made the bad worse. There are men who do not marry, women who do not marry. There are men and women who do not agree in marriage, and

who get themselves divorced—the weak, perhaps wicked, mother carries off the daughters, the father, no fitter guardian, carries off the sons. Children grow up under all sorts of evil conditions—unfortunate conditions—with neglected education, with prejudices, with vices, with fatally diseased constitutions—and the world before them to fight their way through to the end.

THE question thus becomes terribly complicated, difficult of solution almost beyond hope. Yet, amid all the changes that have taken place, one idea ever holds its place in the minds of women, is planted and nourished there by all the influences that surround her, in her home and in the world about her; the idea, namely, that she is a weak being born to be cared for, protected, and caressed. This is the vital point of difference between the position of man and that of woman in our society, and as long as it continues to be accepted as a position established by the written law of God first, then by the physical law of nature, and finally by the requirements of social order, so long there is no use in looking for remedies for the wrongs and troubles of women. Of course, there are exceptions, but it is a general truth that every woman in our society—the rich man's daughter, the mechanic's daughter, the day-laborer's daughter,—each in her own way, but all with equal confidence and intensity, look forward to the time when a man will appear who will take them for better or worse, support them by his labor, or, at any rate, without requiring any labor from them, dress them, feed them, and dress, feed, educate, the children that they may happen to bring into the world. Every girl in our fashionable boarding-schools, every girl in our public-schools, has the day, when the prince will arrive and carry her off, fixed in her horizon like the light to which the mariner steers. All her hopes centre there, her prospect ends there. What marriage means, what it implies of duty to herself, to her husband, to her possible child, she never thinks, nor is she required to think. It is a subject tabooed, although it is one never absent long from her mind or the minds of the women about her. Her teachers never speak upon the subject, her mother never mentions marriage. No doubt many a mother will reply like one we know of, who, on being advised at a critical period to tell her daughter how to take care of her health—"I shall do nothing of the sort; let her find out for herself, as I did!" Does one woman out

of a hundred have any idea how her child, that, she is told, is coming, is to get into the world? And when, by some miracle, it has been contrived, does one woman in a thousand know what to do with it? "Oh, dear Mrs. Brown," said one young mother to another at a ball where they met—two exquisitely dressed, cultivated, high-bred creatures—"Dear Mrs. Brown, they say you are *such* a nice mother, that you know *so* much; you know when to give your children potato and when not!"

Boys are not better taught than girls while they are at school; the teaching that either sex gets there does not in the least fit it for the work of the world. If the girl does not use her French after she graduates, neither does the boy use his Latin. If the married girl leaves her new piano shut, the boy on entering the counting-room finds his school book-keeping would have been as well unstudied. The difference lies wholly in the idea that underlies the teaching of each. From the day he chips the shell to the day he dies, the boy is taught, he breathes it in the air, he learns it by perpetual hard experience, that he has no one to depend on but himself. And the girl is taught, she breathes it in her atmosphere, she is taught by a hundred pleasant experiences, that she is to be taken care of all her days. If every woman were married, and married to an angel; if there were no irregularities of character, no faults, no vices; if there were no sickness, and sudden death, accidents, calamities, then the questions that agitate us would never arise. But, leaving to one side the married women—the neglected, the divorced, the ill-treated, the wives of rich men, the wives of poor men, the widows—there is the army of the unmarried, the virgins by choice, the virgins by necessity—who is to show them a way to live in this world?

WELL, so long as the idea we have been speaking of holds its own in the world, there never will be a way shown them. If they do not care to be married, if they are resolved against being married, the world will continue to treat them as if they were of the same mind with other women. The world of men is too busy to make distinctions, to bother itself with two laws where one has always heretofore sufficed. The remedy, as we began by saying, must come gradually from women themselves. Man can do nothing, will do nothing, to help them, and it may be said with equal truth that he can and will do

nothing to hinder them. Let every woman that sees the first need to be that women should be so taught, so educated, that she can live independent of father, brother, or husband, first strive to be independent herself, and then teach it to all the women and girls about her. Let every woman who wants to be any thing in particular, and feels within her the capacity, determine to be that thing. But, let her faithfully submit to the conditions of her imposed task. If she has taken a desk in a counting-room, let her do her duty as a man would do his. She has no right to expect to be excused when a man would not be; no right to stay at home when it rains; no right to go away earlier than her hour, because she can't cross the ferry after dark; no right to expect not to be blown up when she makes a wrong entry. It is simply because women will not submit to the conditions that men have to submit to, because their uncertain future makes them careless of their work, and because they are without training, that they do not so readily find employment, and that they are always paid less wages than men. Once let women confront fate and not flirt with it, and the woman-question would begin to emerge from its present muddle.

"WILLIAMS" has, for many years, been considered one of the best of the high-schools that, with us Americans, are absurdly styled colleges. Our native love of grandiloquence makes sure of a fine name first, and aims for the thing represented by that name at its leisure, or not at all. Our colleges, however, have been slow in making themselves worthy of the name they bear. At the best of them a graduate, supposing him to have gone faithfully through the prescribed course of study, has just fitted himself to enter Oxford, Cambridge, Heidelberg, or Bonn. He is about where the boy is who comes out of Eton, though he has by no means been so thoroughly taught. He was a boy when he entered, and the standard of study and manners through all the four years having been a boy's standard, he is a boy when he graduates. All of us who have been through college know this in our own experience; the outside world either knows it too, or strongly suspects it. The students in foreign universities are men, the students in American universities and colleges are boys, whatever they may call themselves, or whatever they may be called by their friends. In fact, "college-boys," "the boys in our colleges,"

"the Yale boys," "the Cambridge boys," are the terms universally employed in speaking of them. The average age at which Americans enter college is seventeen years, and this makes the average age at which they graduate, twenty-one. The law agrees with experience in fixing upon the age of twenty-one as the point where the manly age begins. Up to that time, whether a boy be in college or out of college, we look for all the faults, all the weaknesses, and all the virtues of boyhood. We are surprised if we see a marked manliness. It certainly is the exception rather than the rule. College-boys are neither better nor worse than boys out of college, but they are seen in mass, not singly, and the lights and shades are more strongly marked. Probably any set of young men, gathered together to witness and contend in a boat-race, away from their parents and guardians, and in a strange place, where they did not feel the restraint of their customary discipline, would have acted as ruffianly as did the Cambridge and the Yale boys, on the last two of their annual regattas at Worcester. But it seemed to the public a great deal worse in them than if they had not been collegians, and the report of their disgraceful proceedings was blown far and wide, as indeed it well deserved to be; whereas, if they had been two New York base-ball clubs that smashed furniture, broke windows, and ran naked through the entries of a public hotel, only those who read the police-reports would have known any thing of the matter. And so with all the college scrapes, rebellions, rows, and rumpuses,—they are the pranks of boys, and many of them, perhaps the majority of them, are made a great deal worse than they need to be, by the want of wisdom on the part of the college officers, who, not to put too fine a point on it, often show in their dealings with young men and boys a lamentable ignorance of human nature, and a very childish temper.

This Williams College affair was of a piece with all the college difficulties we ever heard of, and nothing but the fact that it is under the control of one of the best Presidents in the country, one of the firmest but gentlest, one of the clearest-headed and largest-hearted, brought it to a more fortunate ending than is usual with such troubles. We confess that with all our charity for college-boys, and with all our sympathy for them, we are unable to see the conduct of the Williams students in any light that makes it look excusable or sensible. Their rebellion was unjustifiable

from the start, and there was but one way to deal with those engaged in it, at least in our opinion. They should not have been allowed to return except on the terms of unconditional surrender. We think that the Faculty made a serious mistake in receiving them back with the implied offer of a compromise, although we believe that this action was prompted by a desire to act in a difficult case with wisdom and charity. The case may be stated in a few words. There had been a great deal of trouble arising from the growing disposition of the boys to neglect their lessons, either failing to prepare them, or failing to appear at recitation. Yet, notwithstanding this, they claimed as a right, in case of absence from recitation, to receive their marks as if they had been present. Their argument seems to have been, that if a boy was absent from a lesson, two things were to be taken for granted, or at least believed on his statement, viz., that he was absent from necessity, and that he had prepared the lesson. The College, finding that this easy way of getting through with the curriculum was growing in favor with the boys, determined to do their duty as schoolmasters and guardians, and accordingly issued an order to the effect that if a boy missed a recitation, he should not receive his marks for it, until he had made it up to his professor. What could be simpler or more common-sense! Yet if they had been sons of Virginia first families the Williams boys couldn't have put on more ridiculous airs! They issued a counter-order, declaring that the order of the Faculty was aimed at their honor and their manhood, and that they would never submit to it; and, thereupon, to be as good as their word, they left the college in a body and declared their connection with it ceased until the Faculty should come to a right state of mind, and revoke the obnoxious order. We confess, we watched the struggle with a good deal of interest, but we had great confidence in President Hopkins, and believed that he would settle the matter with an equal eye to the dignity of the college and the lasting good of the youngsters. We do not know that we ought to be disappointed, but it looked a little too much like lowering the flag on the part of the officers of the college, when it was announced that the young men had returned to their duty in consequence of a promise that the offensive order should be reconsidered! But just as long as our colleges show so little power to govern young men in a way to develop their highest facul-

ties, to teach them a proper self-restraint, and to excite in them such a love of study as will lift them above the standard of the boarding-school and the nursery, so long we may expect to find people who can afford to give their sons the best advantages, taking them to England and Germany to be educated.

WE thank our correspondent, R. G., for calling our attention to two blunders which were committed by us in an article in our last month's *Table-Talk*. The name of the learned leather-dresser of Cambridgeport was Dowse, not Douce; and the Mitford who wrote the History of Greece was not the Mitford who edited Milton and Dryden. The historian's name was William, the biographer and critic was the Rev. John Mitford. The historian, born in 1734, and dying in 1827, was a contemporary and friend of Gibbon, whom he first met when they were both engaged on militia duty in the same county, Mitford being a captain and Gibbon a major. It was by Gibbon's advice that he undertook his History of Greece, the first important work on the subject in the English language. The Rev. John Mitford was born in 1781, and died only recently, in 1859. Our correspondent gently calls us to account, also, for speaking of William Mitford as a historian of Greece, seeing that, when he wrote his work, there was no other on the subject. We confess that we were thinking of our own time when we wrote, and mentally appropriated the definite article to Grote, to whom, we dare say, our correspondent would not, on the whole, deny it.

ONE of the most honorable enterprises ever undertaken in our country, the establishment of a medical college for women, after more than twelve years of patient struggle against opposition, direct and indirect, underhand and secret, or open, avowed, and even boasted in, opposition from medical men and from laymen, from conservatives and old women of both sexes, from the young and from the old, has at length begun to reward those who have borne without fainting the burden and heat of the day, with the success they have so fully earned. The Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary for Women and Children is now pleasantly and comfortably lodged at No. 126 Second Avenue, where it has been for some time ready for the reception of pupils. It is intended to make the system of instruction as complete as that in any

medical college in the country, and in time, no doubt, the Faculty will consist entirely of women. At present, out of the ten members of that body only three are women, Dr. Emily Blackwell, Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, Professor of Hygiene, and Dr. Lucy M. Abbott, Assistant to the chair of obstetrics and teacher of clinical midwifery. The learning and ability of these ladies has long been recognized by the best medical authorities in our city. Many professional men who once strongly opposed their undertaking, have since cordially seconded it, and nothing now is needed but money to put the enterprise beyond the reach of future failure. Money, however, comes in but slowly, and the one hundred thousand dollars needed is yet a long way from being secured. But it will come in time, and meanwhile the Misses Blackwell, the energetic founders of the college, go on bravely with what they have. After the lecture given in the Spring of 1867 by

Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, most of the subscribers to the college fund, which now amounts to over twenty-six thousand dollars, generously withdrew the condition obliging the amount of thirty thousand dollars to be raised before their subscription could be called for, and paid in their donations. The sum thus paid in amounted to twenty-two thousand dollars, and it was determined to use the interest of it in establishing a preparatory class. This was formed in the Spring, and was attended by eight ladies. The need of thorough instruction, the trustees say, is very great. Despite the difficulties in their way, the number of women engaged in the study of medicine is very great; it is impossible to prevent their practising, and the whole responsibility for their defective education, and for the mistakes that they may make in the exercise of their profession, must finally rest with those who have ungenerously shut in their faces the doors of the places where they might have been taught.

#### NOTE.

THE editorial notes to the article in our November number, *With the Nuns*, have been objected to by some of our Roman Catholic critics, one of whom sends us a courteous letter, of some length, pointing out certain alleged errors on our part.

The article in question, interesting as it was, contained some statements which this magazine could not honestly adopt as its own, and therefore it was needful to say so much to our readers.

Our Catholic friends seem to think that, though we give them all the benefit of what the text of the article said in their favor, we are illiberal or unjust because we venture to doubt our contributor's accuracy on the point referred to.

A polemical controversy is not a part of our programme. This magazine aims at a fair statement of *facts* on all subjects of intelligent interest. Whenever our facts are *not facts*, we are glad to have them corrected.

The letter referred to—received too late for this number—will, as a matter of courtesy, appear in our next.

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POSTSCRIPT.—We find that the article on the *Literature of the Coming Controversy* in the present number is calculated to leave a wrong impression as to the publications of the American and Foreign Christian Union. We are glad to learn (though too late to correct the article itself), that the books referred to by our contributor have not been printed by that Society for several years, and that those of Maria Monk, and S. B. Smith, were never published or endorsed by the Society.

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